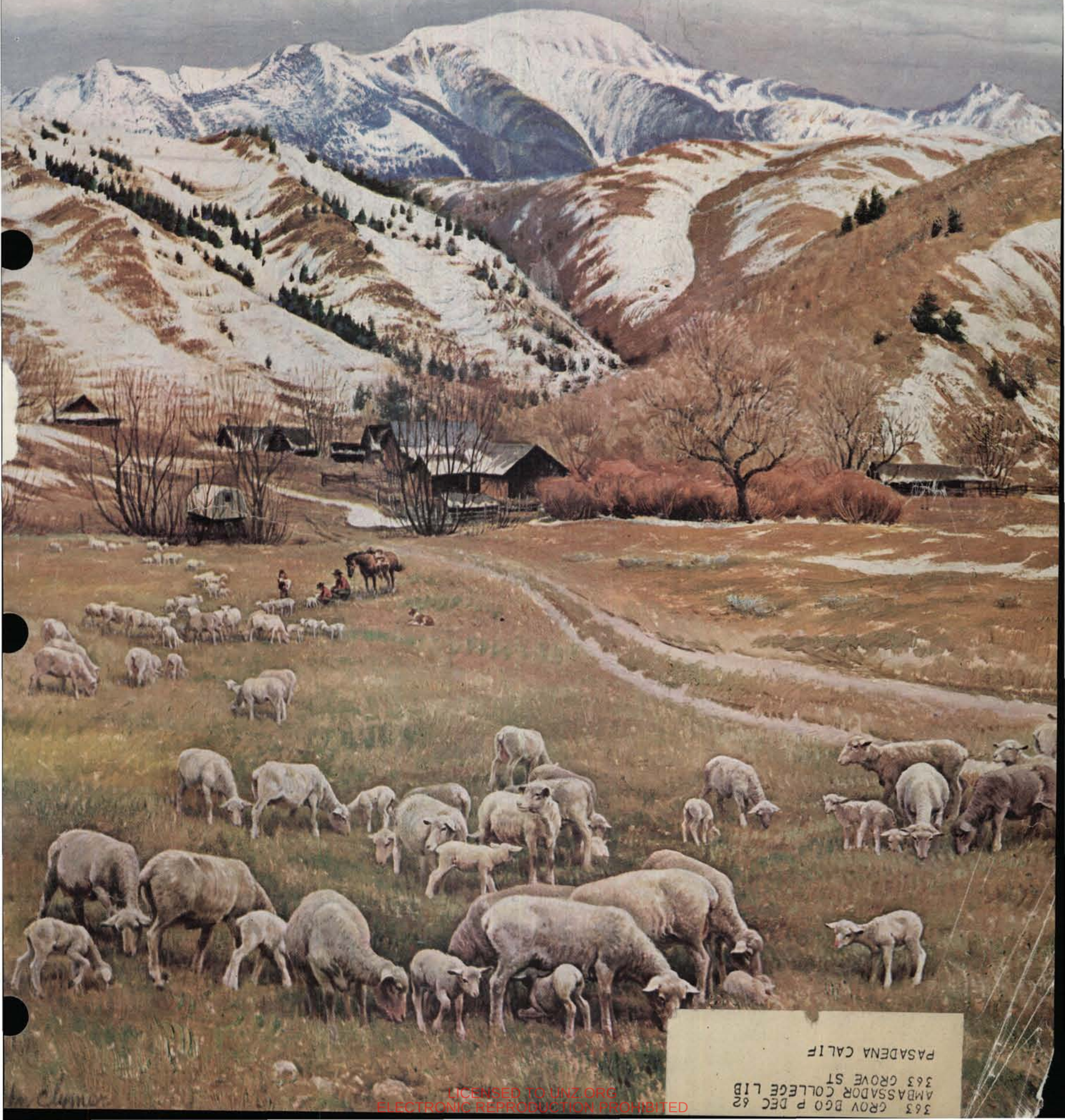
The Saturday Evening
POST
March 18, 1961 – 15¢

DEAN ACHESON'S INTIMATE RECOLLECTIONS OF Winston Churchill

MINNESOTA GROWS OLDER



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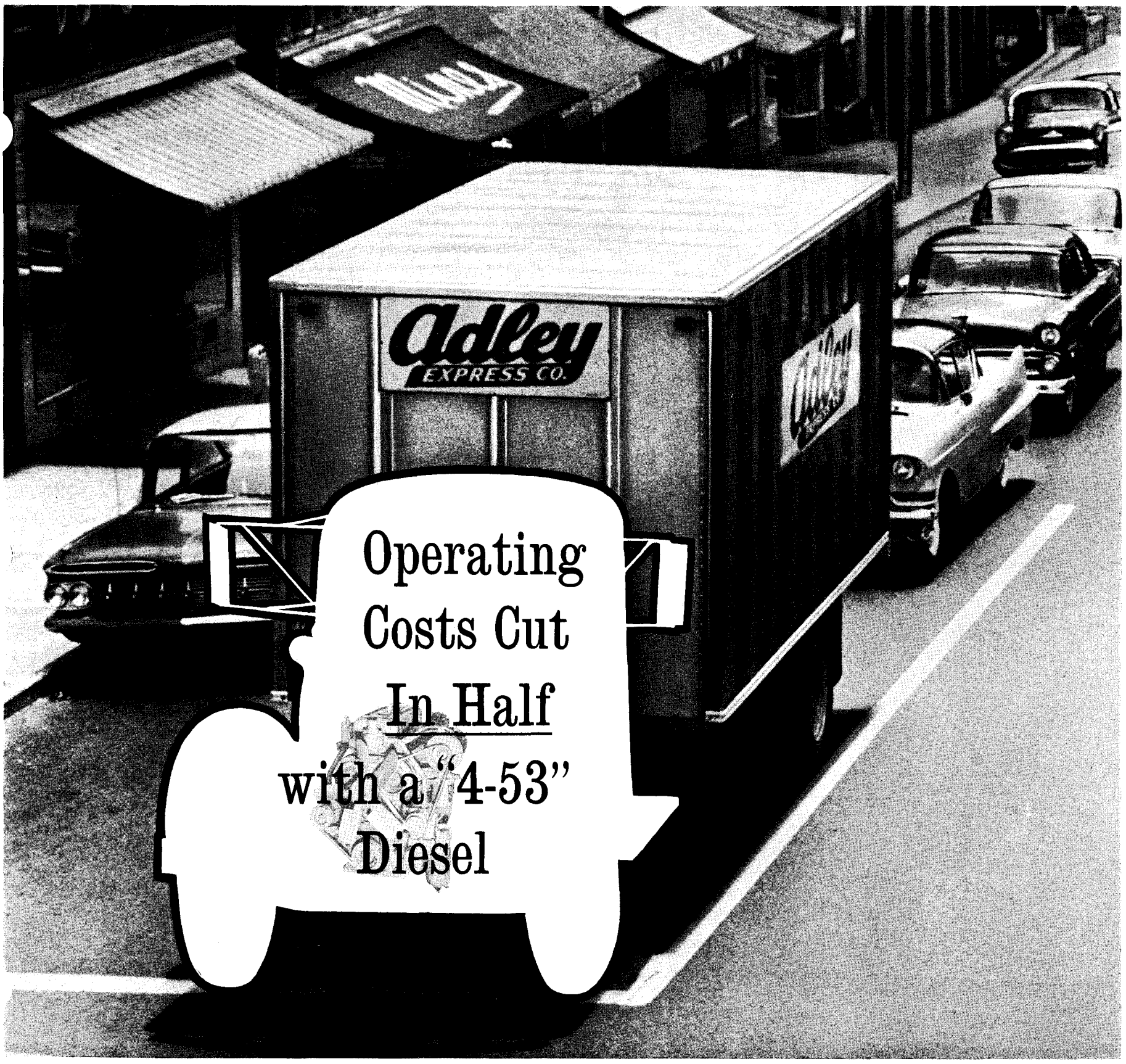

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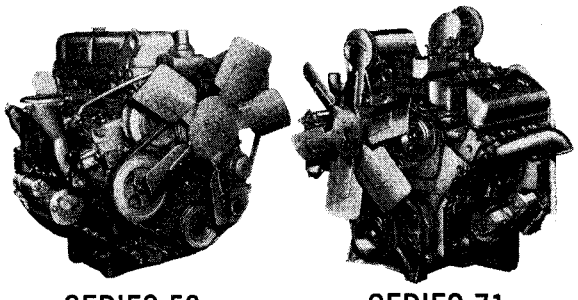

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"V" and "in-line" engines
97 to 185 H.P.

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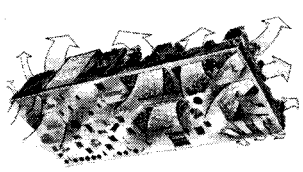

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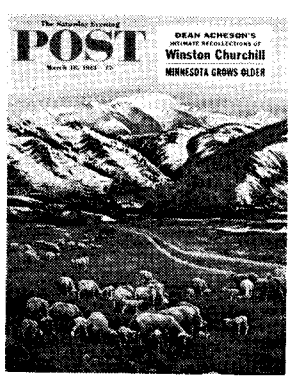

THE COVER

A flock of ewes and their lambs nibbling the green fringes of the Gallatin Mountains in Montana: This cover scene by John Clymer is a peaceful one, reflecting as it does the rejuvenescence, beauty and gentleness of spring. It moves us to speculate on the fix we'd be in without sheep, which have given mankind the mutton chop, wool and the sheepskin diploma, yet are often characterized as meek and stupid. If sheep didn't exist, what would have followed Mary to school one day? Would not the world have been deprived of the sheepish grin? Wolves would be limited to wolves' clothing. And the tables down at Mory's might never have vibrated to the raised voices of little lost lambs who had gone astray. Stand up for our woolly-legged friends. Be kind to mother sheep. This means ewe.

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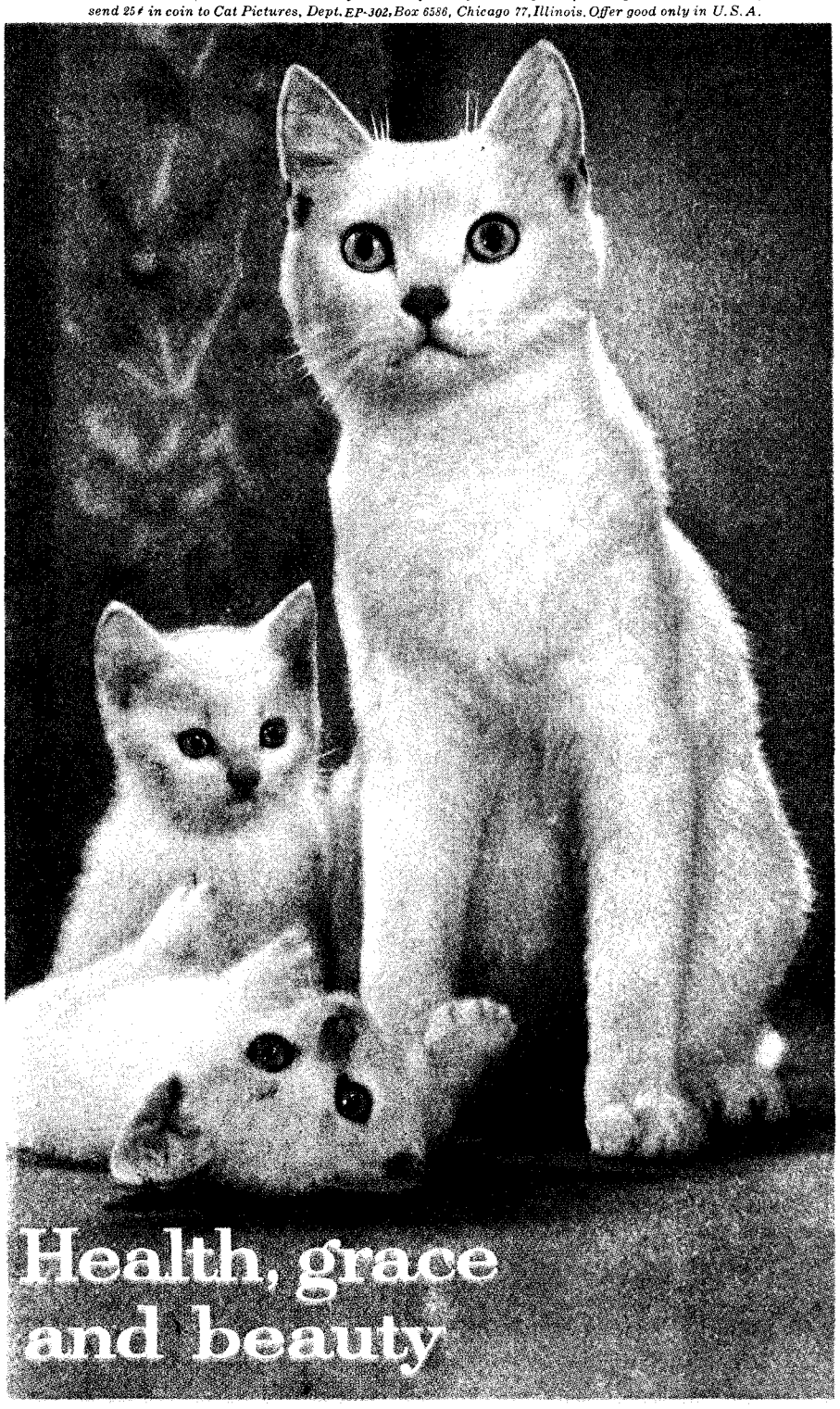

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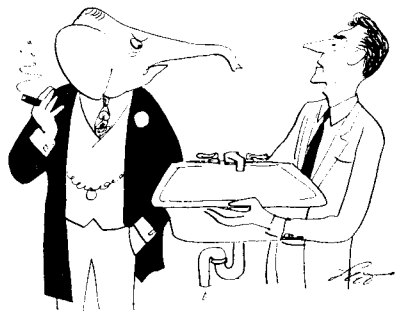
Coast Fisheries Division of The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 54, Ill.

Letters

Republicans vs. Republicans

Dear Sirs:

The election of Clifford Case poses no mystery [THE WINNING WAYS OF CLIFFORD CASE, by Sidney Shalett, Feb. 11]. His opponent promised everything but the kitchen sink. Clifford simply included the sink. Senator Case's dream of making



his party over in the New Deal image is not new. Periodically a small band of so-called liberals, who for some strange reason call themselves Republicans, labor and bring forth the same old brainstorm.

GRACE L. STAFFORD
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The subtitle a ks: "Does his success fore shadow a new and different G.O.P.?"

I would say that his success in New Jersey means that the people of New Jersey want a left-wing, New Deal senator—nothing more. Other states don't.

MARGARET B. LACKORE
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Case seems to be the kind of man increasingly attractive to citizens with a vote to cast. . . . Men like Case, who offer views from the depths of their own consciences, even "unnecessarily" as in the case of his stand on McCarthy's tactics, will inspire the confidence and support of the voters.

FRANCES BARNEY
Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Like Senator Case, I did not resign from the human race when I joined the Republican Party. We can ill afford to allow a small group of retread McKinleyites to speak for those of us who earnestly believe in the American dream.

DAVID F. CARGO, *State Chairman*
New Mexico Young Republicans
Albuquerque, N.Mex.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Shalett employs a dubious device to heighten the dramatic interest of his story when he refers to the Newark *Star-Ledger* as Case's "bitter political foe." To back up this characterization, he overlooks some facts and stretches a few. I would be surprised if Senator Case were to agree with the characterization. As editor of the *Star-Ledger*, I call it manifestly untrue.

PHILIP HOCHSTEIN
Newark, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Shalett says that forces found a candidate to oppose Senator Case [in the 1960 primary] because they felt the Senator to be a "tool of the A.D.A. and the C.I.O." Nobody found me. I resigned from the United States Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security to engage in that campaign, because I felt that an issue had to be made of our deteriorating fiscal position and of our retreat as a nation before Soviet aggressions.

ROBERT MORRIS, *President*
University of Dallas
Dallas, Tex.

● *Candidate Case beat Candidate Morris 230,802 votes to 120,729.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Regarding your piece on Clifford Case,
We Goldwater men want equal space!

E. E. CULVER
Montgomery, Ala.

● *The Senator got his "equal space" first, in a June 7, 1958, article by Paul Healy entitled* THE GLITTERING MR. GOLDWATER. —*ED.*

Naughty or Nice?

Dear Sirs:

Your article on Terre Haute [INDIANA'S DELINQUENT CITY, by Peter Wyden, Feb. 11] was shocking, and I think the most shocking part of the whole distorted, malign mess was that it was printed in *The Post*. . . . I have always thought of *The Post* as one of the best and most truly American magazines, and I always heard others speak of it the same way.

DOROTHY EGNEW
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

My first reaction to Mr. Wyden's article was one of complete agreement. Then I gave it a second thought, and I'll be d——d if I agree.

RUTH JACKSON
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I have been in no town over 10,000 population where there were no prostitutes or gambling of some type. You could look in your own city for some of the things you looked for in Terre Haute.

ERNEST K. DE MOUGIN
West Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

After finishing reading the *Post* article about my delinquent old home town, I sat for an hour or so in nostalgic reflections going back before the turn of the century, when Terre Haute was the fourth-ranking city in the state. . . .

Yes, we boys knew of the red-light district on Second Street even back in those days and talked about it in whispers, but I along with many others was kept busy at the Y.M.C.A.

HERMAN HULMAN HORNE
Lopez, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I used to be a taxi driver back in 1947–48, and at that time it was essential I know the whereabouts of every house of prostitution in town. A good part of my money was from generous tips given to me by fares carried to these houses. The madams were always there with one or two dollars for bringing the patrons to their places of business. If I rightly recall, in those days there were no more than six houses scattered around town. Today, should you get into a taxi and ask to be taken to a house of prostitution, the taxi driver would regretfully

(Continued on Page 6)

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FEB. 7, 1904...

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY PEALE MUSEUM—BALTIMO.

ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

A leaden sky scuds low over the city as Engine Company Number 15 responds to a routine alarm, a smoking dry goods building at German and Liberty Streets. Minutes later, an explosion sends burning timbers tumbling onto neighboring roofs. The brisk southwest wind propagates the flames with even greater speed . . . and by late the following day, fire has gutted over 70 blocks in the heart of Baltimore!

As has been the case in almost every major catastrophe of the past 116 years, a substantial share of the total insured loss was paid by Royal-Globe Insurance companies.

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is one of the largest and most respected insurance institutions in the world. In the United States alone Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to write insurance for every type of risk. *For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe.*

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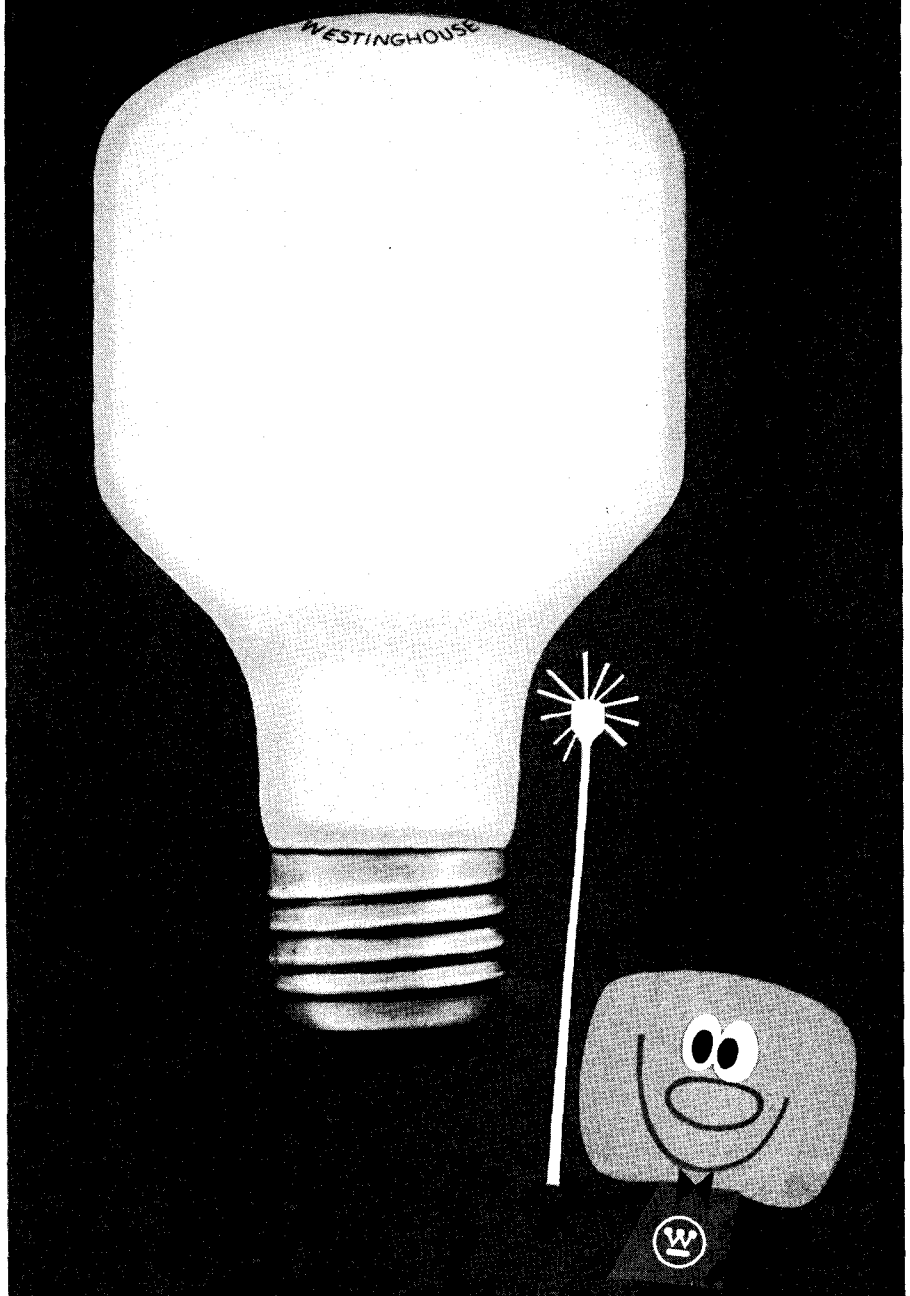

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Westinghouse Lamp Division,
Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Bloomfield 2, N.J.

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

state that it was out of the question. There are no open houses of prostitution in Terre Haute, regardless of your article's statement to the contrary. . . .

Yes, Mr. Wyden, there is much in Terre Haute that cries for improvement . . . but give us a little more time.

JOSEPH B. TAYLOR
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

There's no place like home, even if home is delinquent, shabby Terre Haute with her gambling establishments, brothels and political problems. . . . I mean it from the bottom of my heart, even though my home is Terre Haute.

A/3C ROBERT E. CORK, USAF
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I must admit I agree with most of Mr. Wyden's comments. People in Terre Haute do care, but not enough to get rid of its one-party system of government.

STEPHEN M. COMBS
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I was simply delighted over your article about Terre Haute. I haven't read it and probably won't as Mayor Tucker will probably get all *The Posts* off the newsstands as quickly as possible.

MRS. B. MCCROCKLIN
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Would it be possible for you to send more *Posts* to Terre Haute. We can't buy any. Someone has bought them all up. One dealer sold 750 to one man, and there is none on any of the newsstands. The mayor or someone who does not like the write-up you gave them does not want any of them to get to the citizens.

NAME WITHHELD
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I'll bet most newsstand copies of *The Post* disappeared mysteriously within minutes after their arrival. I've seen it happen before.

MRS. MARGARET BIRGE
Jasper, Ind.

● *That is approximately what happened.* —ED.

WE ARE DISTRESSED BY THE FACT THAT SUCH A PICTURE OF OUR CITY COULD BE PRESENTED BUT NEVERTHELESS IT IS . . . A TRUE PICTURE. . . . IT MAY FORCE A TRULY AND GENERALLY APATHETIC POPULACE TO LOOK TO THE DIRTY LINEN SO CANDIDLY REVEALED.

REV. JACK STEPHENSON, ASSOCIATE PASTOR
SOCIAL ACTION COMMITTEE
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Dear Sirs:

Your penetrating analysis of conditions in Terre Haute has resulted in an aroused group of women ready and eager to take action to remedy our local situation. The article has provoked a response among women like us, who, as wives and mothers, feel you have issued a challenge we cannot ignore, to overcome the general apathy you ascribe to our community.

JACQUELINE L. BECKER
ELVIRA C. CARLE
JANE C. HAZLEDINE
JOAN L. MARX
Terre Haute, Ind.

● *Within a week more than 5000 persons joined HELP—Housewives' Efforts for Local Progress—the group mentioned in the letter above. It is dedicated to attacking conditions cited in the* Post *article.* —ED.

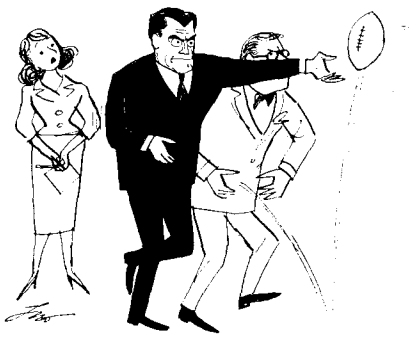
The Long Arm of the Lawyer

Dear Sirs:

This time Perry Mason has gone too far! In the Feb. 11 installment of THE CASE OF THE SPURIOUS SPINSTER [by Erle Stanley Gardner] he says: "We're going in front of you and scooping up the ball that you fumbled."

Can he really do that? AL GRAVER
Toledo, Ohio

● *Our artist says he can (see below).* —ED.



Not Funny

Dear Sirs:

In the Feb. 11 issue, *The Post* printed a letter ridiculing the fact that a severed leg was given a religious funeral. The letter was boorish in itself. There seemed no necessity for *The Post* to have cooperated in such bad taste by publishing it.

The ethical directives of the Catholic Hospital Association state, "Major parts of the body should be buried in a cemetery when it is reasonably possible to do so. When burial is not reasonably possible, the burning of such members is permissible." The basis for this lies in the centuries-old Biblical tradition that the human body deserves respect because it has been made by God as destined to be a temple of His holy spirit, to participate in a new life in eternal resurrection. It seems puerile to see anything funny concerning . . . respectful final disposal.

REV. FRANCIS L. FILAS, S.J.
Chairman, Department of Theology
Loyola University
Chicago, Ill.

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"How to achieve conviction and a point of view in troubled times"

A message from **The Honorable Adlai E. Stevenson**

United States Representative to the United Nations
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"When I visited Dr. Albert Schweitzer in his primitive jungle hospital in French Equatorial Africa, he told me he considered this the most dangerous period in history—not just modern history, but all human history. Why? Because, he said, heretofore nature has controlled man, but now man has learned to control elemental forces—before he has learned to control himself.

"Striving to understand how our mastery of elemental forces can be made to serve humanity in these troubled times, we instinctively turn to the sources of Western thought, to the searchings of great and immortal minds on the origins of government, the tenets of philosophy, and the nature of man. For man can control himself only if he understands both himself and the civilization he has created out of his longing for justice and peace.

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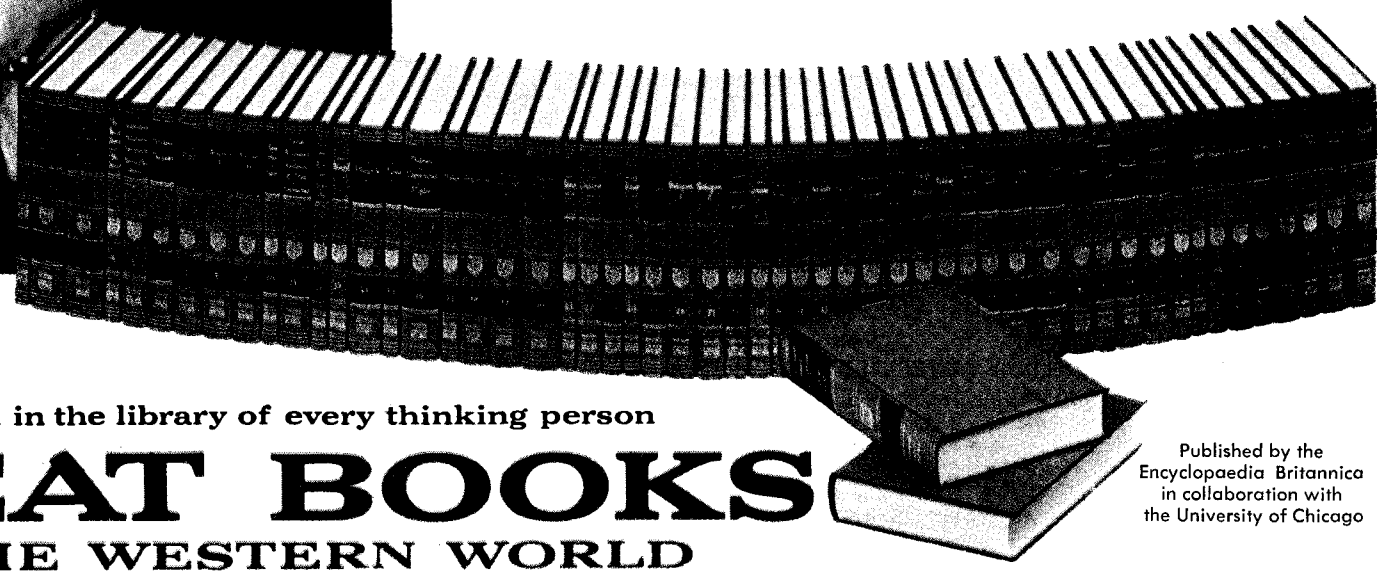

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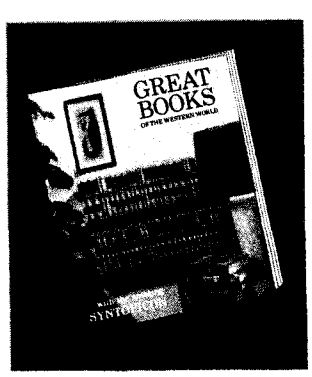

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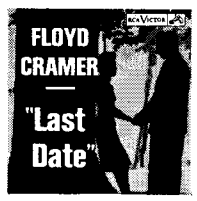
ALOHA
ALWAYS IN MY HEART
AMERICAN PATROL
ANGEL CHILD
BABY ME
BLESS YOU
BLUE MOON
BLUE ROOM
BLUEBERRY HILL
BOULDER BUFF
BUGLE CALL RAG
CARELESS
CARIBBEAN CLIPPER
CHATTANOOGA CHOO-CHOO
CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK
DEVIL MAY CARE
DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE
DOWN FOR THE COUNT
FAREWELL BLUES
FLAGWAVER
FOOLS RUSH IN
FRESH AS A DAISY
GLEN ISLAND SPECIAL
HERE WE GO AGAIN
THE HOP
I CAN'T GET STARTED
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLAN
IDA
IMAGINATION
INTRODUCTION TO A WALTZ
IT MUST BE JELLY
JAPANESE SANDMAN
JUST A LITTLE BIT SOUTH OF NORTH CAROLINA
KING PORTER STOMP
LADY BE GOOD
THE LAMPLIGHTER'S SERENADE
LET'S DANCE
LITTLE BROWN JUG
LOVE WITH A CAPITAL "YOU"
MAKE BELIEVE
MELANCHOLY BABY
A MILLION DREAMS AGO
MISTER MEADOWLARK
MOON LOVE
MOON OVER MIAMI
MY DARLING
MY DEVOTION
NAUGHTY SWEETIE BLUES
OH SO GOOD
ON A LITTLE STREET IN SINGAPORE
ONE O'CLOCK JUMP
PERFIDIA
RAINBOW RHAPSODY
RHAPSODY IN BLUE
RUG CUTTER'S SWING
SAY SI SI
SLEEPY TOWN TRAIN
SLIP HORN JIVE
STOMPING AT THE SAVOY
STRING OF PEARLS
SUN VALLEY JUMP
SWEET ELOISE
THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE
TWENTY-FOUR ROBBERS
UNDER A BLANKET OF BLUE
WEEKEND OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME
WISHING WILL MAKE IT SO
WONDERFUL ONE

250. The original version of the famous theme. "An outstanding score with much melody."—*Billboard*

251. Rocking hi-fi/stereo remakes of *Beat Me Daddy, Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues*, etc. Adancing-listening knockout.

252. Command performance of his top hits in bright new sound. Dance and romance to *Sunrise Serenade, Falling Leaves.*

220. Best-selling modern-jazz album of NBC-TV series. Composed, conducted by Henry (*Peter Gunn*) Mancini.



253. Smoky piano hits by the Nashville star Album also includ *Heart and Soul, Tenne Waltz* and 9 others.

249. *Sentimental Me; Rag Mop; Naughty Lady of Shady Lane; You, You, You; Undecided;* more hits. *Monaural only.*

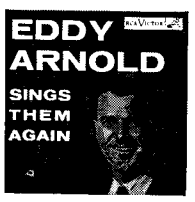
231. Mellow quartet vocals, Hugo Winterhalter arrangements of 12 pop hits. *Tennessee Waltz, On Top of Old Smoky*, etc.

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own*, etc.

21. Cha-chas, hot and cool by Prado's crackling big band. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee* and 9 others.

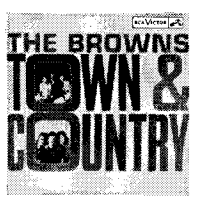
211. Driving, irresistible cha-cha rhythms, modern big-band sounds, colorful hi-fi effects. Ideal for beginners or experts.

214. Her best-selling album! *The Lady Is a Tramp, Someday, I'll Get By, Thou Swell, Goody Goody, Blue Skies*, etc.

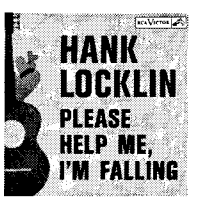


254. Brand-new recording of Eddy's 12 tops. *Bouquet of Roses, Lovebug Itch, Texarkana Baby, I Wanna Play House*, etc.

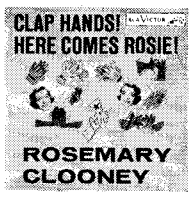
219. Varied vocal program by country-pop star. *Till the End of the World, Someday, A Fool Such As I* and 9 others.



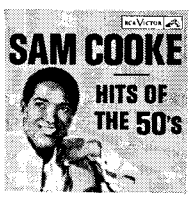
248. Trio sings a dozen favorites. *The Old Lamplighter, Red Sails in the Sunset, True Love, Cool Water, Scarlet Ribbons.*



255. Pop-country star sings his biggest hit. Also, *Why Don't You Haul Off and Love Me, Send Me the Pillow You Dream On.*

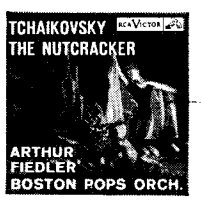


265. Sunny, swinging vocals, a dozen radiant ditties. *Everything's Coming Up Roses, Oh What a Beautiful Morning*, more.



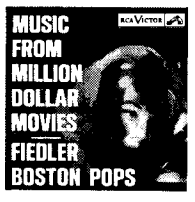
261. A decade of hits by the meteoric singing sensation. *Hey There, Too Young, Song from Moulin Rouge, Venus*, 8 more.

15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut.*

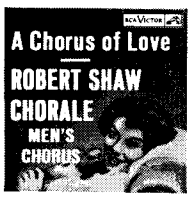


16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers*, etc.

216. Hank sings *The One Rose, Any Old Time, Moonlight and Skies, Blue Yodel #10, Roll Along Kentucky Moon*, etc.



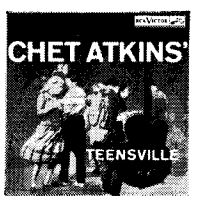
247. Sound extravaganza. *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, Laura, Around the World, Song from "Moulin Rouge."*



256. First time in stereo for the velvet-voiced male chorus. Gorgeously sung mood music. Sumptuous wall-to-wall sound.

221. Their 12 all-time hits, freshly recut in hi fi and stereo! *Twilight Time, Don't Take Your Love From Me, Jalousie.*

20. Hi-fi remakes of his 12 biggest rumba, samba, bolero, etc., hits. *Green Eyes, Adios, Oye Negra, Mambo No. 5, Baia*, etc.



212. Mr. Guitar's first dance album. *Till There Was You, Night Train, Sleep Walk, One Mint Julep, Hot Toddy*, etc.

264. Original cast of the 1960 Broadway production. *How Are Things in Glocca Morra, If This Isn't Love, Old Devil Moon.*

246. The Rodgers & Hammerstein score sung by the family that inspired it. *Do-Re-Mi, My Favorite Things*, others.

8. Up-to-date production of the Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Howard Keel, Gogi Grant and Anne Jeffreys.

100. Two super-stars render 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. *Summertime, It Ain't Necessarily So.*

4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Gaynor, R. Brazzi.

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225. Harry with the Belafonte Folk Singers. 11 spirituals—moving, tender, sometimes exuberantly rhythmic.

234. Harry's biggest seller! *Day-O, Man Smart (Woman Smarter), I Do Adore Her* and more delights. *Monaural only.*

267. Smash-hit album—guaranteed to be the life of your party. Southern-fried humor done to a rib-tickling turn.

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*

24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine,* more.

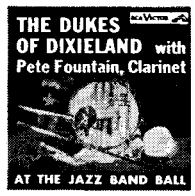
262. A gem of a show-film score in a solid-gold setting by Melachrino Strings. *The Party's Over, Just in Time,* 9 others.

263. Lustrous strings, dazzling sound, 12 operetta favorites. *Indian Summer, Gypsy Love Song, Kiss Me Again,* etc.

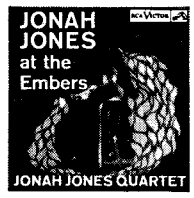
228. One of the year's best-selling comedy albums. Live audience adds excitement. Paar TV guest. *Monaural only.*

266. Dazzling sound, haunting melodies, exotic rhythms. *Hora Staccato, Hungarian Dance No. 5, Zigeuner, Csardas.*

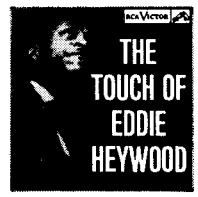
19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, The Peanut Vendor,* etc.



102. 12 Dixieland classics in highest fi. *Muskrat Ramble, Tiger Rag, Tin Roof Blues, Panama, The Saints.* *Monaural only.*

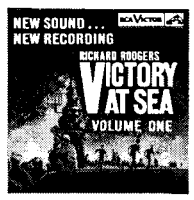


103. "Muted-jazz" trumpeter and quartet—in hi fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, Basin St. Blues.* *Monaural only.*

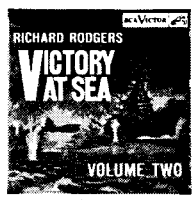


37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*

260. Biggest sound since D-Day! Rip-roaring musical salute by R. R. (*Victory at Sea*) Bennett. Full of fun and fancy.



7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.



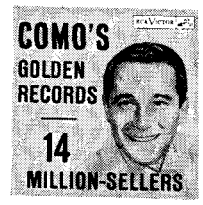
91. 8 more sections of Richard Rodgers' dramatic TV score conducted by Robert Russell Bennett. Superb sound!

2. The original TV-action hit album. All-star modern "mood" jazz—combo and big band. *Fallout, A Profound Gass,* more.

203. Hot-selling, cool-sounding sequel stars Shelly Manne, other West Coast jazz giants. *A Quiet Gass, Spook,* etc.

245. The Sing-Along Spectacular! 33 all-time top tunes, song sheets for home harmonizers. *Heart of My Heart,* etc.

36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*



124. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, Wanted, Because, Catch a Falling Star.* *Monaural only.*

12. Pops Stoppers, recut. *Ritual Fire Dance, Skaters Waltz, España Rhapsody, In a Persian Market, Stars and Stripes.*

236. Entire night-club act. Outrageous corn-fed humor, insane parodies of hit songs, etc. Their very funniest album!

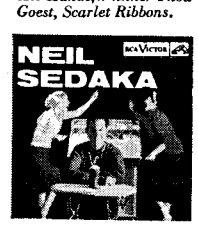
243. Tenor sings hits from Romberg operetta: *Drink, Drink, Drink; Serenade; Deep in My Heart, Dear;* more favorites.

258. Lanza's glorious tenor plus huge orchestra and chorus in Romberg's splendid score. *One Alone, Riff Song.*

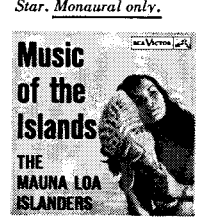
202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio,* Schubert's *Ave Maria.*

9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*

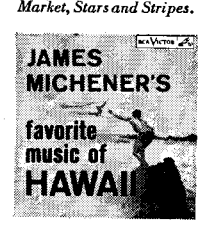
94. *Around the World, I Believe, Granada, September Song, Without a Song, You'll Never Walk Alone, Autumn Leaves.*



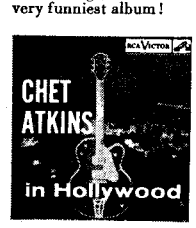
79. The teen-age singer-songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, The Diary,* other originals—*Stupid Cupid,* 9 more.



204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song, Aloha Oe.*



227. 13 Hawaiian and Polynesian hits recorded in Hawaii. Includes full-color photos of Hawaii, vivid text by Mr. Michener.



58. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves, Limelight,* more.

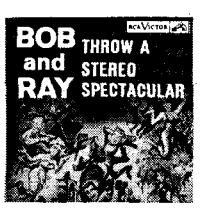
224. Recorded at the historic 1958 Carnegie Hall concert. "Cliburn has triumphed again!"—*Hi Fi Review.*

5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.

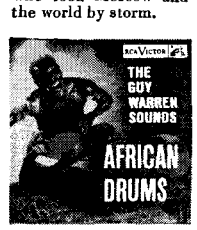
215. Long-awaited new Pops recordings of the *Rhapsody,* plus *American in Paris.* Earl Wild, piano. Spectacular new sound!

97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi fi! Also vintage piano rolls by Fats Waller, Zez Confrey and others.

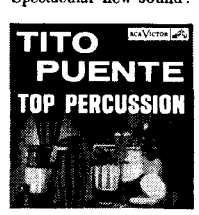
257. For collectors! Dorsey-Sinatra, Miller, Shaw, Prado, Sablon, Goodman, Waller, Gould, Suzuki. *Monaural only.*



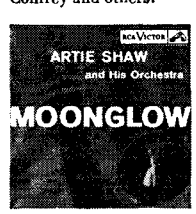
238. STEREO ONLY. The best and funniest album to demonstrate your stereo set. Mad comedy, sound effects.



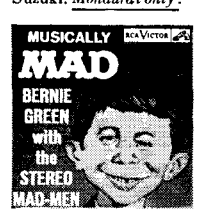
89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*



240. Hi-fi/stereo triumph stars provocative percussionists, colorful chanters in variety of pop Latin rhythms.



183. Artie's 12 biggest hits. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust, Frenesi, Nightmare, Temptation, Lady Be Good.* *Monaural only.*



48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmirk Suite; Anvils, of Course;* more.

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Editorials

Has Britain Considered Red China's Price of Admission to the U.N.?

The British Government seems to have renewed its unwearying effort to press this country on the need to admit Red China to the United Nations. Lord Home, foreign secretary in the Macmillan cabinet, agreed that the Chinese Communists were a bad lot and not to be trusted, but added that "the facts of international life" required that they become U.N. members.

This follows strangely after a recent debate in the House of Commons. Labor members of the House of Commons had offered a motion to censure the government's "consistent failure to press for the admission to the United Nations of the People's Republic of China, as representing the Government of China."

After considerable debate, the joint undersecretary of state for foreign affairs, J. B. Godber, M.P., defended the policy which bars Peking from membership in the U.N. "The Chinese authorities," he said, "have repeatedly made clear in their public statements that their interest in getting into the United Nations is qualified by other and stronger motives of which the principal—we must face this, and it has not been faced sufficiently—is the banishment of the United States, and, indeed, if one follows the argument logically, of all the Free World from the whole area of the Far East and the Western Pacific. . . .

"Before the Chinese will even begin to consider any negotiation for a settlement . . . they demand that the United States should withdraw completely from the Formosa area and leave that island with its 10,000,000 inhabitants, 8,000,000 of whom are indigenous Formosans, to be dealt with by the Chinese Government (Peking) as they choose. . . . They say they have a right to China's seat and the Nationalists have none. . . . I would say that this is hardly a good augury for . . . negotiations."

It is ridiculous to assume that only the mulish obstinacy of the United States prevents a happy solution in the Far East. When the General Assembly last fall refused to debate the admission of Red China, the vote against was forty-two to thirty-four, with twenty-two abstentions. And, despite Adlai Stevenson's curious statement that we might not be able to prevent Red China's admission, we have a veto. We will not use it frivolously, as the Soviet Union did in casting its ninety-first veto, against the admission of Mauritania, but we may use it for the protection of vital national interests.

The question is not whether the voice of China's mainland millions should be heard in the world's councils. Mao's voice is not their voice. The real issue is whether we are prepared to abandon our whole position in the Far East and the Western Pacific, an area essential to the forward defense of Alaska, Hawaii and the West Coast. That is the minimum demand of the Red Chinese, and it is a price we cannot pay. Isn't this a "fact of international life" which even a British foreign secretary should consider?

Aggressors Must Not Be Led to Expect Feeble Retaliation!

By Capt. W. D. PULESTON (USN, Ret.)

It is often said, as President Eisenhower himself put it, that "in a nuclear war there can be no victors—only losers." In a certain sense this is undoubtedly true, as even the victors would suffer terrible damage. However, in all probability one of the losers would emerge from the struggle with sufficient strength to dictate terms of peace to the other. The Soviet Union by a carefully prepared and skillfully executed surprise attack might emerge strong enough to reduce the United States to a Red satellite. Indeed, recent technological advances in this field make it quite possible that a first blow could be the only one.

This country has conceded the Kremlin the first blow, and the Red high command realizes the enormous advantage of this concession. Consequently, Soviet armed forces can choose the time and type of attack and concentrate their entire effort on the offensive. We have proclaimed this policy from the housetops and, although I think it would have been wiser to keep the Kremlin guessing about our intentions, we are committed to that risk. However, I certainly agree with Robert Strausz-Hupé, William R. Kintner and Stefan Possony, in their impressive new book, *A Forward Strategy for America* (Harper), that "the military weakness of the United States is partly a derivative of its decision not to strike the first nuclear blow."

As if this advantage to the Soviet strategists were not sufficiently disadvantageous to us, we are now being urged by certain groups to go even further and assure the Kremlin that our retaliation to a surprise attack would not be too devastating. In the November, 1960, issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Eugene Rabinowitch attacked the effort of former Secretary of Defense Thomas Gates to neutralize to some extent the Soviet advantage from our abandonment of the right to the first blow.

Mr. Gates proposed that we list the targets which the United States Air Force would strike in retaliation for a surprise attack on this country. To Mr. Rabinowitch this seemed a "self-satisfied announcement of progress in preparing for the utter annihilation of a nation of 200,000,000 people." The intent of the Gates announcement was, in all probability, to make the Red military leaders realize that an attack on this country could be incalculably costly. Mr. Rabinowitch found in it only evidence of a desire for mere revenge.

In the *Air Force Magazine* (December, 1960), Prof. Thomas C. Schelling of Harvard urged retaliation in measured doses. He is preoccupied with an accident as the cause of an atomic war, a possibility being exploited in left-wing and pacifist circles. He feels that account should be taken of the possibility that the Russians might attack us for fear we were going to attack them. However, inasmuch as an attack would hardly be accompanied by an explanation of why it was being made, our decision makers could hardly take this into account. There is a lot of sense in the comment by Mrs. Alice Widener's peppery magazine *U.S.A.*: "The Soviets and the Red Chinese can be indiscriminate, but not we."

To be sure, the primary targets for our armed forces in a nuclear war would be the air and missile bases of the enemy, rather than its civilian population. Their immediate objective would be to knock out the enemy's ability to attack us. But it would be poor policy to tell the adversary in advance that an assault on our cities, with incalculable loss of life, would be met by retaliation so measured that the Red high command need give it little thought, or, at least, regard it as an admissible hazard.

My conviction is just the opposite. To assure the Kremlin that our retaliation would be less than devastating could tempt Red commanders to accept the risk in the hope of destroying the armed forces of the Free World, the last barrier between the Kremlin and its unchanged objective of world dominion.

A Host of Volunteers, Workers and Givers Makes the Red Cross

Everyone knows that the Red Cross, functioning under a charter granted by an act of Congress, serves America on a national scale. Few people would be surprised to hear that its activities and obligations are so varied, so vitally necessary and so continuous that the Red Cross touches the lives of more Americans than are touched by any other non-Governmental agency.

It might be news, however, to many people to learn that, of the thousands of Red Cross workers, the ratio of volunteers to career staff—that is, the ratio of those who serve without pay to those on salary—is 155 to 1.

This is more than a statistic; it is one of the two basic requisites enabling the Red Cross to continue its work. Without this huge preponderance of volunteer workers the Red Cross, as we know it, simply could not function or even exist.

The other basic requirement, of course, is money—and this need, too, is taken care of by volunteers. For the Red Cross depends entirely on the contributions from millions of generous people.

Volunteer worker and volunteer dollar—this is the team that enables the Red Cross year after year to carry on its crucial work.

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MORGAGNI and Pathologic Anatomy—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

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Observations of many medical scientists, and conclusions drawn from many bits of evidence, are bases for advancement of medical knowledge. The human body reveals its secrets only to those who have the patience and understanding to discover them.

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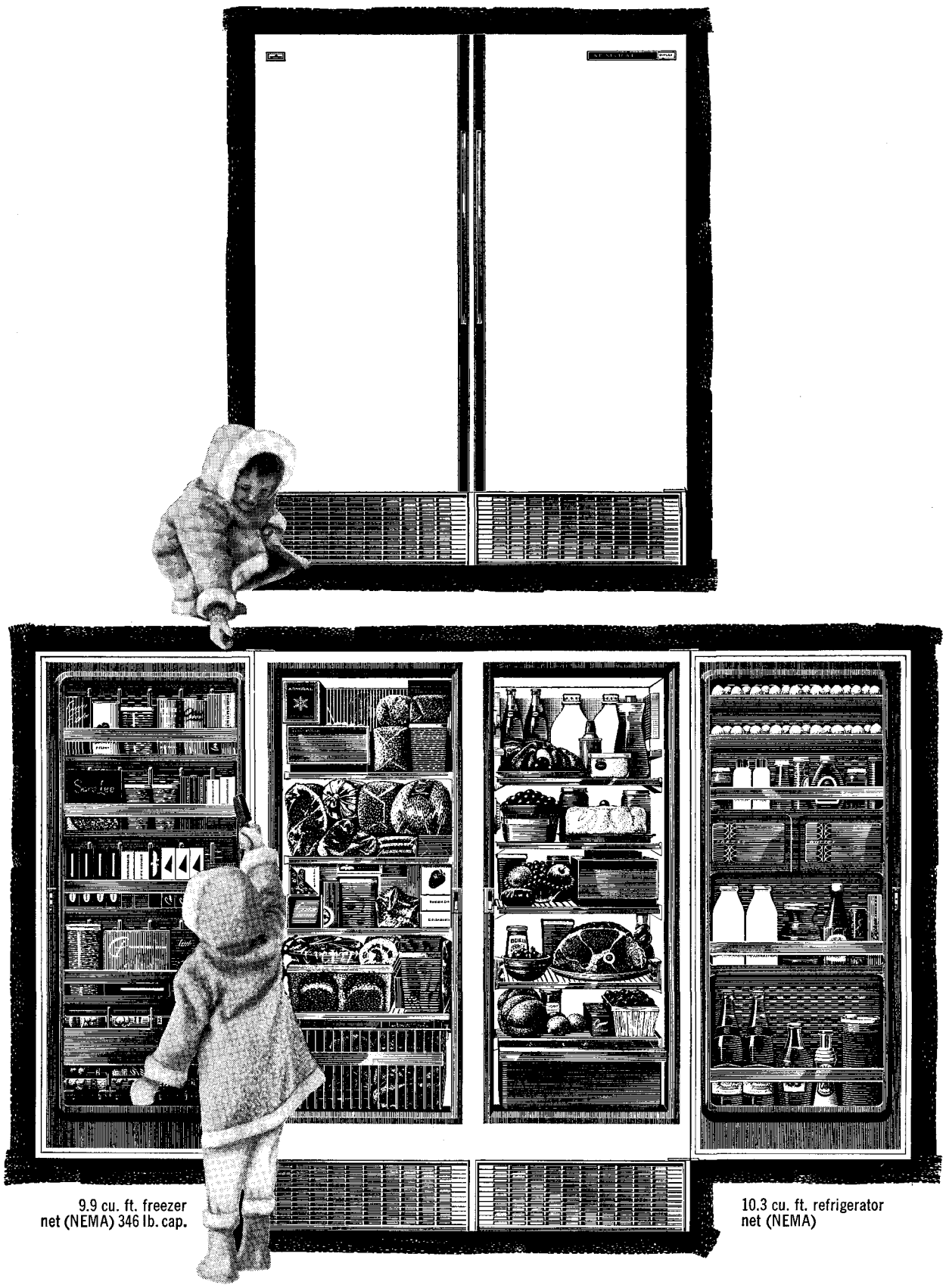

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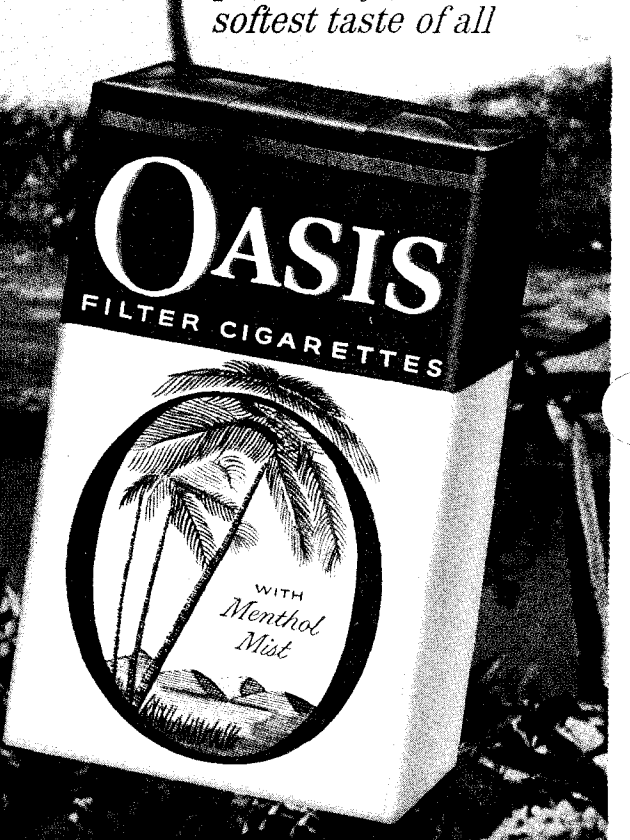

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The New Bulletin 709

Greatest advance in motor control in 30 years

PLUS VALUES OF THESE NEW STARTERS

smaller size

greater interrupting capacity

even more millions of trouble free operations

more wiring room

elegant styling

A-B "quality" throughout

a complete new line of Bulletin 709 motor starters

CUSTOMER EXPERIENCES—all over the world—have earned for Allen-Bradley the reputation of producing "quality" motor control. However, 30 years of field experience cannot help but provide lessons on how to build a good product even better. The new Bulletin 709 line of starters is a distinct step forward in motor control engineering.

Everything about these starters is new. While they retain the simple solenoid principle—having only ONE moving part—the new solenoid structure utilizes a patented, high-efficiency magnet. The new Bulletin 709 starters are remarkably small in size—especially in the higher ratings—yet test after test has proved that they will outlast any starter now on the market—many times. The new weld-resistant, cadmium oxide silver contacts close and seat firmly—without any sliding motion to cause unnecessary contact wear.

The new overload relays are not only completely trip-free but *tamperproof*—and use the same heater elements that have been standard for so many years with the old Bulletin 709 line. The enclosures—designed by Brooks Stevens—all have a "family" likeness and an "aristocratic appearance" which make these new starters a selling asset on any type of installation.

Better write today for more information about this truly revolutionary new line of electric motor starters. It is a *quality* line.

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NEWS

HUGE NEW TIRE

Stronger-than-steel
NYGEN CORD

Nygen is the most indestructible tire material known — a real premium-tire safety feature of the Jet-Air. Nygen is high-speed impact resistant, heat dissipating.

Safer, road-gripping
TWIN-TREADS

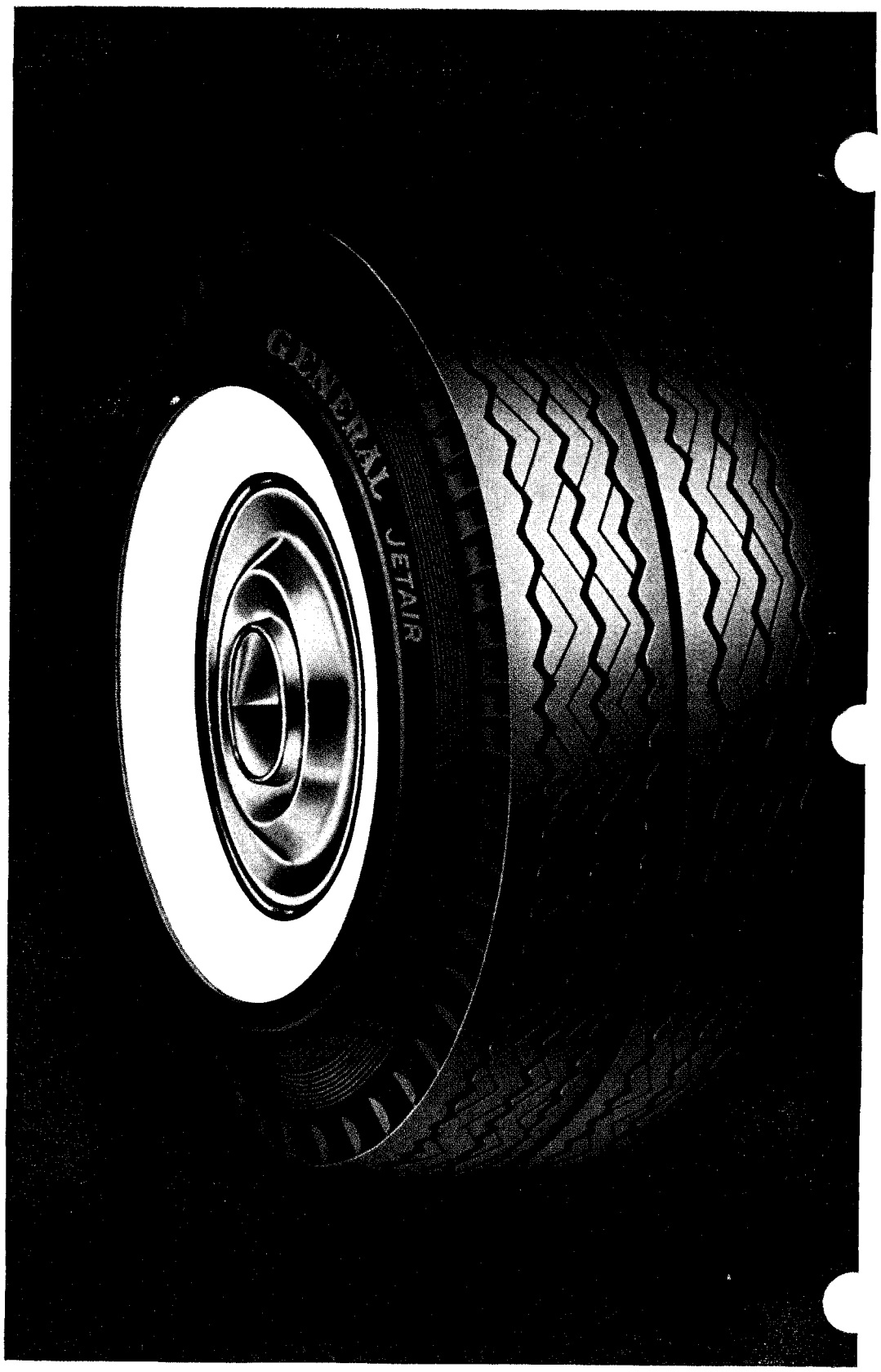
You get the extra traction of two treads, not one. Load is shared, mileage increased. Braking is more efficient—wet or dry. Noticeably more stable, especially on curves.

Softer, tougher
ODESSA RUBBER

You get bump-absorbing, luxury softness and penny-pinching mileage costs with General's exclusive Odessa Rubber—a chamois-soft, rhino-tough formula so superior it was awarded a U. S. patent.

GENERAL'S
DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Your Jet-Air Nygen investment is protected all the way—to the last extra mile. You get a warranty (1) of materials and workmanship for the life of the tire and (2) 27-month guarantee against all normal driving hazards!



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March 18, 1961

BULLETIN:

PLANT NOW MAKES POSSIBLE

THE GENERAL

JET-AIR

the first premium-quality General Tire in the low-price field!

In General Tire's 40 years experience in building premium tires, none has been so phenomenally successful as the Dual 90—built with Nygen Cord, twin treads and Odessa rubber.

With our available production facilities, we have never been able to meet the tremendous demand for this remarkable tire.

Retaining the basic advantages of The Dual 90—long mileage and extra safe performance—and bringing them to the low-price field became our great objective.

This required building a huge, ultra-modern tire plant. After nearly two years of planning and construction, this is now a reality.

Our tremendously expanded production facilities are being devoted to producing the new General Jet-Air, with Nygen Cord and the extra-safe, long mileage two-tread design proved so successful in the Dual 90—America's most wanted top-quality premium tire.

See the new Jet-Air at your General Tire Dealer's. Compare it feature for feature—dollar for dollar—with conventional tires. The extra quality and performance cost nothing extra.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

The fastest growing business in the rubber industry

World's foremost manufacturer of premium-quality passenger tires • more than 700 different types and sizes of truck, bus, farm and airplane tires • largest vinyl film and sheeting producer, Boltaflex and Textileather for furniture, car interiors, etc. • Aerojet-General, rocket fuels, satellite and missile components • RKO-General television and radio • athletic goods • wrought iron and plastic pipe • plants in 15 foreign countries.

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It starts when a Conn Organ becomes a part of your home. There's the *look* of it...exquisite cabinetry styled by Raymond Loewy. There's the *sound* of it...richly-authentic organ tone and versatility to delight a master. And that's the *fun* of it...right from that first easy lesson you sound good! And all the years to come you'll appreciate the noticeable difference in a Conn, built by specialists in tone since 1875. You'll be glad you chose it rather than a "pushbutton organ" or a gadgety makeshift you'll soon outgrow. There are six models, from $995, at your Conn dealer's now. Come in and hear why those who already own a Conn advise: don't buy any organ until you try *this* one! The incomparable **CONN ORGAN** Made by C. G. Conn Ltd., world's most experienced manufacturer of musical instruments. • For free booklet and name of your nearest dealer write to Conn Organ Corp., Dept. P3, Elkhart, Ind.

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OF MEN I HAVE KNOWN

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

PART ONE:

Winston Churchill

The author recalls some of his fascinating—sometimes nerve-racking—encounters with Great Britain's indomitable leader.

By DEAN ACHESON

To many people "diplomacy" means one of two things. To some it is a fussy life of social or official minuet—"The sort of steady-going diplomacy," writes Ann Bridge in *Peking Picnic*, "which enables a Minister to say in almost every dispatch, 'I repeated to His Excellency what I had said to him last week,' or vice versa." To others, diplomacy is dreadfully solemn and serious, made up of missions to Moscow, Geneva or the United Nations in order to save the world from nuclear disaster or to present our shining "image" to a doubting world. In truth, it has something of both, but happily something else besides. Like all of life, it has its humorous interludes, sometimes comic, even ridiculous, ones. These are in payment for much dullness and hard work. The

© 1961 By Dean Acheson

Churchill and Acheson in 1953. Acheson considers the statesman "the most remarkable man" he has ever met, but their diplomatic contacts often required fancy footwork.

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wise laborer in the diplomatic vineyard will receive them with joy and cherish them in his heart against the evil hours when no man may smile.

For me there has been another payment, too—the opportunity to work with and to know some remarkable men. With some of them I formed deep and lasting friendships. All of them enriched my experience. Lord Chesterfield, who was no fool, wrote to his son, "You must look into people, as well as at them." As over some years I looked into the men depicted in this article and two more to follow, I saw, not official figures with titles standing for policies which my Government approved or disapproved, but individuals with very human qualities. For the most part I liked the possessors of these qualities. To some of them I became devoted.

As I think of them, they seem most alive in the lighter and gayer moments which relieved our work; and more than relieved it; indeed, did much to bring to fruition some of the results of these productive years. From the end of the Second World War to the beginning of 1953 American foreign policy was remade to cope with a wholly new world—the years of the rescue of Greece, Turkey and the Eastern Mediterranean; of the Marshall Plan; of NATO; and of the meeting of the armed assault on Korea. These events are mentioned only to remind the reader that behind the personal relationships and the light moments recalled in this and the two subsequent articles, there was a somber background.

Of all the remarkable men whom I came to know during those eventful years, the mo remarkable was certainly Winston Churchil I first met Winston Churchill early one morning during the war, when I was summoned from my office in the old State Department Building to the White House across the street. Harry Hopkins received me in the Lincoln bedroom and in the Lincoln bed—that is, he was in the bed. He wanted some information, and he wanted it quickly.

At the time Mr. Churchill was staying in the White House. Indeed, that was the cause of the summons. The President's strong competitive instinct, Harry explained to me, led him to try to keep up with Mr. Churchill in everything. But in one contest he was definitely outclassed, as became evident as the after-dinner hours passed. Sometimes during these evenings the Prime Minister would produce a slip of paper and suggest that he and President Roosevelt initial conclusions reached earlier in the day. On these occasions Harry would pocket the memorandum for more mature consideration.

Harry had such a paper that morning, an wanted the facts on a point falling within my

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Among those who have worked closely with him in Government service, Dean Acheson is esteemed for his wit, sagacity and cool courage under political fire. During the years he served as Assistant Secretary of State, Under Secretary of State and Secretary of State, from 1941 to 1953—a period of national crisis piled upon national crisis—Mr. Acheson had plenty of opportunity to exercise these qualities. In this series of three articles he tells the intimate story of his experiences with the great—and some not so great—men of that era. The articles have been excerpted from Mr. Acheson's book, *SKETCHES FROM LIFE: Of Men I Have Known*, scheduled to be published by Harper & Brothers on May twenty-fourth. Mr. Acheson is senior partner in the law firm of Covington & Burling, Washington, D. C. But he is again serving our Government because last month President Kennedy named him director of an advisory group to study our policy in NATO. THE EDITORS

Alice Stanley Acheson (above) once patched up a rift between Churchill and her husband. She remained a favorite of the cantankerous Prime Minister even after she gave him some candid criticism on his painting.

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official field, as Assistant Secretary of State. As we discussed the matter, the bedroom door opened and in walked the author of the memorandum in pajamas and bathrobe, smoking a cigar. (There is no such thing, I submit, as a good after-breakfast cigar.) I was presented and shortly withdrew. Even in pajamas the aura of command hung about the great man. The bathrobe could no more disguise his eminence than the toga could Caesar's.

The second time I met Churchill was in March, 1946, when Lord and Lady Halifax asked my wife and me to lunch with him at the British Embassy. Churchill had just made his famous "iron curtain" speech at Fulton, Missouri, and Washington was in an uproar. The British loan agreement was supposed to be threatened. I was then Under Secretary of State. The Congress was asking questions about the speech both at the State Department and at the British Embassy. But that day at luncheon the conversation was on a different and more exciting subject, thanks to my wife. Mr. Churchill had no more devoted admirer. Moreover, she told him so with expositive detail, a treatment almost certain to produce a benign effect upon the hearer.

The great man was in no hurry to terminate "such dulcet and harmonious breath," but, in time, he made inquiry into the interests of his pleasant and perspicacious luncheon partner. He discovered that she was a painter, another bond. She had seen reproductions of his pictures and praised them honestly and warmly. Expansively he said, with no suspicion that the ground onto which he ventured was mined, "You can help me. Give me a criticism." He would not be put off. In statesmanship the lady's interest was that of a spectator and amateur; but in painting she was a performer and a professional. Standards of honesty are more exacting in the latter role.

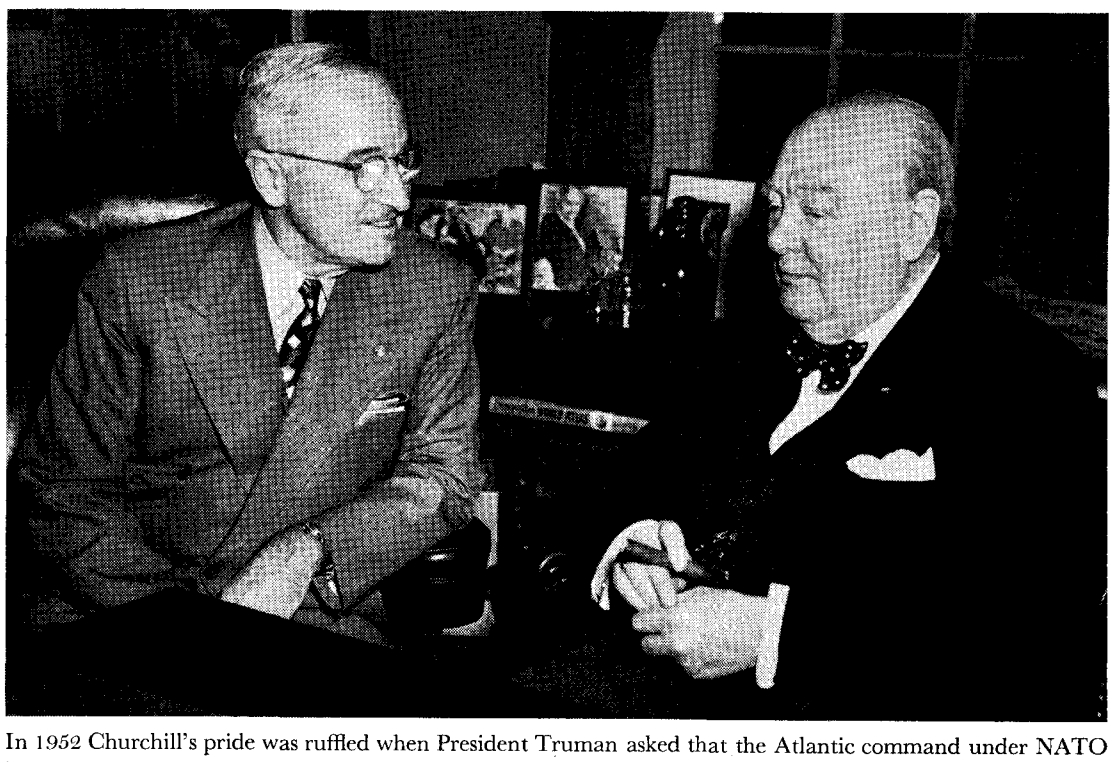
"Very well," she said. "Your palette is keyed too high. Your work would have more depth if it were toned down."

"You are quite wrong," Mr. Churchill broke in. "My palette is based on advice by most eminent painters." (Continued on Page 72)

"A bathrobe could no more disguise his eminence than a toga could Caesar's," Acheson says of Churchill's offbeat apparel. Here, at a 1944 meeting with General Eisenhower, he wore a dressing gown over a siren suit.

The late President Roosevelt and Churchill en route to the 1945 Yalta conference. There was no time for merriment on this tense occasion, but in less troubled days the two men had delighted in outsmarting each other.

Lord Cherwell used a slide rule to calculate whether Churchill's lifetime intake of alcohol would fill a room.



In 1952 Churchill's pride was ruffled when President Truman asked that the Atlantic command under NATO be American instead of British. Acheson got Churchill to accept "without withdrawing his objections."

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By WILSON RAWLS

THE HOUNDS OF YOUTH

Beginning a poignant novel about a young Ozark boy's journey to manhood.

FIRST OF THREE PARTS

I suppose there's a time in practically every young boy's life when he's affected by that wonderful disease of puppy love. I don't mean the kind a boy has for the pretty little girl that lives down the road. I mean the real kind, the kind that has four small feet and a wiggly tail, and sharp little teeth that can gnaw on a boy's finger; the kind a boy can romp and play with, even eat and sleep with.

I was ten years old when I first became infected with this disease. I didn't want just one dog. I wanted two, and not just any kind of a dog. They had to be a special breed.

I went to my father and had a talk with him. "Papa," I said, "I don't want any old dog. I want hounds—coon hounds—and I want two of them."

I could tell by the look on his face that he wanted to help me, but couldn't. He said, "Billy, those dogs cost money, and that's something we don't have right now. Maybe someday when we can afford it, but not right now."

I didn't give up. After my talk with papa, I went to mamma. I fared no better there. Right off she said I was too young to be hunting with hounds. So there I was, sitting right in the middle of the finest hunting country in the world and didn't even have a dog.

Our home was in a beautiful valley far back in the rugged Ozarks. The country was new and sparsely settled. The land we lived on was Cherokee land, allotted to my mother because of the Cherokee blood that flowed in her veins. It lay in a strip from the foothills of the mountains to the banks of the Illinois River in northeastern Oklahoma.

The land was rich, black and fertile. Papa said it would grow hair on a crosscut saw. He was the first man to stick the cold steel point of a turning plow into the virgin soil.

Mamma had picked the spot for our log house. It nestled at the edge of the foothills in the mouth of a small canyon and was surrounded by a grove of huge red oaks. Behind our house one could see miles and miles of the mighty Ozarks. In the spring the aromatic scent of wild flowers, redbuds, papaws and dogwoods, drifting on the wind currents, spread over the valley and around our home.

Below our fields, twisting and winding, ran the clear blue waters of the Illinois River. The banks were cool and shady. The rich bottom land near the river was studded with tall sycamores, birches and box elders.

To a ten-year-old country boy it was the most beautiful place in the whole wide world, and I took advantage of it all. I roamed the hills and the river bottoms. I knew every game trail in the thick canebrakes, and every animal track that was pressed in the mud along the riverbanks.

The ones that fascinated me the most were the babylike tracks of a river coon. I'd lie for hours examining them. Before leaving, I'd take a switch and sweep them all away. These I called my "trail looks." The next day I'd hurry back, and sure enough, nine times out of ten, there in the clean-swept ground I would again find the tracks of a ringtail coon.

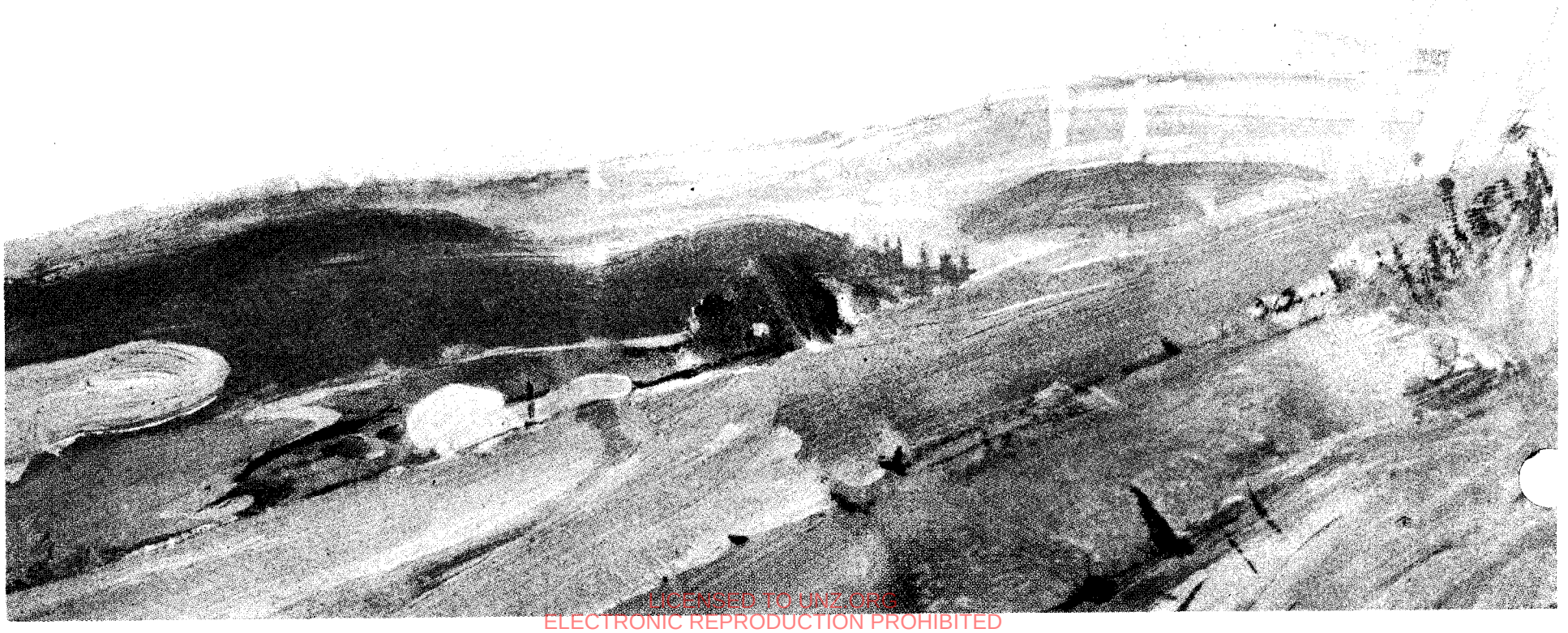
As the days passed, the dog-wanting disease grew worse. I began to see dogs in my sleep.

When the hunting season opened that fall, something happened that was almost more than I could stand. I was lying in bed one night—trying to figure out a way I could get some dogs—when I heard the deep baying of a coon hound. I got up and opened my window. It came again. The deep voice rang loud and clear in the frosty night. I stayed up and listened to it until the last tones of the hound's voice died away in the daylight hours.

The next night I heard the hound again. I tried to cover my head with a pillow to shut out the sound. It was no use. His voice seemed to bore its way through the pillow and ring in my ears. I had to get up and again go to the window. I'm sure if that coon hunter had known that he was slowly killing a ten-year-old boy, he would have put a muzzle on his hound.

By the time hunting season was over, I was a nervous wreck. (Continued on Page 101)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea



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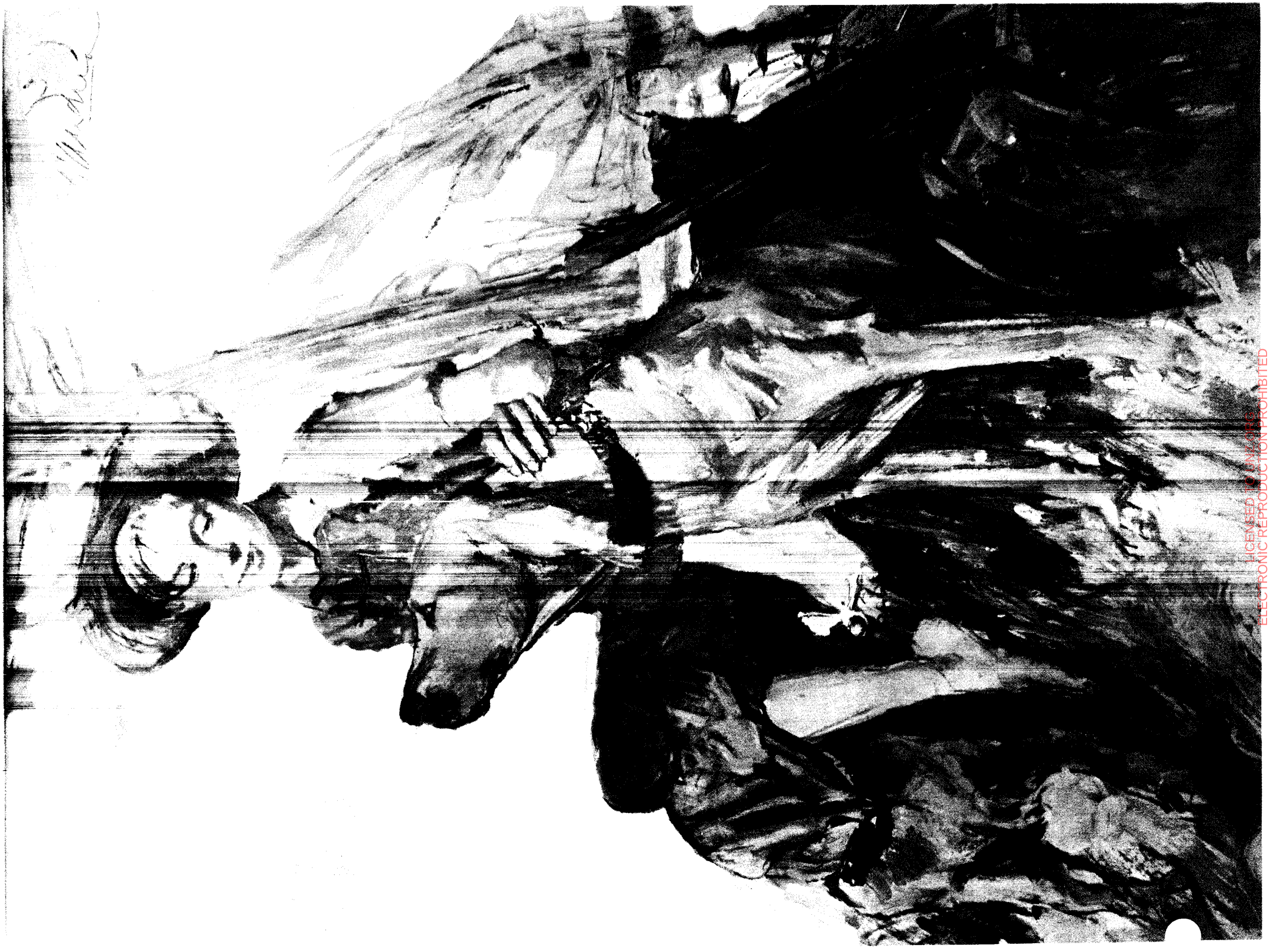

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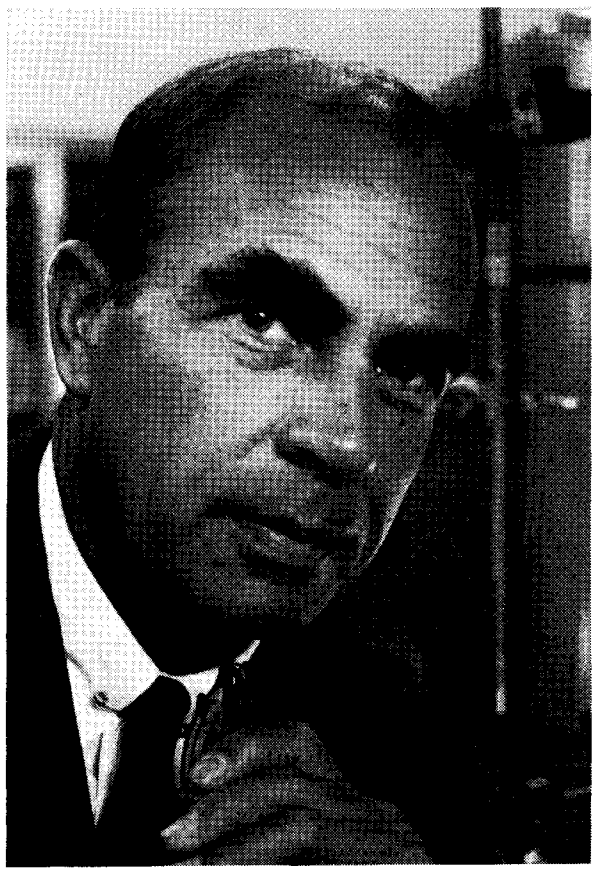
ADVENTURES
of the MIND

The Five-Billion-



About the Author

Patrick M. Hurley, professor of geology at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, specializes in nuclear geophysics, a combination of geology and nuclear physics concerned with radioactive-dating techniques. Reared in Canada, Doctor Hurley spent three years prospecting for gold after graduation from the University of British Columbia. Doctor Hurley subsequently won his doctorate from M.I.T., which he attended on a Royal Society of Canada Fellowship. During World War II he worked on antisubmarine warfare and underwater ballistics for the Navy. Doctor Hurley's geological researches have taken him from the Arctic Circle to the Equator, or, as he says, "from jungle to permafrost."

By PATRICK M. HURLEY

In the last few years geochronologists have been looking in a new way at an amazing diversity of objects—wood from ancient Egyptian tombs, Stone Age tools and human skeletons, meteorites, fossils, rocks from the earth's great mountain systems and sediments from the ocean beds. Through these objects the geochronologists have been seeking what are, in effect, clocks—clocks to tell the time of the great developments in the earth's history. Several such clocks have been established, and with them we can now date many ancient geological events and measure the anthropological progress of man.

Modern geochronology, this science of reading nature's clocks, originated in 1907 when an American physicist, Bertram Boltwood, published a list of geological ages, and indicated that geological time spans thousands of millions of years. Boltwood based his studies on the ratio of lead to uranium in uranium-bearing minerals. Since then geochronology has linked events in a time sequence stretching from five billion years ago to the recorded history of man.

How do we know when the "Age of Reptiles" ended or when Neanderthal man became extinct? The earth's history is many histories. Geochronology therefore involves a variety of measurements, such as the development of the earth's crust and oceans and atmosphere, the sequences of mountain building, the development of the continents and the evolution of living forms. Even the dating of the solar system is under study—largely through the analysis of meteorites that have fallen to earth.

The geochronological methods devised by Boltwood and developed by his successors depend upon the statistically constant breakdown of radioactive elements. These elements are unstable forms of matter in which nuclear rearrangements

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Year Clock

Measurements of radioactive "clocks" in the earth's elements are providing geologists with new knowledge about the history of man and his planet.

occur spontaneously, with a constant emission of energy and particles and the formation of a different element.

All such radioactive transformations take place in the nuclei of the atoms of the various elements. The nuclei of each elemental species contain a fixed number of protons, but may contain a varying number of neutrons. This variation in the number of neutrons produces a consequent variation of atomic weight; atoms of a single element with nuclei containing varying numbers of neutrons (but, of course, the same number of protons) are known as isotopes. Some isotopes are eternal or unchanging; some are radioactive and tend to transmute into another element at a constant, regular rate.

Radioactive dating relies upon the radioactive isotopes—of which the element uranium offers several useful examples. Uranium has several isotopes, but only two with long-lived radioactivity: uranium 238 and uranium 235. Each of these isotopes breaks down to form a different stable isotope of lead: uranium 238 forms lead 206, while uranium 235 forms lead 207.

Such isotopes are said to have long-lived radioacitivity because they disintegrate so slowly that there is still some of the original element left from the time of its formation some five billion years ago. The longevity of uranium 238, with its half-life of four and one half billion years, accounts for the present abundance of the metal.

The product of a radioactive isotope is called a radiogenic isotope. There are a number of radioactive-radiogenic pairs which can be used in dating. In addition to the two uranium/lead pairs we have thorium 232 breaking down to lead 208, rubidium 87 to strontium 87, and potassium 40 to argon 40. The rates of transformation of these long-lived, naturally radioactive elements such as uranium, thorium and potassium are unaffected by the temperatures and pressures of our planet and are considered fixed constants. Therefore, once we determine this rate, we can calculate the time required to produce a measured amount of radiogenic isotope from a known amount of its progenitor.

To obtain an age measurement by radioactive-dating techniques, we must find a measurable amount of a radioactive element that was permanently trapped in some tight container at the time of the event we want to date, with its stable product still building up without loss. Granitic rock, an aggregate of grains of many different minerals, provides such a container. Each grain is a crystal formed under conditions of extreme heat and pressure at the time the rock formed within the earth. If the granite, by uplift and erosion, was later brought near to the earth's surface, where temperature and pressure are lower, the crystals will have remained intact.

Some mineral grains constituting granite are more radioactive than others—zircon, for example, which contains minute quantities of uranium. When the granite formed, the uranium was trapped in the grains of zircon and started to transform into lead at a fixed rate. Consequently the lead in the zircon grains at any given time depends on the amount of uranium originally present. To date a piece of granite, the geochronologist extracts some zircon from the rock, measures its uranium and lead content and calculates the length of time required for the lead to form from the uranium. This may give him the true age of the granite.

I say "may" because several factors could invalidate the measurements. The uranium radiations sometimes damage the zircon, with a resultant loss of some lead end-product. Also, the zircon may have already *CONTINUED ON PAGE 99*

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Illustrated by Walter Skor

ALEXANDER BOTTS: EASY MARK

By William Hazlett Upson

They installed Botts in a sleeping-bag rig and pulled him across to the other side.

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
INTERDEPARTMENTAL COMMUNICATION

TO: Mr. Gilbert Henderson, President
Earthworm Tractor Company
Earthworm City, Illinois

FROM: Alexander Botts
Sales Manager, Earthworm Tractor Co.
Mosatch Flats Hotel
Mosatch Flats, Arizona

DATE: Friday, April 15, 1960

I understand that our Arizona distributor has just sent you a telegram accusing me of gross negligence and abysmal stupidity in permitting the Behemoth Tractor Company to steal an important sale away from the Earthworm Tractor Company. In this report I hope to convince you that the case against me is not as black as it may appear.

Unfortunately, because of a sprained right wrist, I am unable to operate a typewriter or even a pen. I am therefore dictating to a stenographer here at the hotel. And this may somewhat cramp my style by preventing me from discussing anything of a confidential nature. I trust, however, that after I have given you the principal facts in the case, you will agree that I have a reasonably good excuse for everything I have done.

It was shortly before noon day before yesterday that I arrived, in the course of my coast-to-coast inspection trip, in the town of Mosatch Flats, Arizona. Parking the company car in front of the branch office of our Arizona distributor, I entered the showroom. Somebody in one of the private offices was shouting into a phone, ". . . write this down. Two pipelayer tractors with twenty-foot side booms . . . two three-quarter-yard arched-boom backhoes . . . four heavy crawlers with bulldozer blades. . . . This is urgent. Can you load the stuff on flatcars this afternoon? . . . It ought to be here tomorrow? . . . Good!"

I walked through the open doorway of the office just as the man put down the telephone. I introduced myself, and he looked me over very suspiciously. As I am a good judge of human nature I could see at once that something was bothering him. In an uncertain voice he introduced himself as Daniel Dickson, the branch manager. Then he asked a question: "Did you hear any of my telephone conversation just now?"

"Only the last part," I said. "It sounded as if you were ordering some equipment."

"But you didn't hear the beginning of the conversation? You don't know where I was ordering it from?"

By this time it was clear to me that Mr. Daniel Dickson was hiding something. Obviously he was a shifty character. I decided that henceforth I would think of him as "Devious Dan." But I did not give him any hint of my suspicions.

In an offhand manner I said, "I assume you are putting in a rush order to the main office of our distributor in Phoenix?"

This idea seemed to please him. "Of course," he said. "That is exactly what I was doing." He pulled himself together, and from here on his conversation was straightforward.

"Do I understand, Mr. Dickson, that you are ordering two pipelayers, two backhoes and four crawlers?"

"That's right," he said.

"As I was coming in," I said, "I noticed a lot of heavy equipment parked in your side lot—including two pipelayers, two backhoes and four crawlers. Why order a lot of stuff from Phoenix when you've got it right here?"

"We need the equipment we have here, Mr. Botts. We also need (Continued on Page 81)

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Where Old Man River begins: Lake Itasca, deep in the heart of Minnesota, lies frozen over in winter. The lively creek flowing from it (foreground) is the Mississippi.

MINNESOTA GROWS OLDER

By CLAY BLAIR Jr.

Blessed with natural wealth, fertile farms and industrious people, this prosperous, rugged northland may be facing a lean future.

The Twin Cities on the Mississippi: At left is St. Paul, at right, Minneapolis. "They might well lie 1000 miles apart," the author says of the cities, which are intense rivals and keep most of their affairs strictly separate.

A chilly, mid-October wind scrubbed through the virgin stand of Norway and white pine. I pulled my coat tight and hurried along a path toward my objective, Lake Itasca, deep in the heart of Minnesota. When I rounded a bend, it lay before me, small, deep blue and vibrant, its surface ruffled by prancing, miniature whitecaps. Swaying, green, giant pines, feet clustered in a fern of brownish marshweed, ringed the irregular shore. I stopped and stared, momentarily overwhelmed by the beauty of the land and by the gentle impact of splendid solitude. Many moons ago this was a corner of Hiawatha's happy hunting grounds. It looked every inch the part.

Lake Itasca is one of the least-known yet, in some ways, most significant ponds on our continent. "Itasca" is a contraction of the Latin words, *veritas* and *caput*, which mean, loosely, "true head." Itasca is the humble origin of North America's mightiest, most influential and famous river, the Mississippi. From the lake it meanders northward for a way, little more than a respectable creek. Then it bends southward, gathering size and dignity in Minnesota's shallow but gushing watersheds. From there it rolls on and on and on, altogether 2552 miles from Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico. I stood alone by the lake, pondering these facts. Only the chattering of my teeth broke the stillness.

I shouldn't complain about the cold. By Minnesota standards it was a sparkling fall day—only about six or seven degrees below freezing. In not many days Itasca's whitecaps would be subdued, buried beneath a three-foot layer of ice. The temperature would plunge to a breath-taking 20, 30, 40 and

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Raymond Coin at his 240-acre farm near Bemidji. The state's 145,000 farms provide its greatest source of revenue, and "the farmers cast the state's character—stodgy, reliable and healthy," says the author.

Above: Timberlane Lodge, near Park Rapids, is one of many resorts that try to persuade reluctant Minnesotans to enjoy outdoor sports in the freezing winter weather.

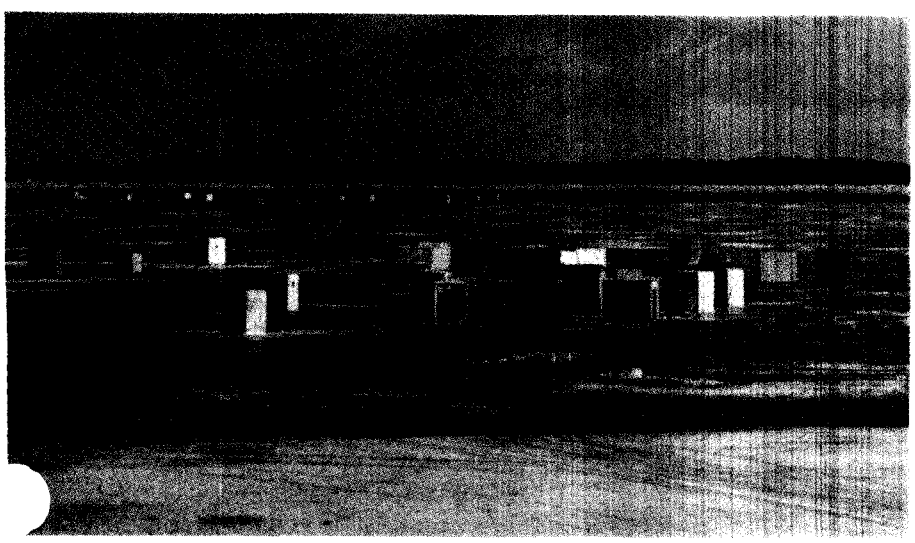
The Seifert quads—Marie (left), Martha, Mike, Monica. Their birth ten years ago rocked the town of Sleepy Eye.

sometimes 50 degrees below zero. Then snow—fine, dry, unmelting snow—would fall, layer upon layer, from November until April. All of northern Minnesota would be transformed almost magically from deep green to a dazzling white snowscape. The days would become uncommonly brief. The sun would swing, reddish and low, across the southern skies in nine-hour arcs, casting elongated shadows behind the pines. During the long nights the sky would turn velvet black, pinpricked by brilliant stars or mottled by eerie northern lights. Then it would be cold—colder than most of us can imagine.

I had come to Minnesota at the urging of Frank B. Griffith, sixty-eight, an amateur Midwestern historian, who believes that the state needs explaining to the outside world. I welcomed Mr. Griffith's invitation. For me Minnesota, like Tasmania, had always been a big question mark on my mental map. Now that is gone, replaced by vivid memories and facts collected on two visits there, one in the summer and one in the fall. I traveled through the state by car, airplane, boat, canoe and on foot. I probed the clean Twin Cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and the incredibly rich farm country in the south and west. I hiked through the wilderness along the Minnesota-Canadian border, the land of beavers and blessed quiet. The tour was no lark. Minnesota is a big state. In area—84,000 square miles—it is about the same size as New England, New Jersey and Maryland put together.

From the moment I arrived in Minnesota I was drawn almost irresistibly to Lake Itasca. Much later, while reading an account of Minnesota's fascinating geology, I stopped at this sentence: "In Minnesota's lake country man can find a solitude and beauty that his spirit needs; and in the last remaining Minnesota wilderness, among the ancient rocks and clear waters, man might come close to glimpsing immortality." This was, I believe, one elusive aspect of Minnesota that excited Mr. Griffith. The billowy clouds that day obscured a glimpse of immortality. But if a state can have a soul, then I believe I came closest to it when I paused briefly on my tour in Itasca.

Minnesota lies near the geographical center of our continent, more (Continued on Page 85)



Lake Minnetonka in winter. Undeterred by temperatures which sometimes fall to 50 below, Minneapolis fishermen sit in these huts and try their luck through holes in the ice.

Minnetonka in summer. Water sports are wildly popular in Minnesota, which has at least 22,000 lakes, but uses the understated nickname "Land of 10,000 Lakes."

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TWO STRONG MEN

By WILLIAM OTHA HOPPER

Thad Gentry picked to the end of the cotton row nearest the cabin, half expecting to see his wife, Carol, with their two-year-old daughter, Anna. He pulled off the full pick sack, set it beside the others that he had filled this morning, removed the shoulder strap with which he had carried it and tied the strap to an empty sack.

He would not carry to the shelter what he was picking now. There would be no point in that, for it was going to the gin this morning, along with what he had already picked, two bales, enough to be carried on a truck; and the cotton in the sacks could be loaded directly onto the truck from the field.

Last night after they had gone to bed he had mentioned the hauling to Carol, that he had talked to Tully Brent about it and that the trade was already made.

"On a truck?" she said. But he had expected it.

"It'll cost three dollars to load and haul it," he said. "But it'll be done quick. The way the price is dropping every day, we'll gain."

"But you had planned to borrow a wagon and haul it. That wouldn't cost anything."

"With everybody hauling," he said, "it'll be two weeks before I get a wagon. If it goes down a cent a pound, we lose ten dollars."

"Thad," she said. "Thad, you know how hard it has been to get, and why we have kept it."

He knew all right, knew what she referred to as "it," the twelve dollars, in a ten and two ones which she kept in her black, patent-leather purse, which would even now be beside her, lying upon a chair within reach. She had saved it from (Continued on Page 48)

What unspoken evil prompted them to drive each other at a man-killing pace?

They worked, heads lowered, swinging the saw back and forth without stopping.

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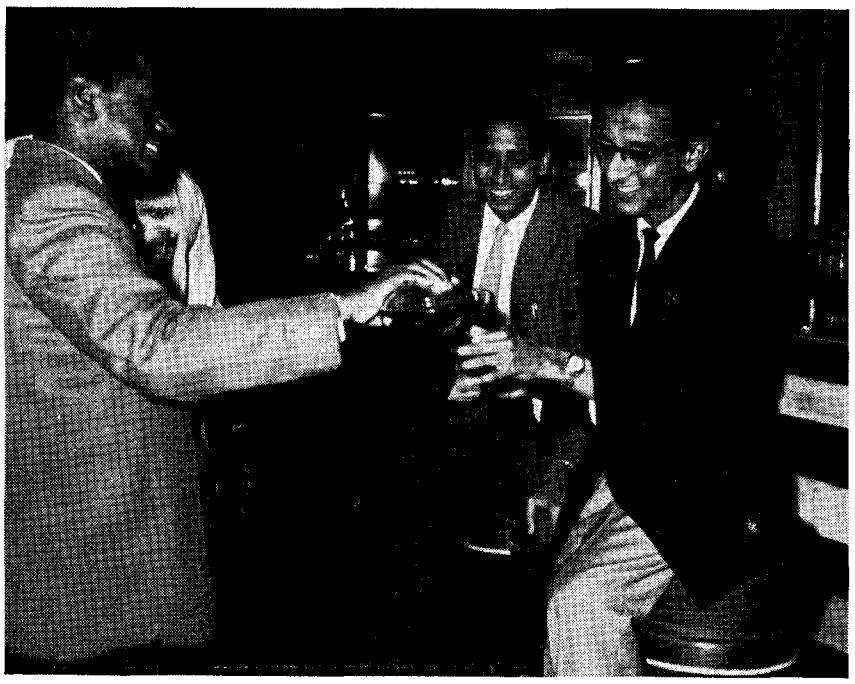
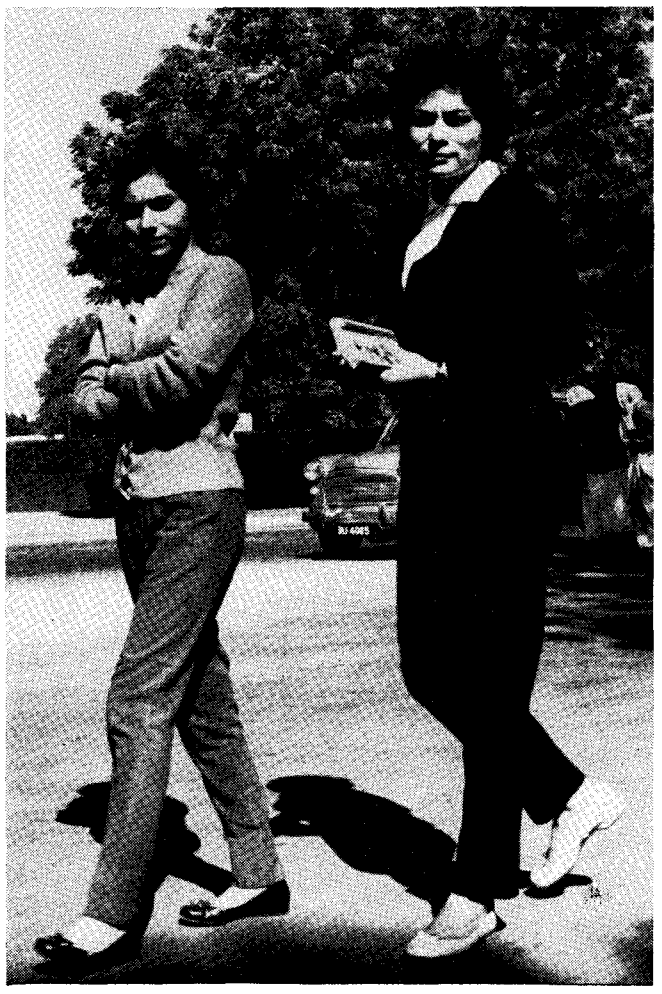


New Delhi's chaotic liquor laws allow the sale of alcohol in private clubs, but not in public bars, and not at all on Tuesdays and Fridays, which are dry days.

Left: What Kipling never envisioned. New Delhi demonstrators hold twin Communist flags over a statue of Queen Victoria, to indicate their contempt for the West.



For some modern Indian women, slacks are replacing the sari. Subjects that were once taboo are now freely discussed in the presence of men.

What Freedom Has Done to India

A famous writer revisits the country of his birth and describes the sweeping social changes that have taken place since it gained independence.

By JOHN MASTERS

New Delhi.

As the twilight deepened and the lamps shone more brightly inside the little shops, I realized I had an hour to pass before I was due at the Thompsons'. In New Delhi these days it is crime enough to be punctual; to arrive early would be insult as well as injury. Their house was a long way off; I decided to walk.

In the old city, where I was, the traffic rose to its evening clamor. I moved among swirling currents of brown-skinned humanity, lights everywhere, the smell of India in my nostrils, its thousand-tongued voice in my ear. I walked through the gate in the city wall and in a few paces passed from Oriental fecundity to planned parenthood, from the Mogul empire to the British raj, from Old Delhi to New Delhi.

It was dark under the trees that line the wide avenues, for the street lamps are few, and each stands in a pool of its own light. Under some of the lamps a man lay curled up, asleep, the soft yellow light giving him a painted quality, so that I would stop in the darkness and look and think that I must have seen such a picture, so typical of India, a man asleep under a light in a public place. It was a cold night. Here and there on the wide grass verges small fires burned, and there were men beside them, bent over, cooking sweetmeats, and once a youth with spectacles, studying a Hindi book by the light of a lantern.

All the while bicycles passed in a steady stream. An occasional cyclist held a flashlight in his hand and, like a luminescent fish in a school of herring, served to indicate the passage of a dark and silent multitude. Bullock carts and two-wheeled horse carriages ground down the road. Cars wound in and out, flashing their lights and honking. Dust rose in a thin pall under the trees, for this was the middle of the cold weather, and there had been no rain since September.

At an intersection we all had to wait, cars and bicycles and (Continued on Page 78)

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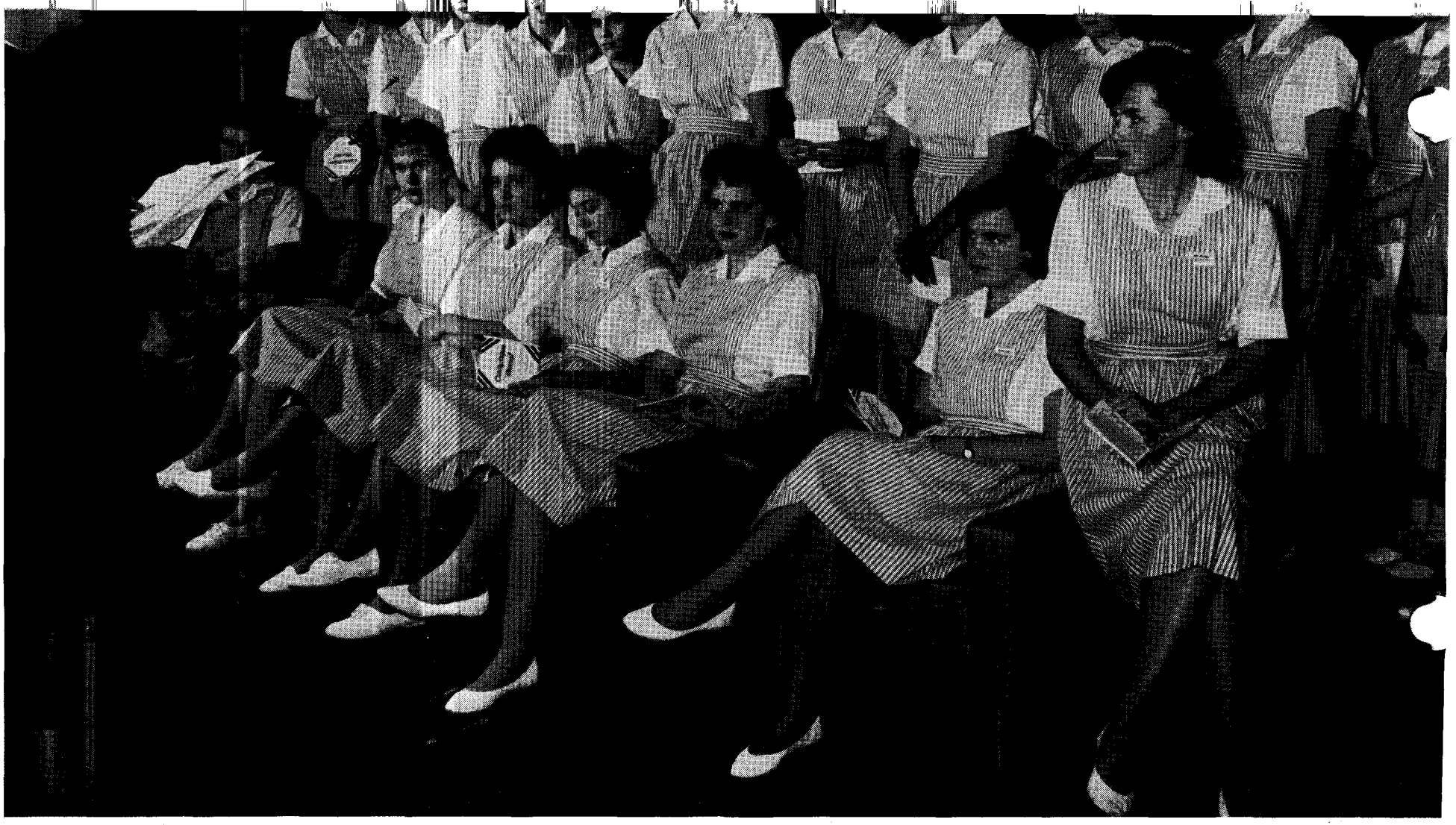

Mrs. Guy Griffin (left) with some of the 200 Candystripers she supervises at Connecticut's Greenwich Hospital.

The Girls in Candy Stripes

Throughout America brightly uniformed teen-age volunteers assist overburdened nurses and help make life more livable for the patient.

By Stanley Schuler

A petite sixteen-year-old in a fresh white blouse and a red-and-white-striped pinafore forks food into the mouth of a little boy in huge Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City. The boy's eyes are bandaged, and he is frightened. But as he listens to the girl's happy voice, he begins to smile faintly.

A fifteen-year-old in red and white stripes bustles along the main corridor of Providence Memorial Hospital in El Paso, Texas. In her hands is a potted plant that will brighten the life of an elderly patient.

A group of girls, also in striped pinafores, sings Christmas carols in the halls of the Baroness Erlanger Hospital in Chattanooga, Tennessee. A woman appears behind them. "My husband asked if you would please sing for him again." The girls are delighted. As they start to sing outside the patient's room, they see the woman weeping at the foot of the partly hidden bed. The young voices break, but struggle on. Only the woman knows it is the first time in weeks that her husband has spoken.

The Candystripers—more formally known as Junior, or Teen-Age, Volunteers—are at work. They are the nation's hospitals' newest contribution to better patient care.

"The Candystripers bring into the hospitals a warmth and enthusiasm which noticeably affect the spirits of everyone," says Raymond R. Grossman, assistant director of Barnes Hospital in St. Louis. His thinking is widely shared. Mere sight of the girls seems to act as a tonic for almost anyone confined to a hospital. But whether the girls have any therapeutic effect is debatable.

A leading surgeon concedes that, by improving hospital morale, the Candystripers give patients confidence. But he contends that the sick do not need the frills of the modern hospital—the Candystripers being one of these—to get well.

On the other hand, a man in Evanston (Illinois) Hospital apparently owed his recovery to a Candystriper who succeeded in making him eat after the nurses had failed. "He was a cantankerous old gentleman," recalls Mrs. Margaret Armstrong, the hospital's director of volunteers, "but when the girl entered his room, he began to smile. And when she started to feed him, he was completely docile. From then on he ate regularly."

Says a general practitioner in an Eastern hospital, "These little cuties can often spark a patient in a way that no older person can."

Be this as it may, the first Candystriper program was not conceived to build morale. A

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Michele Wheeler, 17, a senior Candystriper, is allowed to work on patient floors at jobs that save nurses steps.

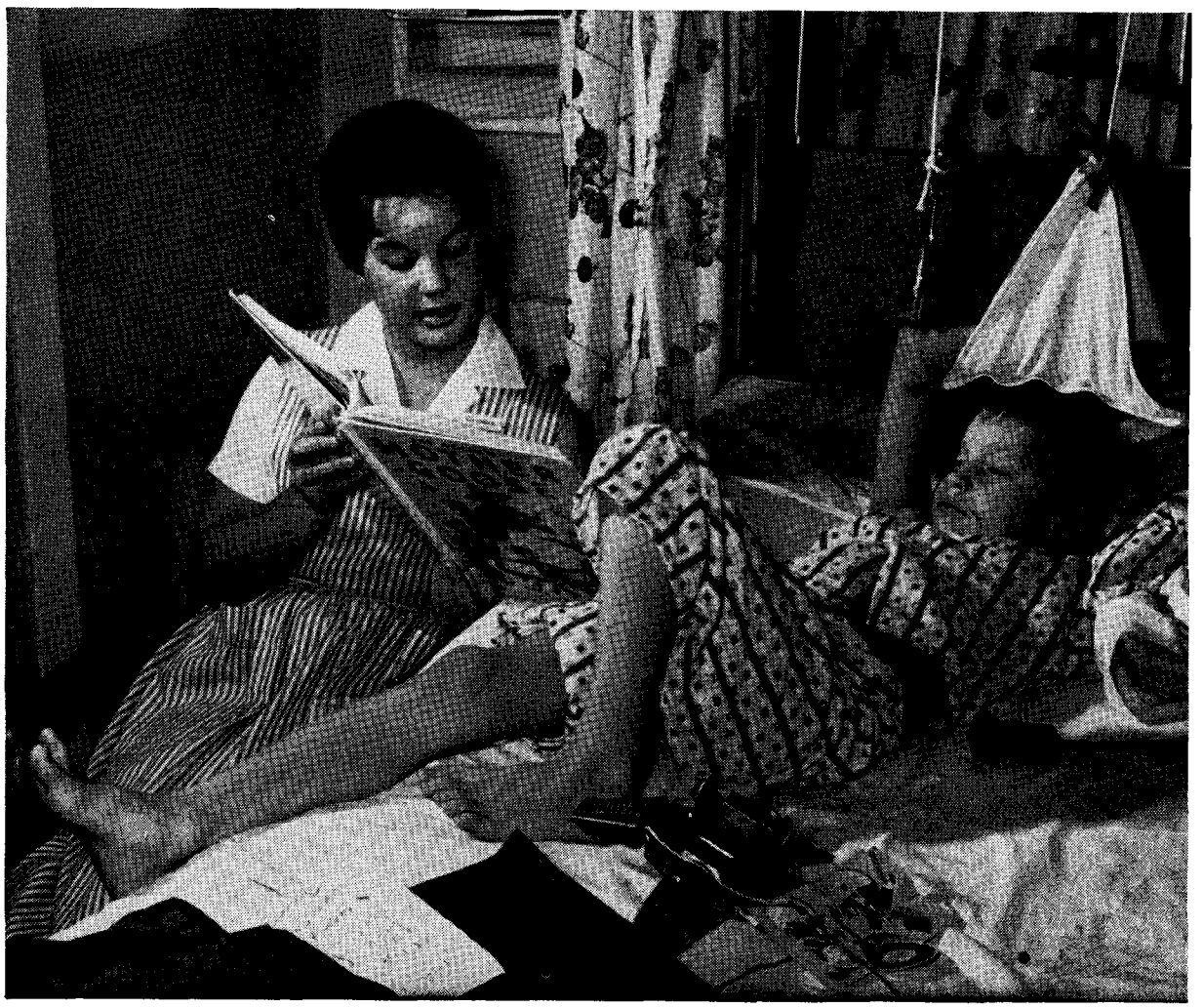
Volunteer duty has clinched 17-year-old Karen Ling's decision to become a nurse. Karen's work includes serving meals and feeding patients, but as a Candystriper she is never involved in actual treatment of the sick.

even today hospitals have more practical reasons for seeking help from the vivacious fifteen-, sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds—and sometimes the thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds—in their communities.

Although teen-age volunteers have long been used in American hospitals, they were not organized into a trained work corps until 1942. In that year, Evanston Hospital, like its sister institutions elsewhere, was losing employees to the armed forces. Despite the women and teen-agers who flocked in to help, the nurses remaining were hard-pressed. The worst pinch came at the patients' suppertime, when the adult volunteers were either at home feeding their own families or just quitting work in nearby factories and offices.

Mrs. Armstrong proposed that some of the more mature girls who had been delivering mail and preparing medical supplies in the hospital on Saturdays could be trained to relieve this daily problem. In the face of fleeting skepticism among R.N.'s, the idea was accepted.

For the pleased Evanston youngsters only one thing was missing—a uniform. Someone suggested a white blouse, white shoes and pinafore with narrow, vertical stripes of red and white. Soon after this costume appeared about the hospital floors, the wearers got their name. An elderly man who had been enjoying the charm of the girl who regularly brought his supper looked up one evening to see a starched nurse with his (Continued on Page 107)



Candystriper Alexandra Johnston, 16, reads fairy tales to Kimberly Defenderfer, 6, who is waiting for a broken elbow to mend. At present about 150,000 teen-agers are doing volunteer work in 2000 hospitals.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

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THE IRISHMAN WOULDN'T WEAR GREEN

First he took his girl for granted. Then he refused to celebrate Saint Patrick's Day.

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

First let us meet our hero and heroine. The villain can wait awhile.

Terence O'Donnell is a great muscular mountain of a lad, twenty-six, who takes a dim view of almost everything not directly connected with the force; he is studying for his police examination and has little time for anything else. He has grudgingly made an exception in the case of Mary Laverty, as he blandly assumes that one fine day—unspecified and safely in the future—Miss Laverty will be transformed into Mrs. O'Donnell.

Mary is twenty-three, with snapping blue eyes, dark hair and a sweet red slash of a mouth. As

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By JOHN LATHAM TOOHEY

she and Terence first met in early summer, and as it is now late winter, they have been keeping company for some nine months. That should be quite long enough for a girl to discover anything worth discovering about a man, but there is one dark, uncharted section of Terence's personality that Mary knows absolutely nothing about, simply because it has never occurred to her to wonder about it.

Terence hates any and all kinds of Irish theatricality, including what he thinks of as the tinsel trappings of St. Patrick's Day. Mary, on the other hand, loves these trappings; they are spun silver to her, not tinsel. The bands and the snapping flags, the proud marchers in the little green hats and, above all, the fine old songs—who could fail to lose his heart to them?

Why, Terence O'Donnell, that's who.

Here it is a blustery March afternoon, and Mary is at her job as counter girl in an ice-cream parlor, one with wire-backed chairs and marble tables and a cool, shadowy, other-century air about it.

She was polishing the already gleaming surface of the soda bar when Terence strode in. "Br-r," he said, rubbing his hands. "It's cold as charity out there. Give us a hot chocolate, Mary."

"No books today?" said Mary, drawing a steaming cup for him.

"A man needs a little relaxation," said Terence, sipping at the chocolate. "And that apartment of mine is a madhouse, with St. Patrick's Day so close. My father won't talk of anything else." (Continued on Page 94)

"I am not going to get used to such things," Mary said angrily. "And maybe I'm not your girl!"

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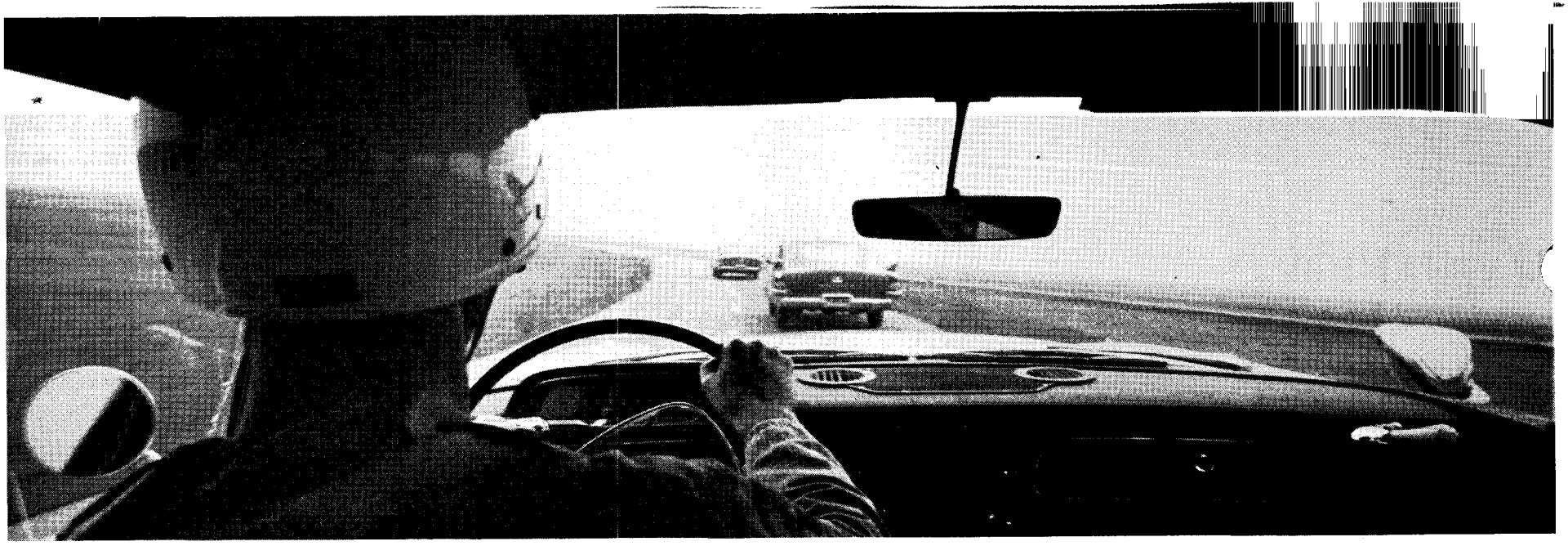


An instructor checks out two California Highway Patrol cadets during a simulated high-speed pursuit on the 2.2-mile E.V.O.C. track.

They Chase the Speeders

By ELMONT WAITE

At the unique Emergency Vehicle Operations Course near Sacramento, candidates for the California Highway Patrol learn the hazardous art of police pursuit driving.

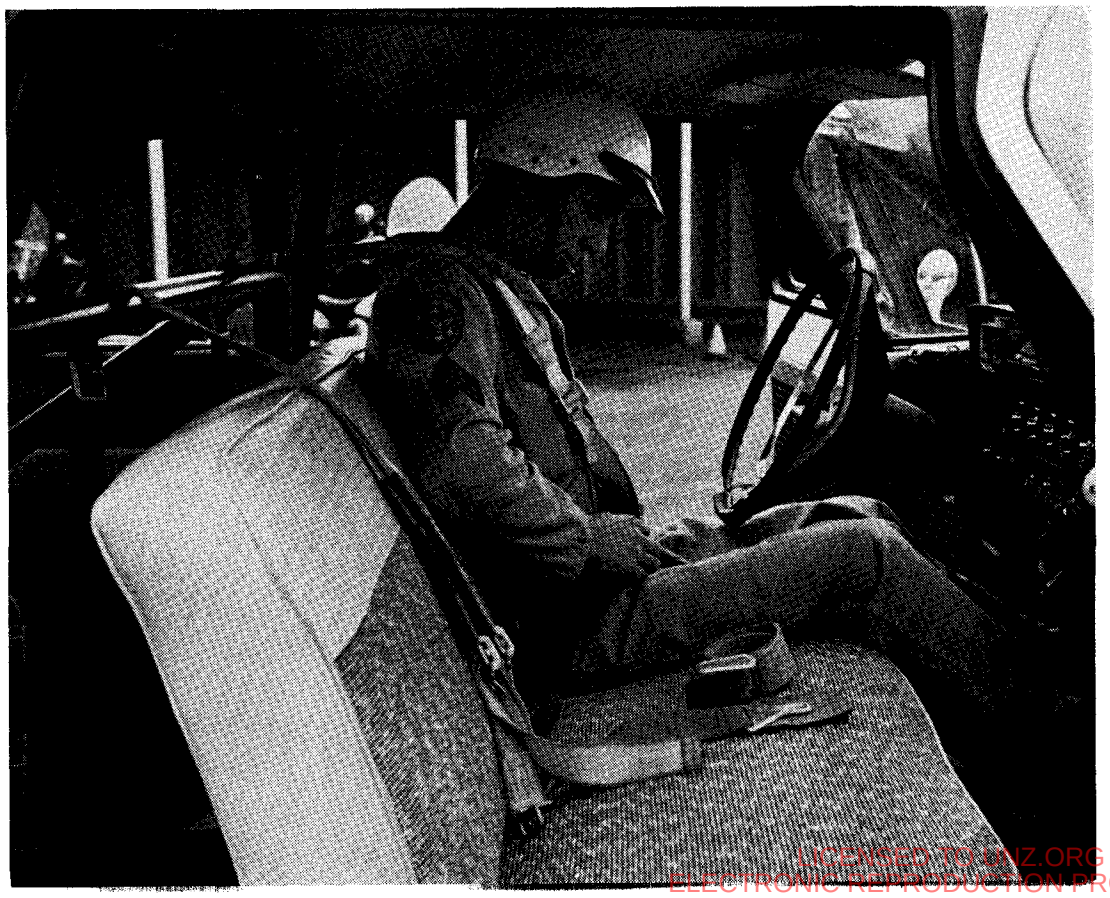
Crash Johnston earned his nickname by slamming his heavy California Highway Patrol car into a frighteningly sharp curve at 105 miles per hour—and discovering that no driver on earth could make it. His skidding tires were shrieking, and the burning rubber left a screen of blue-white smoke trailing behind as the car rocketed off the pavement. Crunching down over the roadside embankment, the machine rolled, bounced and flipped end-over-end a full 200 feet.

This accident, the most spectacular in California Highway Patrol records, occurred on a private speedway used by the state's patrolmen to learn pursuit driving. On this track, the first of its kind in the United States, an ex-racing driver teaches highway cops how to handle their cars safely at speeds far higher than any lawbreaker might attempt. The furious driving is tough on cars, but there have been no serious injuries on the course, now nearly three years old.

"They told me afterward," Marlow M Johnston says, "that my crash taught them more than anything else that's happened." At the time the main thing it taught Johnston was to believe in miracles. He says, "I couldn't have survived any other way."

On that morning of August 6, 1958, Johnston and another cadet named Worley C. Jones were near the end of their training in the speed-driving course at the California Highway Patrol Academy, south of Sacramento. Their instructor was Lt. Walter F. Davis, who had been a racing driver sixteen years. "Now," he said, "let's try a simulated pursuit run. Jones, you're getting pretty good—let's take you first."

The instructor played the part of a speeder doing seventy miles an hour. Jones, known as "the sheriff" because he had been a deputy in Los Angeles, was the cop waiting at the roadside. When (Continued on Page 75)



This fatal crash occurred on a California road when the driver, traveling at high speed, swerved left to avoid a stationary car and hit another head on. A young highway patrolman recently found himself in a similar situation, but squeezed through safely by using E.V.O.C. technique

Instructor Robert M. Phillips. Safety equipment used in his training vehicles includes crash helmets, seat belts, reinforcing steel roll bars (left), shoulder harnesses and webbed door straps.

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"You nincompoop!" she roared. "You jellyfish."

THAT FATAL FLAW

If there's one thing a woman can't stand, it's a man who lets people make a fool of him in public.

By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

When Col. Winston F. Wingate, U.S.A. (Retired), bought the XIX Ranch, he obtained as nice an outfit as you would find in the Deep Creek Valley. But along with 537 acres of bottomland, the valley store and 6200 head of sheep with grazing rights, he inherited the problem of Tongue-Tied Harris.

The trouble, people of the valley soon were saying, was that Colonel Wingate refused to face the problem. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and you couldn't put Tongue-Tied Harris behind the counter of the store to meet the public. Well, the colonel would find out—the hard way. And him with a wife and daughter, to boot.

On first taking over the ranch, Colonel Wingate had gone out with his camp tender, Jim Martin, to look at the herds and had been favorably surprised in meeting Tongue-Tied Harris to find him clean-cut, with wide shoulders and no belly, good teeth, polite and under thirty. From the tales Jim Martin had spun, he had expected something different. And though he'd happened in unannounced, he found the sheep wagon spotless and in order, which means a lot to an Army man.

In the sheep wagon Harris had his fiddle and guitar, the one for serious music and the other for popular ballads. He'd built bookshelves at the end, above the bunk, and they were crammed with good reading. Jim Martin had brought out the mail, which was voluminous and with some return addresses surprising for letters addressed to a sheepherder. In addition, Harris was always improving himself by mail with some extension course from the state university, and in his spare time did fine leatherwork, composed songs and contributed poetry to the town newspaper.

"Harris," the colonel said, after a ten-minute visit at the sheep camp, "I want you in at the ranch. You're too good a man to be stuck out here with a herd of sheep."

The sheepherder considered. One reason he was called Tongue-Tied was that he habitually paused, framing an answer.

"He likes it out here in the mountains," Jim Martin said, trying to be helpful. "In fact he prefers ——"

"If you don't mind, Jim," the colonel said stiffly. . . . "Well, Harris?"

Tongue-Tied Harris looked out the open door of the sheep wagon and across the bed ground. The scrub oak was brilliant on the slopes, the aspen butter-yellow. It was fall, and soon the sheep (Continued on Page 88)

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Graybeard at the Plate

The bewhiskered batsman, his teammates and the opposition all share a peculiar distinction. Every one of them is more than seventy-five years old. They are members of the Three Quarter Century Softball Club of St. Petersburg, Florida. The club is comprised of two teams—the Kubs, wearing red caps, above, and the

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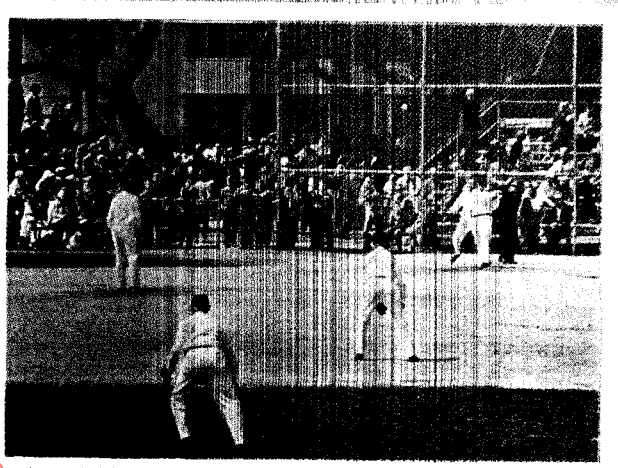
blue-capped Kids, playing defensive positions in the small photograph at right. The teams were formed during the winter of 1930–31 for retired gentlemen who sought an activity more exciting than the usual fare of shuffleboard and horseshoe pitch- . They play three seven-inning games each week in an admission-free stadium with a seating capacity of 3500. Intermittently throughout the season, which runs from December to April, the Kids and Kubs stage benefit games during which the hat is passed to raise money for such organizations as the American Red Cross, the March of Dimes and the Salvation Army.

● Photographs by Farrell Grehan



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Post Scripts

Spring House-clean?ing

Monday

Eva —— Will you please start with the hall closet this morning? I'm not through with those old magazines; stack them in the utility room. I'll be at the church, if you need me. Mrs. N.

Tuesday

Eva —— Clean the kitchen today, but don't throw away those fruit jars. You can get them into the utility room if you stack the magazines on the washer. I'm at the high school. Mrs. N.

Wednesday

Listen, Eva, the washer repairman is coming, so please transfer the magazines to the guest room. Better put the fruit jars in there too. Mrs. N. (Woman's Club—KL 5-5942.)

Thursday

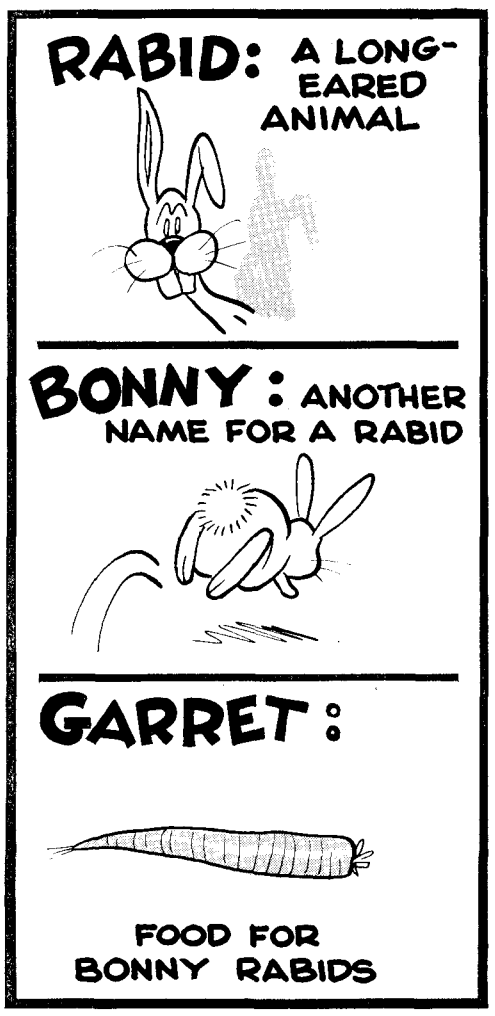
CONCENTRATE ON THE GUEST ROOM. Mr. N's parents will be here tomorrow. Take all those old dresses out of the closet and hang them in the garage. Stack all the other things out there, too. Home soon. Mrs. N.

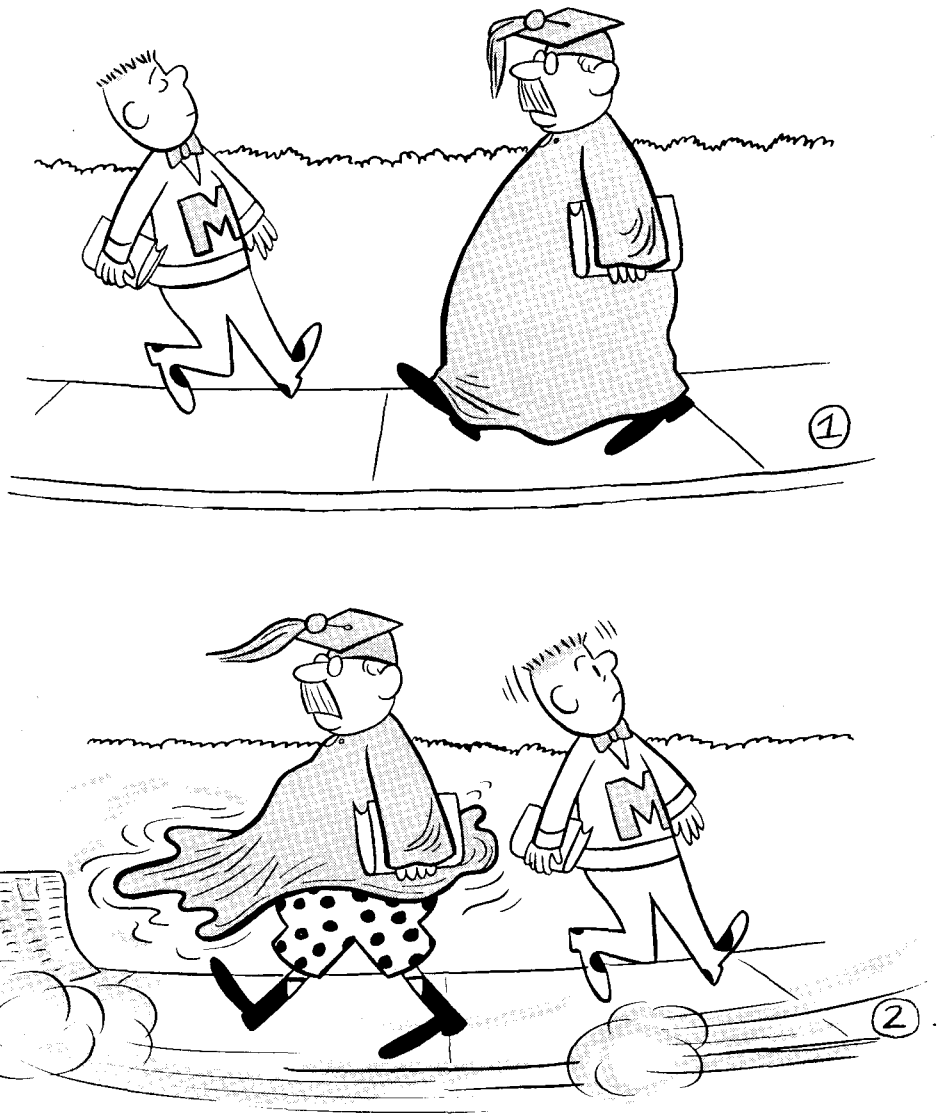
Friday

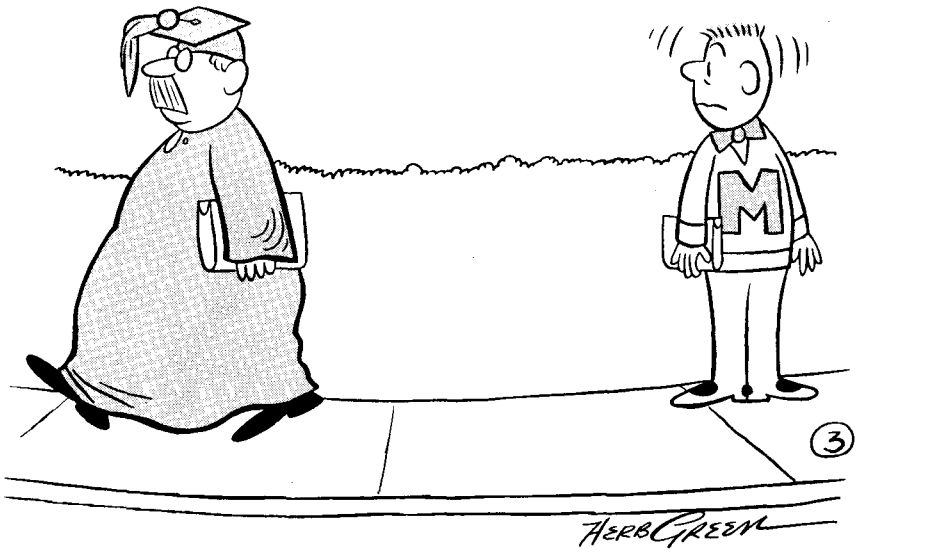
Eva, Mr. N. had a *fit* over the garage. Get all that stuff out of there and into the hall closet before we get back from the airport. Thanks! Mrs. N.

KAY NELSON

Pun-Abridged Dictionary







THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

New Business

Oh, please, DO BE on the refreshment committee;
It won't take much time, and your cakes are so pretty.
And DO BE in charge of the membership drive;
The first meeting's Thursday, three-thirty to five.
Did you know we're getting new playground equipment?
DO BE there to help us unpack the first shipment.
And DO BE on hand the first Friday in May
To dress the first grade for the Mother's Day play.
Which sums up my life as a P.T.A. mother—
One DO-BE-ous honor on top of another.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

Enfeebled English

Teens on the Telephone

Low.
Hi. Heln there?
Speegin. Hooziz?
Thizzizam.
Zamoo?
Zam Zawyer.
Oh, Zam Zawyer. Hi!
Jeer abouda Roggin Rollop Saddy nite?
Who dint?
Youggodda dade frit?
Nahyet.
Well—wooya go id me?
Gee, I'd be gladda!
Ogay. Pigg yup add aid.
Oll be wane. Bynow.
Seeyuh.

HERB GOCHROS

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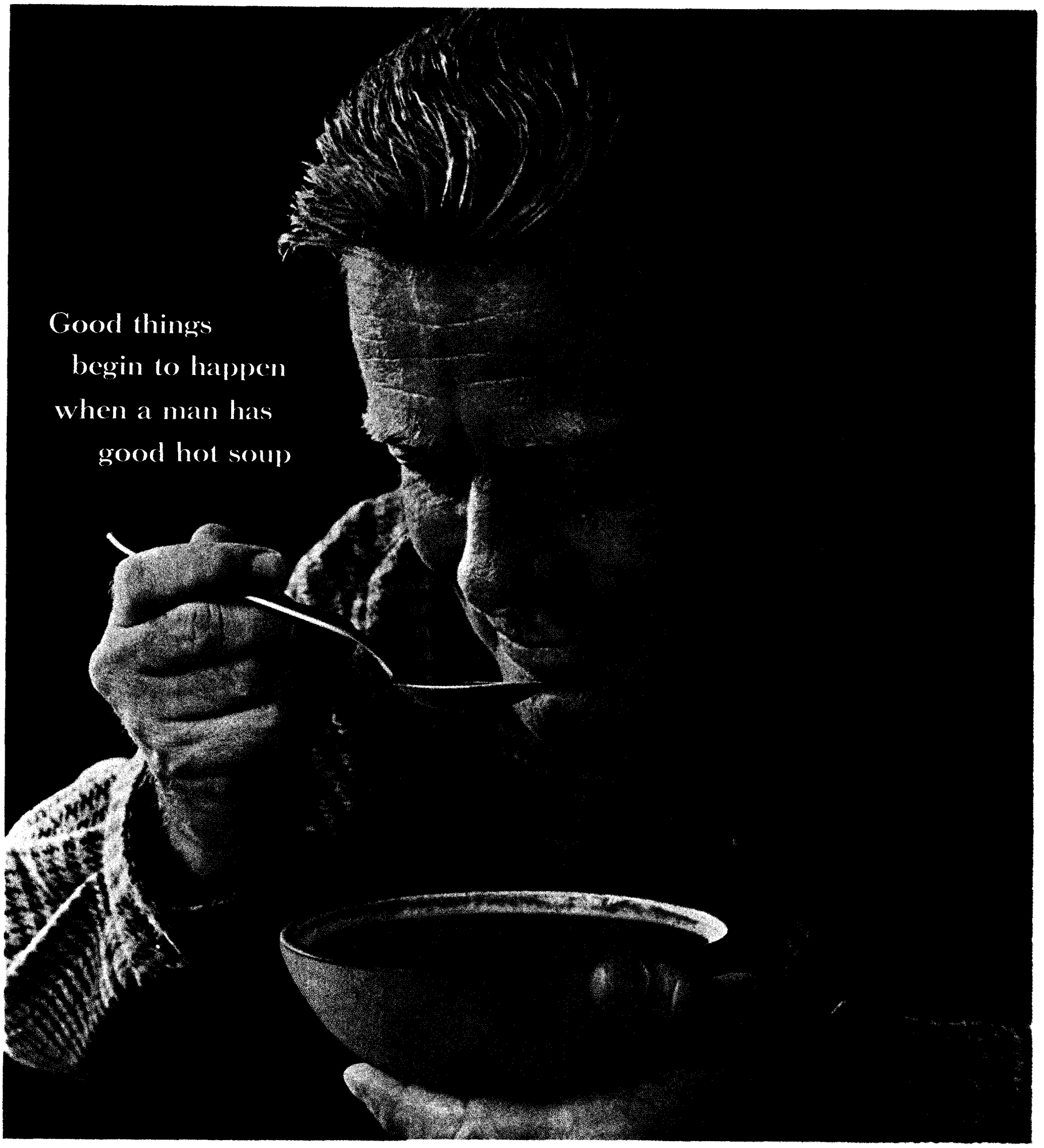

There's nothing quite like it when a man comes in out of the open air. Hot soup just kind of hits the spot. It smells so good. It tastes so good. And it *feels* good—*satisfying*—all the way down. Campbell's Tomato Soup is an all-time favorite with hungry husbands any time, any day, anywhere. And, come to think of it, with wives and grandparents and children, and aunts and uncles, too.

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's* (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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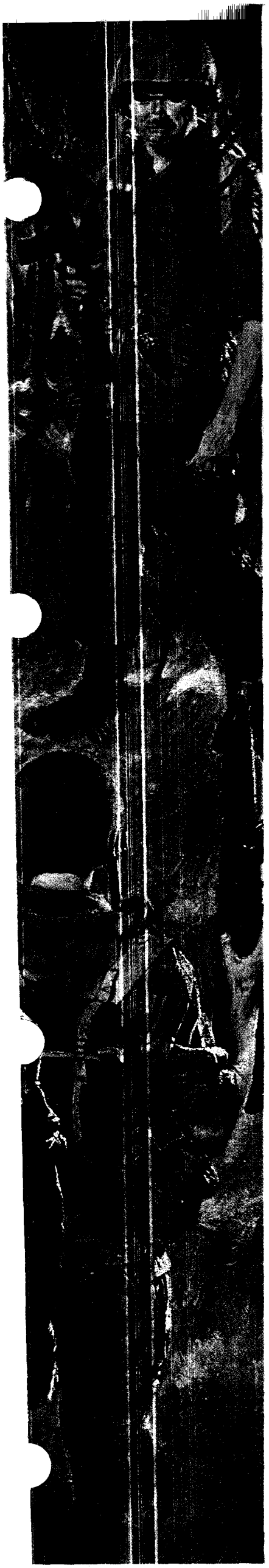

RIVER OF DESPAIR

Now they faced death at the hands of their comrades

By FRANCIS FYTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL MAYAN

Sergeant Hugo Molnar of the French Army in Indochina had fragments of a grenade in his thigh, a bullet hole through one hand, and a bayonet slash across his face. A Vietminh land mine blew the ambulance he was riding in off the road, and machine-gun fire cut down the driver. Molnar was left alone with nurse Marie-Thérèse de la Rue. Then they heard the voices of Vietminh partisans quite near. Marie-Thérèse smashed a window, and Molnar lobbed a grenade through it, killing the men outside the ambulance.

Certain that partisans had broken through the front lines, Molnar and Marie-Thérèse made their way to a roadblock. Gunfire forced them off the road, and they slogged through a field to get out of range. Hidden in the reeds, they watched a French gun knock out an antitank weapon and two machine-gun carriers filled with Vietminh troops.

Molnar took Marie-Thérèse on a long swing around the French rear guard. He knew that to approach the French lines directly would mean death.

CONCLUSION

They were taken prisoner so swiftly that it was some seconds before they were able to identify their captors. Then they realized that it was a patrol of Metropolitan parachutists, moving silently on rubber-soled jumping boots, unseen in their camouflaged clothing.

"Search them," said one who wore the *galons* of a lieutenant on his sleeve.

"We are French," protested Molnar.

"You have a curious accent for a Frenchman, and this man is an Annamite," said the lieutenant, pointing to Marie-Thérèse.

Certainly her short hair and coating of mud had transformed Marie-Thérèse into a convincing replica of a Vietminh soldier.

"I am of the Foreign Legion," explained Molnar. "My companion is a Vietnamese nurse."

"Indeed?" said the lieutenant politely. "Why is a nurse wearing an automatic?"

While the lieutenant asked questions, a corporal had taken their pistols. Now he whispered something to the lieutenant, who nodded. Molnar felt suddenly uneasy. "That is my pistol," he said. "She shot a Viet officer and saved my life. I took his revolver, which you see there."

"This revolver bears the Communist insignia," said the lieutenant. "And only Viet women bear arms."

"But I'm a European."

"But not French. What are you?"

"I was born in Hungary."

"That is a Communist country, is it not? Come now! Admit that you are a member of the Communist International Brigade."

"I admit nothing of the sort. Can't you see that I'm wounded? Look at my papers."

"You could have been wounded on either side," said the lieutenant. "And papers prove nothing. They might have been taken from a prisoner or a dead man. Also, you have both been caught trying to infiltrate behind our lines."

"Only because we were fired upon by the barricade," shouted Molnar. "We came this way to avoid people like you."

"That is an admission," said the lieutenant with unemotional triumph.

"I demand that you take us back to headquarters to establish our identity," said Molnar.

"And so weaken my patrol and make it easier for your comrades to follow you?" said the lieutenant. "It is not that kind of war, my friends. We have a better way of dealing with subversives."

The corporal was going through Molnar's pockets and now (Continued on Page 56)

"Come now!" he said. "Admit that you are a member of the Communist International Brigade."

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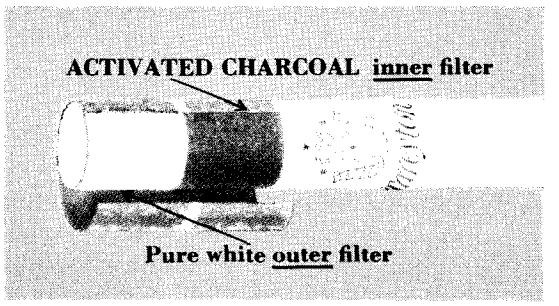
Tareyton delivers the flavor...

Here's one filter cigarette that's really different!

The difference is this: Tareyton's Dual Filter gives you a unique *inner* filter of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL, definitely proved to make the taste of a cigarette mild and smooth. It works together with a pure white *outer* filter—to balance the flavor elements in the smoke.

Tareyton delivers—and you enjoy—the best taste of the best tobaccos.



DUAL FILTER Tareyton

Product of The American Tobacco Company—
"Tobacco is our middle name" © A. T. Co.

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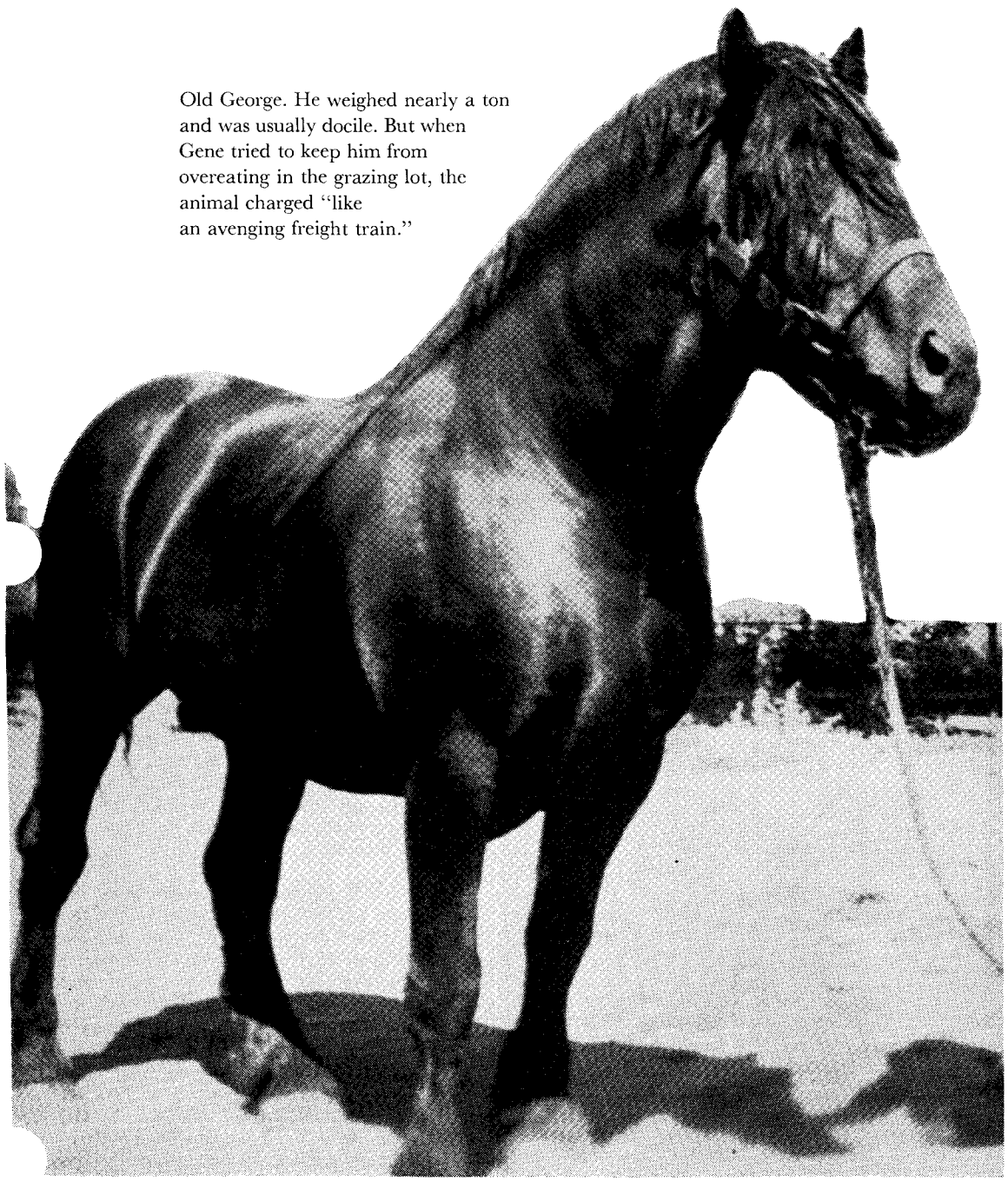
ME AND OLD GEORGE

By GENE COUGHLIN

Gene Coughlin (third from left, second row) and his brother Joe (far left, first row) in a 1913 school picture.

How the author learned that danger often disappears when you refuse to run away from it.



Old George. He weighed nearly a ton and was usually docile. But when Gene tried to keep him from overeating in the grazing lot, the animal charged "like an avenging freight train."

This was the third time in an hour that Old George, his ears back and his nostrils flaring, had chased me across the Lake Erie & Western right of way and, in many respects, it was the worst rout of the day. I had stubbed the big toe of my right foot on a railroad tie and cut the other bare foot on a cinder. Those pains and a shortness of breath made up the physical casualties.

Mentally and spiritually I was as deep in despair as a twelve-year-old could be. A couple of times as I limped along Mill Street, skirting the lush lot where Old George was nonchalantly gobbling up the grass and the weeds, I was tempted to give up the fight and go back home—two blocks away—confess my failure, and let my father or my two older brothers capture the big bay Percheron and take him to the barn. Each time I rejected the idea, because (a) I had volunteered for the assignment of leading him to and from pasture every summer evening and (b) I was really fond of Old George, and I wanted the association to continue. I liked to stroke the fine sheen of his neck and the tremendous muscles of his shoulders and thighs. Especially I liked the feel of the velvety muzzle when he swooshed up an apple or a chunk of brown sugar from my hand and thanked me with a nudge that usually knocked off my cap and left me damp around the head and shoulders, but warm and happy inside.

I knew that, at heart, George was gentle and good-natured; that he liked humans, particularly children. Every evening when Delt McGill drove him home from the coalyard, George would halt in front of our house without being told and wait while a half-dozen small boys and girls got hoisted onto his back.

Then, and only then, would he break into a trot, the empty wagon clattering behind him as he took the yelling passengers around the block. Back at the starting point he would stand motionless while they were unloaded, turning his huge head as though counting them, and resume his normal plodding pace as he headed for the barn.

Old George had the barn to himself at this time, 1914, and I think that, instead of being lonesome, he was relieved. Dolly wasn't there to nag him. Some nine years earlier when my father turned his back on a successful railroading career in Joliet, Illinois, and started the Coughlin Coal (Continued on Page 68)

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Two Strong Men (Continued from Page 32)

eggs sold for ten cents a dozen and from butter she had churned and molded into pound blocks.

She had saved from the time when they first learned about the new child, till a week ago when she had the twelve dollars, the fee for the doctor. "'Cause we have got to pay him, Thad," she had said. "We can't let our bills go, depression or not, especially not this one. It'd be like the baby was not ours, like not having a right to have it."

So that was why she did not agree, he knew—that and the fact that she did not like Tully Brent, whose truck would haul the cotton.

"You know why we have kept it," she said again. "But I don't want to be the wrong kind of wife to you. If it's what you want, do it."

"I know what kind of wife you are," he said, thinking, *God knows you have made me know. With any other person but you I would be lonesome upon the earth.*

"About the twelve dollars," he said, "I didn't intend to use any of that. I told Tully he'd have to trade it out on my account at the store. And he was glad to, though he's the kind wouldn't ever say he was. He's been laid off at the sawmill for a month and says now he wishes he'd raised a crop instead of working for wages."

They lay in silence. She took his big hand and laid its hard palm where the unborn child was. He felt it move. And fiercely and with all the force of his will the thought lived within him: he'd find some way. He would. He'd be damned if he wouldn't.

Yet in the light of this September day in 1931, with the crops he had produced growing steadily more worthless, he was like all others, swimming against an invisible current stronger than he.

Anna's laugh came to him from the house. He looked to see her and Carol coming down the front steps. They crossed the yard and came toward him, Carol with the heavy walk of late pregnancy and Anna like her miniature at her side.

They were bringing him water in a syrup pail. He saw that first, saw the sun reflected from it. Then he saw the pick sack on Carol's shoulder—and when they were closer, held beneath her arm, he saw the black, patent-leather purse. And he knew that she would help him pick for a while, though she should not. And she had brought the purse with the twelve dollars in it because she would not leave it unwatched for an hour, even within her own house.

He took the water when Carol handed it to him and drank.

"You shouldn't have come out here in the heat," he said to Carol, looking at her, large the way she was. "I'd think you wouldn't feel like being out here."

"I feel like a herd of elephants," she said. "But I need to be out some. And dinner's cooked. I put the last of the cooking meat in the beans. I thought, loading the cotton, Tully might eat with us."

"Probably not," he said. "I think things are extra bad with them, and taking a meal away from home in the middle of the week would be like admitting he needed it."

"I wonder about them—the Brents," Carol said. "They have a house full of children, and nothing but what he makes at the sawmill and it closed for a month."

"He did better than us till two years ago," Thad said.

It was as if she had not heard him. "I offered them stuff out of our garden," she said, "and milk. But they haven't been after it. They can't get over being too proud. Only it's him. Ruth's not like he is."

"I know how he feels," he said, realizing suddenly that he did know. "It's like he can't stand being beat, like if anything ever did really beat him to the ground he'd have to die."

"That's not so," she said. "I know you. You and him ought to have to be a woman once and have a baby. You'd learn there's times when we all need to be helped a little."

"Now you listen," he said. "The Lord knew what he was doing."

"I mean it," she said. "It'd teach you."

Holding the purse in her hand, she went to one of the sacks that he had filled with cotton and slipped the purse out of sight between the inside of the sack and the cotton. "Don't let me forget that," she said.

She picked, staying close to the edge of the field and the shade, Anna with her, while he picked back and forth across the field. It was midmorning when he heard Anna start to cry, and he flinched, seeing Carol pick her up and go toward the house.

Thirty minutes later Tully's truck came and roared up toward the cotton house to load, Tully driving and two of his boys standing on the truck bed at the back. Thad watched them as they loaded, the boys filling baskets and Tully emptying them onto the truck.

He was a big man, bigger than Thad; and he worked with ease, lifting the baskets with one hand and, as they were emptied, walking back and forth, packing the cotton with big shoes.

When they had finished, the boys sat upon the cotton, and Tully drove the truck back down the slope to where Thad was. He stopped the truck, jumped out and stood looking at Thad with a big-toothed grin.

"Well, we got 'er loaded," he said.

"Not quite," Thad said and pointed. "I want these sacks to go."

Tully looked at his boys. "Load what's in the sacks," he said. They jumped down off the truck.

Thad took off his pick sack. "It's dinnertime," he said. "We hoped you'd eat with us. My wife's got plenty cooked."

"Much obliged to you," Tully said, "but we had ours early." The boys turned and went toward the sacks.

"Well, I'll leave you then," Thad said. "It's dinnertime. My stomach just struck twelve o'clock." It was an old saying he and Tully had used years ago when they sawed logs together for the mill. "Say, I've been wondering," he said, "when the mill starts back if they might be hiring anybody."

"They hire a lot," Tully said. "They weed 'em out nowadays. They try to kill a new man or run him off. If they can't do neither one, they keep him. It ain't like when you and me sawed together."

"This kill or run them off," Thad said; "how do they go about it?"

"How?" Tully said. "They put them on the other end of a saw from me. If they stand it, they stay. Why? You thinking about hiring on?"

"Might have to," Thad said as he turned and walked away, hearing Tully Brent behind him say, "If you do, you'll earn the hardest seventy-five cents a day you ever did. I hope you don't have to."

Thad went to the cabin, into the lean-to room that served as both kitchen and dining room; and he ate slowly, thinking of what Tully had said. He finished and was ready to go out on the porch. Suddenly he heard the truck crank and start driving away.

"He should have been gone," Thad said. "I had forgotten him."

Carol did not say anything. She pushed back her chair, almost overturning it, got up fast and was out of the room before he could speak. In an instant she was back, looking sick about the face.

"Did you get the purse," she said, "out of the sack it was in?"

"The purse?" he said, getting up. "No—no, I thought you did."

He stood for an instant and then ran out the door, seeing the truck already pulled out onto the road. He ran toward it, waving his hands high over his head and yelling, "Tully—Tully—Tully." The truck beat up a cloud of dust as it went down the road.

He walked down to the field. Seeing the empty sacks, he picked them up one by one as if expecting to find the purse. And because he was a man slow to believe evil, believing came slow. But it came.

"He found it all right," he said, "and he wondered awhile whether to keep it or not. That's why he stayed so long. Then he kept it. He stole what was my wife's and mine."

He shook his fist after the truck and shouted, "You'll give it back. I'll have my bare hands on your neck —— you'll be glad to give it back."

After a while he turned and looked toward the house, seeing Carol on the porch, distorted of figure, silent, awkward and still. He walked back to her, seeing the health of her face turned pale.

"He'll bring it back," she said. "They'll find it when they unload, and he'll bring it back," insistence in her eyes that he agree with that.

"All right," he said. "Maybe he will."

He went back to work, back to the monotony of the field. But it was a monotony he was not aware of. He let his mind find its own paths. He thought of Tully Brent, and each time he came to the creek's edge at the ends of the rows he stopped and listened for the truck. And he looked at the narrow road beyond the creek, the road that Tully would take going home. Gradually, as the evening passed toward night, a resolved look settled upon his face. Slowly a plan had been taking shape in his mind, and he liked the plan.

At supper the purse and the money were the subject of their silence. Their eyes expressed it, but they did not speak. Only when they had finished and he was rising to go out on the porch where he would sit in the dark and rest, she spoke.

"He hasn't come back yet," she said.

"No," he said.

"If he does not bring it back," she said, "if he keeps it—maybe he just needs it that much. You said yourself how bad it was with them. Can't we—can't we just let it go, Thad?"

He did not need to think about it to answer her. "No," he said. "Things like that can't be let go. We can't let it go."

The next morning he went to the gin, walking the ten miles down the dirt road. He went, he told himself, to make sure in all fairness.

The clerk at the gin was an old bachelor named Suther. Thad talked with him. "I'm down here looking for a purse that may have been in my load of cotton. It had some money in it."

Suther pulled out his desk drawer and handed the purse to Thad, both of its sides ripped where it had gone into the gin saws, its handle torn loose at one end.

"Not when they got it out of the gin, it didn't," he said. "Now you figure it. If one of the boys in the gin got money out of it, wouldn't he have throwed it away and kept his mouth shut? He wouldn't have brought it up here to me."

Thad Gentry nodded. "It's what any man would think," he said.

At dinnertime he was back at home, laying the torn purse in Carol's hands.

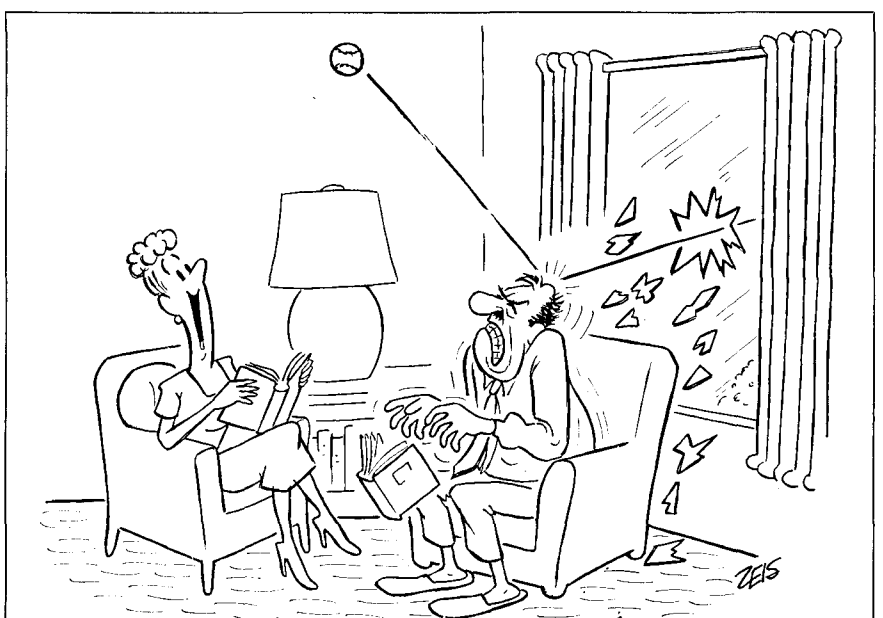
After that day he waited and he worked. He worked in the fields from the dawn—when the cotton stalks were wet with dew—till the sun was down, and the shade of night lay over the valley. He worked within a schedule to put all the opened cotton in the house that week so the next week, the week when the sawmill reopened, would be his.

When the week ended, even before noon on Saturday of that week, the work was done. The burs that had opened were empty, and the third bale of cotton had been picked, carried upon his back and emptied into its house.

Monday morning Carol prepared his lunch, and before daylight he was at the mill. He was there when the fireman stoked up the steam boiler and ran up a head of steam, when the workers came into the yard carrying their lunches for the day, some in tin buckets like his own and some wrapped in newspaper or in grocery sacks.

At six o'clock the whistle blew, blasting a white arm of steam high into the air, the sound like the scream of some tremendous, long-clawed wild animal of the woods. He had talked with the mill foreman, and he knew what to do.

Out of the lots in the thickets around the mill the big (*Continued on Page 52*)



"Oh, good—a harbinger of spring!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MOTHER GREBE gives youngster a piggy-back ride across a Weyerhaeuser tree farm lake. In many scenic areas such as this, our foresters have established free public camp sites. Whenever practicable, our lands are open for hunting, fishing and other forms of recreational use.

forest resources must be wisely used and perpetuated

National Wildlife Week

March 19-25

Sponsored by

National Wildlife Federation
and its State Affiliates

Objectives:

- Alert the people of America to the need for multiple use of our natural resources
- Plan conservation to achieve balanced resource management
- Encourage all citizens to become informed as to the relationship between man and his natural resources
- To unite all conservationists for a common cause

The coming week has been set aside as National Wildlife Week, an observance designed to focus attention upon conservation problems. In the wisdom born of a quarter-century devoted to such work, the sponsors take a realistic viewpoint. Renewable resources not only must be perpetuated, but also fully and properly used for their highest and best purpose in the broad public interest. In this, we heartily concur.

Today, America depends upon its forests to supply 5,000 or more essential products. If future needs are to be met, all possible *commercial* forestland must be primarily devoted to perpetual timber production. This is its highest use. Properly managed, however, such land also can be used for recreation and other compatible purposes. In addition, it can provide wildlife, water, payrolls, taxes and similar benefits forever. Weyerhaeuser tree farms are operated under this concept of multiple land use.

Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington, for a free booklet describing our forestry practices and the products we make, ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

Weyerhaeuser Company

Manufacturer of lumber, plywood, doors, wood pulps, paperboards, shipping containers, folding boxes, milk cartons, hardboards, particle boards, Ply-Veneer, and bark and wood fiber products.

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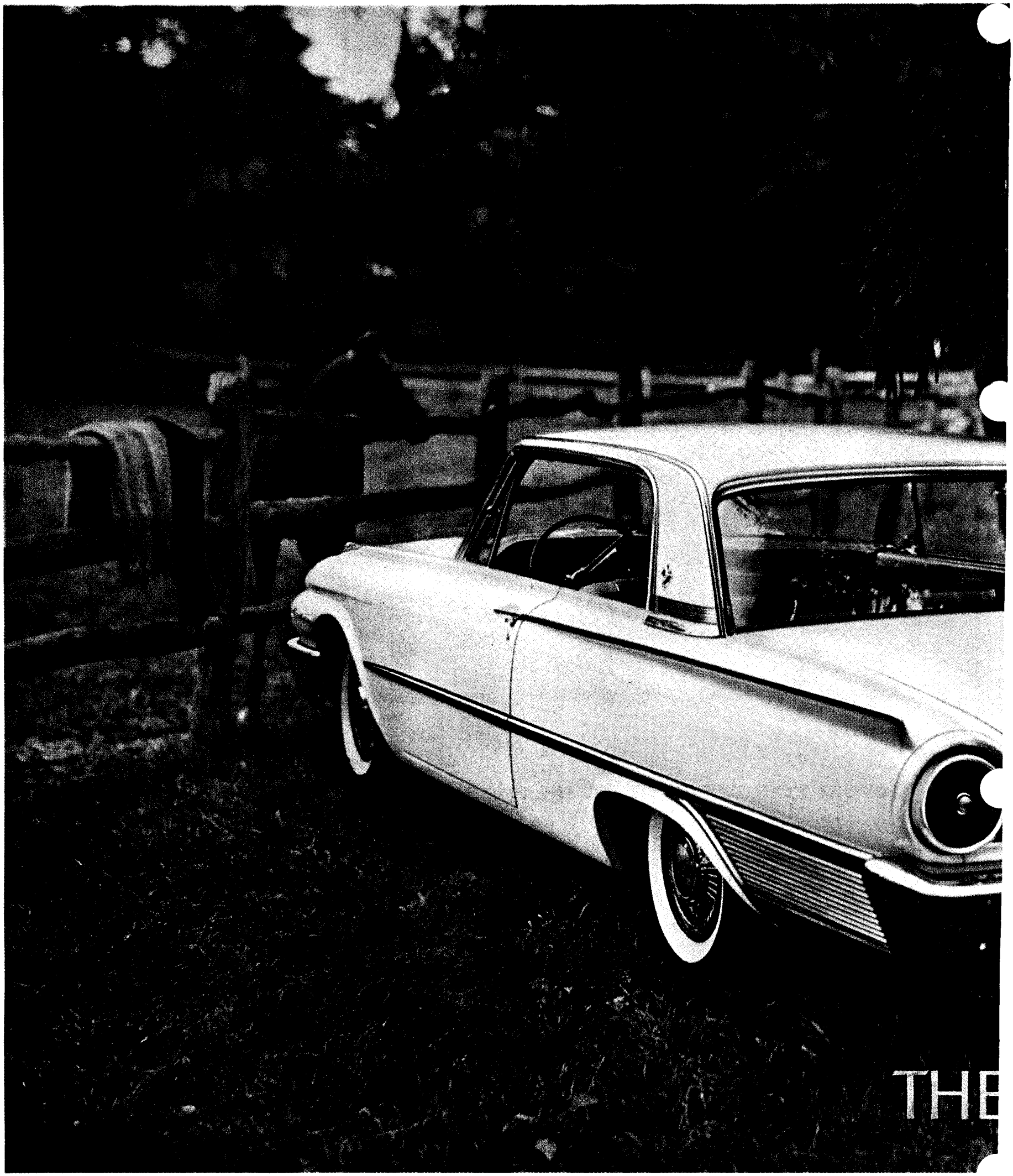
As care-free as a ca



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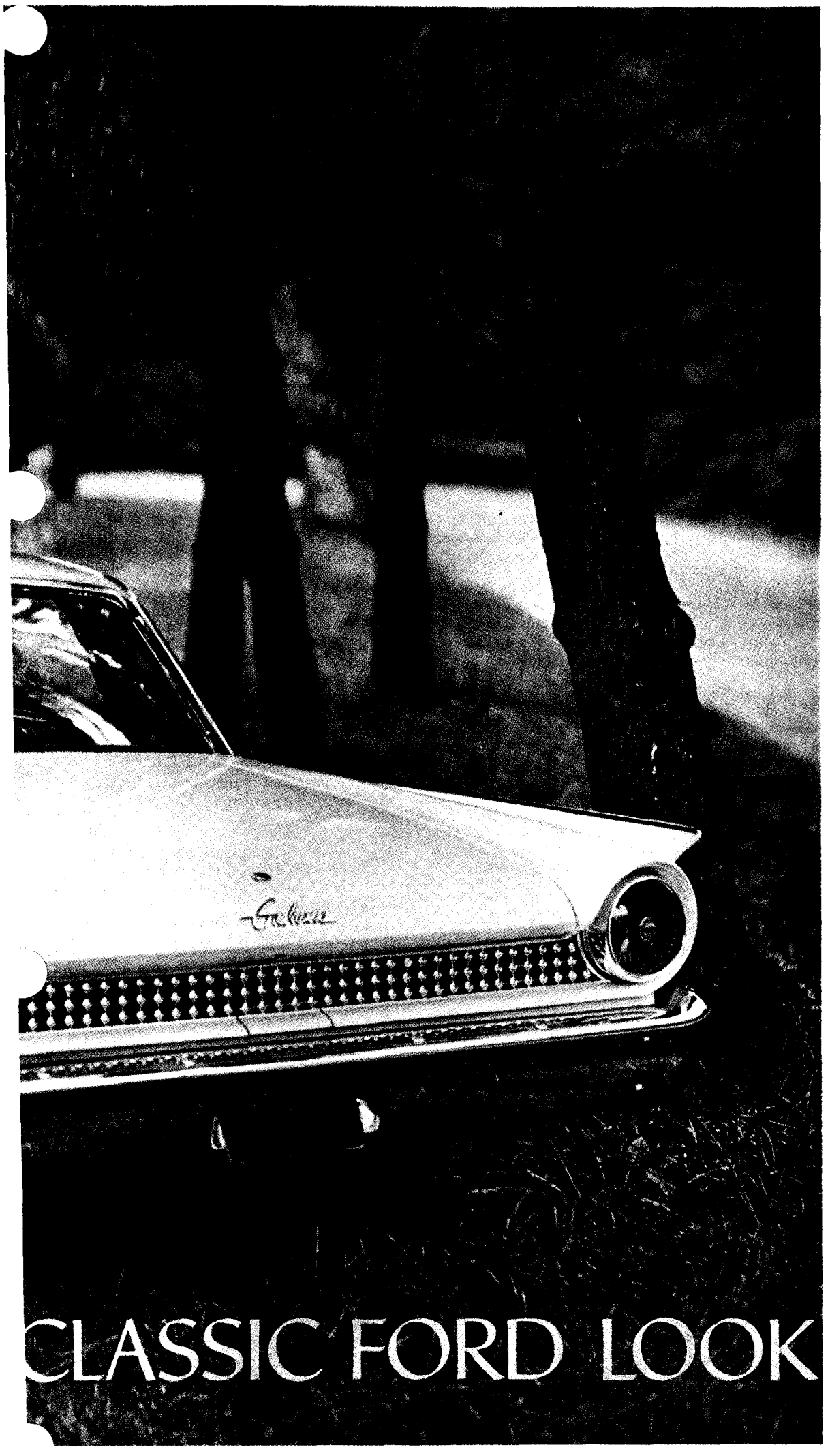
;an be— beautifully built to take care of itself



This grand grace of automobile is not just a familiar story in a clever new cover. This Ford is practically a new *idea* . . . a car that is well-nigh self-sufficient, it's that carefully, that thoughtfully designed. In fact, Ford is engineered with such progress and precision, the duration of its warranty was *trebled**. And now other cars have long-term warranties, but *this* long-term warranty has the *car*. It's a Ford that promises a brand-new freedom from the usual cares of motoring. It's a Ford so beautifully built to take care of itself, that it's an unmatched pleasure to own. It's today's big promise of driving pleasure, and it's primed with many tomorrows. *This* is the Ford in your future!

HERE'S HOW THE '61 FORD TAKES CARE OF ITSELF

Lubricates itself—You go 30,000 miles between chassis lubrications (which cost only about $4.00 and take about 20 minutes).

Cleans its own oil—You go 4,000 miles between oil changes with Ford's Full-Flow oil filter (which filters *better* through *fibres*).

Adjusts its own brakes— New truck-size brakes adjust themselves—*automatically*.

Guards its own muffler— Ford mufflers are double-wrapped and aluminized to last three times as long as ordinary mufflers.

Protects its own body— All vital underbody parts are specially processed to resist rust and corrosion, even to galvanizing the body panels beneath the doors.

Takes care of its own finish — Just wash and clean Ford's new Diamond Lustre Finish and it will continue to glisten like new. It *never* needs waxing.

***Extended Warranty**—Each part of '61 Fords, except tires, is dealer warranted against defects in materials or workmanship for 12 months or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first. Owners remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of maintenance items such as filters and ignition parts.

FORD DIVISION. *Ford Motor Company*

FOR '61

Every '61 Ford, like the Galaxie Club Victoria above, shares an honor to be proud of. It is the medal presented by the international fashion authority, Centro per l'Alta Moda Italiana, to the 1961 Ford for functional expression of classic beauty.

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(*Continued from Page 48*) teams came, hitched to the logging drays, driven by lean men, whips curled about their hands. The odor of oats and manure mingled with the smell of smoke from the stack.

Men lined up at their places in the mill, under the open tin-topped sheds. The steam engines chugged. Belts, pulleys and chains began to move.

Thad walked to the tool shed. A dozen men stood about it, axes and saws on their shoulders. Inside the shed, where Thad had seen him go, was Tully Brent. He came out of the shack, backing out, an ax in his hand. Then he turned, and for the first time since that day a week ago by his truck the two of them were face to face. He tried to smile, but the effort failed. The smile did not come.

"The mill foreman told me to see you," Thad said.

A frown started upon Tully's face and then stopped. He stood feeling the sharp edge of his ax with his thumb.

"You mean about a job?" he said.

"Yeah."

"The crews I have are full," he said. "But when they do need a man, I'll let you know."

Thad Gentry did not move. He stood looking at Tully Brent, deep into the blue of his eyes. And he saw the eyes wash with moisture, blink and shift away.

"Aw, come on, Tully," he said. "I'm down here to saw with you. Get out another saw. It's been a long time since we worked together." He turned to the other men. "Look at him," he said. "I believe he's scared. I believe he's scared I'll saw him down." They did not smile.

Tully looked at him. It was as if a shadow passed across his face. He went back into the shack. In an instant he came out, a nine-foot saw in his hands, the one kept for big timber.

"All right," he said. "We'll use the good saw."

In pairs they rode out to the woods upon the drays, straddling the coupling poles, saws and axes in one hand, holding on with the other like hobos riding the rods of freight cars.

High up on the ridge to the east they came to the uncut forest. There they got down to go separate ways. By the road sat a jug of kerosene oil, some soft-drink bottles and water jugs. They picked up the bottles, filled them with kerosene, plugged them with pine straw and stuck them in their pockets.

"The water jugs," Tully said. "Fill them when you find a spring. One of you fill one and bring it to me."

He and Thad went up the ridge into the thick of the timber, Thad with the saw and Tully with the ax. Finding a tall pine, Tully looked about him, picking a place for it to fall. Leaning the ax against his knee, he spit into the palms of his hands, rubbed them together and gripped the handle. The ax rose in a high arc. It came down against the base of the tree, biting through the bark and into the wood. Quickly the blade withdrew, and again it rose and fell, notching the tree—"baiting it," it was called, weakening it on the side on which it should fall.

Thad extended the saw and splashed the oil onto it from the bottle till both sides were wet. "Ready?" he said.

Tully gripped the ax in his right hand. Slowly he raised it over his shoulder, held it like a hatchet. The muscles in his arm bunched, and he hurled the ax straight at a big pine thirty feet away. It flashed end over end and stopped with a solid smack, its blade two inches deep in the trunk of the tree.

"As you are," he said. He took the extended handle of the saw. They leaned over, set the teeth of the saw into the bark of the tree and began, their bodies as co-ordinate as the two ends of a chair rocker. And the sound of the saw moved through the woods as it cut its way through the tree, without a change of pace, without a pause.

First the straw trembled high up in the top. Then the trunk shuddered. Slowly it leaned as if a wind had touched it alone. It moved slowly at first, then fast. Its dome tore with a rending crash among the trees around it and it fell with a thunder sound.

Tully went for the ax. Then he walked up the trunk, limbing it and measuring it into lengths, using his ax as a measuring stick. He came back to the marker he had chopped for the first cut.

"You limb and measure the next one," he said.

They sawed up the tree, cutting it into three twenty-foot lengths and one ten. Then they picked another tree. The day had begun.

There were things that Tully could have done, being foreman, such as felling the trees along the slopes, not straight up and down them. Then he could have put Thad on the high side of the trunk, pulling the saw uphill. He knew, as Thad knew that he did, all of the tricks of the saw. And he used them by avoiding them.

Slowly, as the day passed, they fell into the habits of old times—when they had worked together in better days—watched for each other when the tree tops high overhead knocked together as they fell and, with the force of stone, the dead limbs came down.

Watching him, feeling the power of him on the opposite end of the saw, momentarily his old admiration for Tully Brent, for the very muscle and being of him, returned. Then he remembered. And anger like a whip within his mind drove it away.

He increased his pace, and the white sawdust piled out on each side of the logs beneath the saw. The saw bit through the trunks, and the logs separated and lay free.

At midmorning a man brought them the filled water jug. He set it down and went back along the hill, then stopped and stood watching them, a slow curiosity growing in his eyes.

Without slowing the motion of the saw, Tully shouted at him. "So what're you looking at, Walters?" he said. Walters turned quickly and went on across the hill.

At noon they ate their lunches, sitting with their backs against trees, away from each other as if hiding the secret of what they had for food; they ate, not as if they enjoyed it but methodically, like two machines being refueled because it was necessary. And when they had finished they came back to the saw.

Occasionally Tully took his tobacco can from the apron pocket of his overalls. He took papers from the can, rolled a crude cigarette, lighted it with the matches that he carried in his hat band, the heads sticking upward in a row to keep them from being wet with sweat.

"You never smoked, Thad, did you?" he said.

"No," Thad said. "Never had the craving."

Tully inhaled half a cigarette at one draw. Watching him, Thad spoke suddenly. The words came out. He had not intended saying them.

"Nowadays if I started, I'd have to steal to afford them," he said.

Tully did not look at him. He finished the cigarette with a draw, dropped it and stamped out the stub with his heel. He did not speak, and his expression did not change. They went back to work.

The logs they cut lay at random along the slopes. And the tops of the trees lay on the ground, battered and smashed, as though a terrific struggle among prehistoric things had left them there.

It was sundown when the whistle blew for quitting. In the dark they walked home, four long miles, ending the first day. And of the money and of the black patent-leather purse they had not spoken; they had not said one word.

When Thad waked up the next day the soreness had begun, away down deep in his bones. Like a doubled weight he lifted himself from the bed, and when he moved there was pain, as if the grease that bathed them had been drained from his joints.

He waited for Tully at the road, and together they walked to the mill, solemn-faced and silent in the first light of day. The heat was broiling. The sun as it rose was like an oven in the east.

In the woods they worked their way downslope from where they had cut the first day, going toward a deep hollow. As they moved down, the breezes that had occasionally stirred upon the ridges were still. They worked, heads lowered, swinging the saw back and forth, back and forth. Their clothes were drenched with sweat, and the smell of salt and the soured odor of their clothing was in the air.

When the whistle blew for quitting that day and they went down by the mill, there were looks in the faces of the other men. Word passed among them, going from group to group. The men knew. Their work-numbed, expressionless faces came alive, and an eagerness came into their eyes.

On Wednesday those who worked with the saws came out of the woods and watched, one here, one there, to stand for a moment, half hidden among the trees. Then they went back to their work, and others came. And the drivers of the logging drays stopped their teams, sat upon the high loads of logs and looked.

Thad Gentry watched the men come together in pairs and talk, watched them run their hands down into their pockets and pull out pieces of silver money, quarters, fifty-cent pieces and an occasional silver dollar.

"They're betting on us, Tully," he said.

Tully had seen them. "Bettin' about what?" he said.

"You and me," Thad said. "They think we're having us a kind of duel. They're gambling on which one's going to win."

"Gambling?" Tully said. He took out his tobacco, rolled a cigarette and smoked, crumbled the lighted stub between his big fingers and let it fall. "There ain't no gamble," he said. "I been getting my wind these three days. Tomorrow—tomorrow I aim to lay you in the shade."

It was as if a half of him that had been dormant suddenly came alive, and he pulled the saw with a kind of fury, the dance of new life in his eyes. There was the likeness of a tight smile upon his lips. But it was not a smile.

It was midafternoon. Thad looked at the sun. It hung halfway down the sky, like a painted sun that could not move. They came down into the middle of the hollow, where by the high walls of the hills the air was bottled and stale. In the water jug they carried, two drinks were left.

They came to a big pine, five feet across at its base, the biggest one they had found. Tully set the jug down and glanced up the tree.

"Here's a day's work," he said, "if you can stand it."

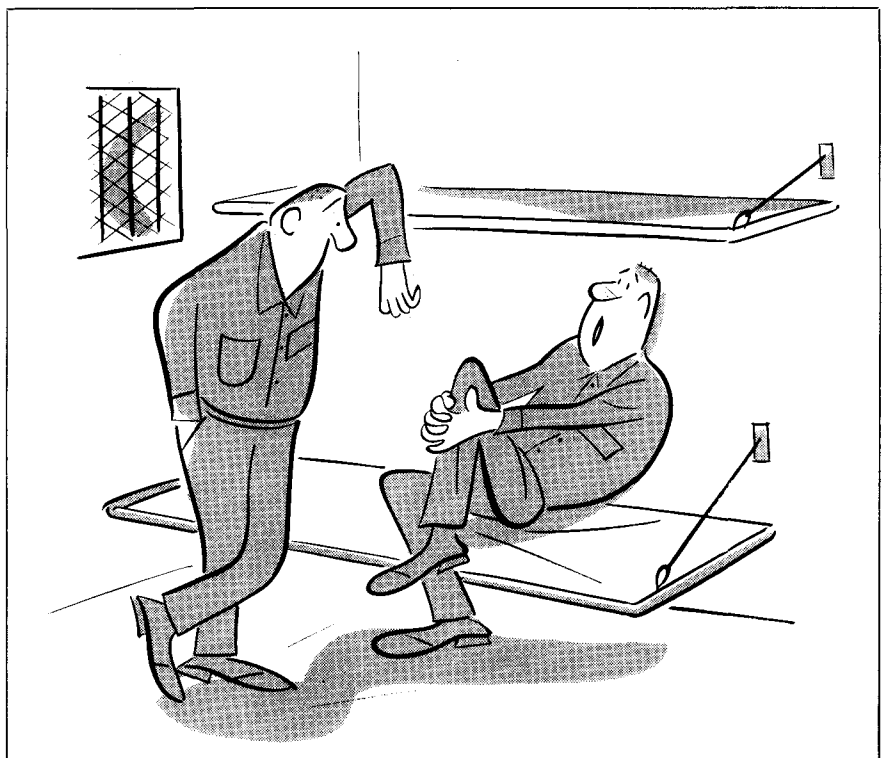
It was his turn to bait, and he swung the ax, the sweat flying in little drops off his face at the shock of each blow. When he had finished he picked up the jug.

"I'll take my half now," he said and lifted the jug across his forearm and drank.

Then they sawed. They worked the blade a foot into the trunk and it pinched. So they came out with the saw, and they double-cut it, making a new cut just above the first. It passed the old mark no more than an inch and again the saw stuck. Again they came out with the saw and again went in.

Halfway to the depth of the first mark, Thad saw it—the little red fringe of fire upon the saw's edge. And he knew. Somewhere back at the root of memory, he knew. His father had told him. He glanced up at the sky, and the red was there, too, moving and dancing like a sash of flame.

"When it comes," his father had said, "it comes quick, and you will not know it, except (*Continued on Page 54*)



"Then, as my lawyer's plea to the jury rose to a full climax, a hush fell on the entire courtroom. Everyone had fallen asleep."

BRAD ANDERSON THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Anacin gives a better *total* effect in pain relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin. Here is *why*. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever and no special medication to relax nervous tension. But Anacin is a *combination* of medically proven ingredients, including special medication, which relieves pain incredibly fast, also relaxes nervous tension and releases painful pressure on nerves. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not irritate or upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today.

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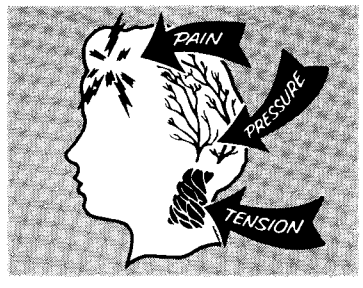

Most headaches are caused by tension that presses on nerves. Anacin contains *special medication* that relieves pain fast, relaxes tension and releases pressure. This special medication is *not* obtainable in aspirin or any buffered aspirin. That's why Anacin gives more complete pain relief.

★ *Largest Selling* PAIN RELIEVER

(*Continued from Page 52*)

by the red. It slips up on a man, the heat does. It takes him aholt of the brain." He let go of the handle suddenly and stood up, leaving Tully hanging onto the slack saw.

"What the ——" Tully began.

"I'll take my drink now," Thad said. He picked up the jug and uncorked it, took off his hat, turned it upside down and emptied the jug into its crown. Then he put the hat on, the water like a cool poultice upon his head, trickling from under the hat down his face, cool.

"You shouldn't a done that," Tully said angrily. "It was all we had." And the deep blue of his blue eyes was turned pale, and the skin of his face beneath its bearded look was pale.

"It was mine," Thad said. "You already had your share." He reached for the handle he had let go. "Let's saw," he said.

Slowly the sun went down till only an arc of it remained. The whistle blew. And the tree yet stood, the green of its great top touched by the light of the sun. They left it and rode back to the mill. And slowly, with heavy feet, they walked the dirt road home.

On the top step to his porch Thad Gentry sat down. Carol came and sat down beside him, heavy and awkward with their unborn child. She laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Thad?" she said. He knew that she knew.

"Anna?" he said.

"Asleep," she said.

He remembered then that he had not seen her awake these three days. He had left in the dark, and he had returned in the dark, using his lantern to milk the cow and to feed the mules.

When he started to get up to go into the house it was as if his body had been made of mortar, had set and would no longer move. He leaned back, lay upon the porch, rolled, came up on his hands and knees and forced himself up.

Later, after he had eaten, she had to help him change his clothes, and he lay upon the bed.

But he could not sleep. It was as if his senses had crisscrossed in his brain. His joints were like broken places in his bones. In his ears was the sound of the saw. Big trees leaned and fell before his closed eyes. And to the rhythm of the imagined saw his body strained. He lay thinking, knowing that when tomorrow came, without some miracle, he could not make it to the mill.

On in the night, when the moonlight was in their window showing Anna's baby face asleep in her bed and her dark hair upon the white sheet, he got up. He stood looking down at her, hungered for her.

Suddenly he reached down and picked her up, smelling the cleanness of her against his face.

"Daddy," she said in her sleep. He started outside with her.

Carol sat up in bed. "Where are you going?" she said.

"Out on the porch," he said.

She got up. "I'll be in the kitchen," she said. "I still had some things to do," though he thought that she did not.

On the porch he sat down. Anna, asleep, lay against his tired body, a medicine, a balm upon his bruised and bewildered sense. Down in the field the air rustled the dry blades of corn. He could hear the water in the creek move upon the rocks.

He thought of Anna and of the unborn child, knowing that it was because of them, because of children and the link through them to the springs of love, that life goes on, knowing that without these, even if men were immortal, the young heart within them would grow old, and life would become a long afternoon, having lost the tenderness of its dawn.

Suddenly she sighed and snuggled closer to him in her sleep. And he felt the wet warmth flow and trickle in his lap.

"Carol!" he yelled. "Carol—Carol!"

She came quickly out of the house. "What is it, Thad?" she said.

"I'm drowned," he said.

"You mean she ——"

"Yeah, I mean she."

"But she's slept dry for three weeks now," she said, "so I've been leaving her in her pants."

"Well, she ain't dry now," he said, "and neither am I."

The next morning—Thursday—Carol had to wake him up. She was holding the lamp in her hand. "Breakfast is already on the table," she said.

"It can stay there," he said and turned over, getting the light out of his eyes. It was then that he knew. The soreness was there still. But there was something else. He was rested. His strength had come back to him in the night. He got up, went into the kitchen and ate. Then he walked out to the road to wait for Tully Brent.

At first he thought that he had looked at the clock in the kitchen wrong. So he went back and looked again. But he had been right. Dawn broke. The unrisen sun turned the east red. And Tully Brent had not come. He looked up the road toward where Tully lived. The look was long, and it was a satisfied look. He turned and walked fast, going to the mill, where he was given a new job, stacking lumber on the yard.

The next day was payday, and the men were gathered about the pay shack when he came in. They spoke to him, a kind of awe in their eyes. But it was Sanders, the paymaster, who said what they were thinking.

"The men had bets on you two, you and Tully," he said, "up as high as a buck apiece. The odds was three to one."

Suddenly an idea came to him, one that fitted his purposes. "I guess I ought to take Tully's pay to him," he said as the paymaster handed him his own sealed in a brown envelope. Sanders paused, then handed him Tully's pay. He went out of the shack.

Out of sight he looked at the two envelopes. He put his own into his pocket, still holding Tully's. It was not twelve dollars. But it was a part of it. It was a start. He began tearing it open. Then he stopped, and the hint of a smile pulled at his lips. No, there was a better way. He put the envelope into his pocket with his own.

They had finished eating supper that night when he told Carol, "I started to keep his pay, but I couldn't do it behind his back." He got up from the table. "I'm going to see him," he said.

The quick gather of worry was in her face. But she did not speak. She was looking at Anna, and she started cleaning up the food particles that Anna had scattered about her plate.

... ...

Treadmill

One aspect of life
We must go on forgiving—
So valiant an effort
For so little living!

May Richstone

... ...

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He went outside, and he walked fast going up the road. Ahead of him he could see where Tully lived, where the north end of the valley and the higher hills made a notch against the sky.

The house was dark and invisible as he left the road and went up to it. He knew the way in the dark. He had been to it a hundred times. It sat upon a rock bluff with steps leading down, and its whole front yard was solid stone.

He went up the steps and crossed the yard. Then he saw the light beneath the door. He stepped up onto the porch, went to the door and started to knock on it.

But they had heard him, as he lifted his hand the door opened in front of him; he was face to face with Tully's wife, Ruth Brent. His eyes were drawn to her middle. Instantly he knew.

"Is Tully home?" he said.

"He's here," she said, a question, a hesitation in her eyes. Her hand went to her hair where streaks of gray mingled with the black. "He's in the bed, though," she said. "He's been bad sick for two days."

Behind her the room was dimly lighted by an oil lamp upon the mantel. Four boys sat upon a bench against the far wall.

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"Come on in," she said, going ahead of him. "I'll tell Tully you're here. I declare I don't know what we'd done 'fore now if he hadn't had a little money saved back I didn't know about."

He looked at her, at the mold of her flesh in which a new life was being cast. And he felt shame go down like a cramp into his groin. Carol had not told him. *Why had she not?* Then he knew. *She did not know herself.* She had been herself too much within the house. But it was odd, living that close.

Within his stomach something sank. It was as if the purpose that anger had been two weeks building turned over within him.

"I don't believe you knew about the baby," she said. She laughed a short, nervous laugh.

"No," he said.

"We hope this'n is a girl," she said. "We got boys aplenty." She looked at them. They scuffed bare feet upon the floor and grinned. "Sit down," she said. "Here's a chair."

"No," he said. He took Tully's pay envelope out of his pocket, thinking how he had meant to keep the money and tell him why. He handed the envelope to Ruth Brent. "I just came to bring something," he said. "Here's Tully's pay. I picked it up when I got mine."

Then he heard Tully Brent in the adjoining room as he got up. The door opened, and, stuffing his shirt into his overalls, Tully staggered into the room and stood looking at Thad. His face was like chalk, and his eyes were sunken into their sockets. But there was something here, something in the eyes, a direct look, the force of an unbeaten will.

"I been thinking, Thad Gentry," he said. "I had two long days to think, and I learned me a thing *I* got to say to you."

Barefooted he came through the room, past Thad, crossed the porch and went down the steps into the yard. Thad walked after him, and in the yard they stood, upon the bare rock that the house was built on, two strong men, silent so long that it seemed they would not ever speak.

"Why—" Tully said "—why could you not do one thing little and mean so I could hate you for it?"

Thad stood thinking, *You don't know how close—how close I came.*

"I'd rather die than tell it," Tully said. "I got to tell it. It eats in me like it was alive. But I'll pay you back. We hadn't a bite to eat in the house, do you hear? And I stole from you. Then I wanted to run you clean out of the world, 'cause I'd wronged you. Can you understand that, Thad? 'Cause if you can, you're the only one of us that can."

His voice weakened, as if his admission of what he had done had wrung the last portion of his strength from him as he spoke.

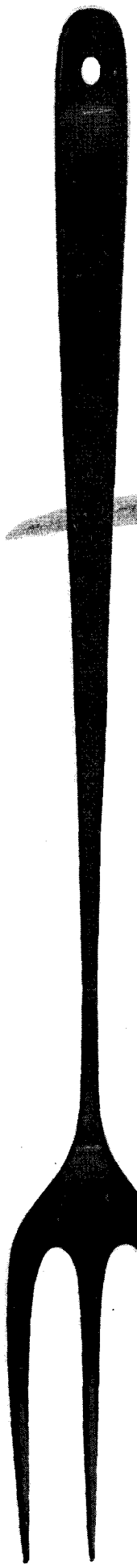
It came to Thad Gentry then, something out of the Bible, that even God in His judgment weighed a man in a balance, assuming that there was at least something on both sides of the scale in all men.

"I think I do understand," he said. "You didn't know I would have helped you. Bad times like these, we all got to help each other."

"Till now," Tully said, "I didn't know how much a man you was."

Thad held out his big hand for Tully's in the dark. "And so are you," he said.

THE END



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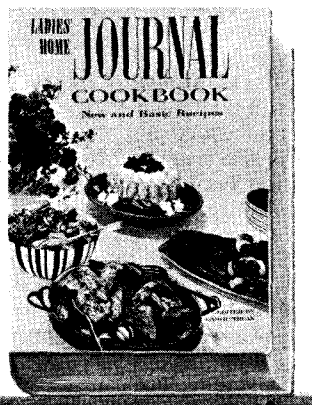

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River of Despair (Continued from Page 45)

he found the last two hand grenades and held them up with a shout of triumph.

"They are saboteurs, my lieutenant. Why else would a wounded man carry hand grenades?"

Marie-Thérèse pushed herself forward, holding up the crucifix about her neck.

"Do you know what this is?" she asked.

The lieutenant bowed. "I pray you not to add blasphemy to your other crimes."

Molnar knew that they were losing the argument from lack of time, not proof. The parachutists obviously were very good soldiers—most of the section already had gone forward and taken up fire positions at the edge of the paddy fields—but they had only one way in which to deal with subversives when they lacked the time or the manpower to take prisoners. The parachutists were all superbly trained young men, a new pattern of French soldier fashioned in the postwar army of De Lattre de Tassigny, anxious to redeem their country's military reputation. They were afraid of nothing but weakness.

"Listen," said Molnar. "In my paybook you will find a chit that says I was today recommended for the Military Medal. It is also witnessed by a warrant officer in the book itself. The citation specifies how I received my wounds."

This time he had gained their interest. "Read the recommendation, corporal," said the lieutenant.

The corporal cleared his throat self-consciously and read with growing interest.

"I have the honor to recommend Sergeant Molnar, Hugo, *numéro matricule* 881713, for the Military Medal. During the opening stages of the battle he was wounded in the right hand when rescuing a wounded man under fire. When the enemy established a machine-gun nest behind the rear guard, causing many casualties, Sergeant Molnar led an attack in which all his men became casualties and he himself was wounded in the thigh by a hand grenade. He nevertheless maintained the attack singlehanded and with complete disregard for his personal safety. He wiped out the machine-gun's crew of four in a man-to-man encounter during which he was wounded yet again by a bayonet thrust in the face.

"I shall have the honor to submit a more detailed report at a later date, God permitting.

"J.-M. DE BEGONZAC,
"CAPTAIN, FOREIGN LEGION,
"COMMANDING REAR-GUARD COMPANY,
"13TH LIGHT HALF-BRIGADE,
"BEFORE HOA BINH."

"That appears pretty conclusive," said the lieutenant. "It seems that we owe you an apology, sergeant . . . and you too, miss, for the anxiety we have doubtless caused you."

"An understandable mistake," said Molnar, trying to match the lieutenant's politeness.

"On the contrary, I almost made an irretrievable error," confessed the lieutenant. "Please accept my apologies and join us in a little refreshment."

The lieutenant produced a flask of wine, and the corporal shared the French army's inevitable iron rations of tinned sausages and cheese. Both Marie-Thérèse and Molnar ate a great deal and felt much better for it. The wine was Algerian burgundy—bitter but refreshing. Molnar noticed that Marie-Thérèse tilted her head back and allowed the wine to run straight down her throat. *She is growing up very fast indeed*, he thought. Standing among the tall parachutists, she was like an urchin playing at being a soldier.

When they had finished the scratch meal, the corporal returned their weapons and the papers.

"Keep going until you reach the river and then turn upstream," said the lieutenant. "I don't think that anyone will want to shoot you now that you're past the front line. Until we meet again, my children."

The lieutenant seemed much lighter in spirit. He seemed really pleased that he did not have to shoot them.

"Until we meet again, my lieutenant."

"And please save your bullets for the Communists," said Marie-Thérèse, who was of a less forgiving nature.

"I have lost two men already through partisans," said the lieutenant and turned away without another word.

"That one ought to be court-martialed," said Marie-Thérèse furiously.

"No," said Molnar. "With the evidence he had to go upon, he would have been right to shoot us. This morning I shot two unarmed peasants without giving them a chance to explain."

"In the name of God, why?"

"They were acting as markers for the Viet artillery by standing close to our position. It was the sort of thing you cannot prove. If I had not killed them, their own artillery would probably have done so. They were fanatics."

"It's horrible," said Marie-Thérèse.

"It is war. The only lives that one can save in war are those of one's own troops. It is like you with your patients."

"We nurse the wounded of both sides," she said.

"I had forgotten that a woman always has the last word," he said. "You win."

While they were talking, they had passed through the trees and reached the bank of the Black River. The river was very broad and fast-flowing; it was still swollen by the recent rains. It was not really black, but slate gray; yet it looked darker because it was bounded by vivid yellow banks of sand.

"Think how happy we might be, walking beside this river, if only there were no war," said Marie-Thérèse.

"If there were no war, we would not be together," Molnar pointed out. "I am grateful to the war for that. But when it is over, we'll come back to this river."

"You can't mean that?"

"Well, it does depend on who wins; but if not this river, I'll find an acceptable substitute—perhaps even the Danube."

"Are you quite mad?"

"No, I am becoming sane. I have suddenly discovered that there is something in the world other than fighting."

As he spoke, Molnar stumbled and fell in the loose sand. When he tried to rise, pain etched deep lines about his eyes and mouth. "You have walked too far," said Marie-Thérèse. "I will change the dressing."

"No, Marie-Thérèse, go quickly. When you reach the dressing station, send a couple of stretcher bearers back for me. I've walked far enough."

"What makes you think they will bother to send stretcher bearers at a time like this?" asked Marie-Thérèse, kneeling beside him.

"The army never abandons the wounded," said Molnar.

"Unless it has no choice, is it not?" said Marie-Thérèse. "You may be a good soldier, Sergeant Molnar, but you are a rotten liar."

She went to the edge of the river and washed her hands carefully, using sand in place of soap. Then she dried them carefully on the yellow crepe de Chine. She drew on a pair of clean rubber gloves from an inner pocket and removed her shirt, which she folded into a pad to keep Molnar's thigh from contact with the sand. Beneath the shirt she was wearing only a brassière, but Molnar was in too much pain to notice more than the angry red-and-purple blotch on her chest, where the flesh had been bruised by the recoil of the MAS 50.

Marie-Thérèse slit Molnar's trouser leg at the thigh with a pair of surgical scissors. Blood had seeped through the bandage and congealed with mud from the paddy fields. She cut through this too and began to clean the wound. Then she produced a fresh roll of bandages. Molnar found that the pain was easing.

"What are you listening to?" she asked.

"Listening? To nothing in particular," he answered.

"I think the firing is getting closer."

"You've done a fine job on my leg," said Molnar. "It's much more comfortable now."

"Don't we know each other well enough to be honest?"

"I'm sorry, Marie-Thérèse. I'm not playing fair, am I? It's the seventy-five that's worrying me. It stopped firing ten minutes ago. I think that means it's either out of ammunition or overrun."

"So, you think the Communists may have broken the barricade. When the gun stopped firing, you wanted me to save myself. Truth?"

Molnar said nothing.

"Truth?" she asked again.

"Truth."

"Well, understand this," said Marie-Thérèse. "You are my patient, and I stay with you. I get you across Black River if I fight whole Vietminh Army to do it." In times of stress, Marie-Thérèse's French tended to revert to the traditional Annamite pattern.

She finished tying the bandage and pinned his slit trousers with safety pins. Then she put on her shirt. "Do you think you can walk now, sergeant?"

"Yes, nurse."

"Then let's go."

"Just as you say, nurse."

So they went slowly along the beach of the Black River, Molnar again depending upon the arm of Marie-Thérèse. When they came to a bend in the river and could see landing craft ferrying troops across, it was obvious that something had gone very wrong indeed. The strand was littered with abandoned vehicles, cases, packs, field kitchens and even bodies. A French landing craft was beached and on fire, another was close inshore, taking on troops. Even more disturbing was the sight of two more landing craft making their way empty downstream, obviously under orders to leave the battle zone. The whole area was under sporadic mortar fire; the shells were erupting in graceful gray plumes as they struck the yellow sand.

Molnar tried to increase his pace, but they were still a few hundred yards from the embarkation point when about a score of soldiers broke from the trees and began running up the beach toward the boats. The soldiers wore jungle-green denims, but with soft-peaked caps.

"Viets," said Molnar.

He drew the .forty-five and fired. A spurt of sand went up ahead and to the right of the group. Making allowance for a strange weapon, he aimed off low left and staggered a man with his second shot. Marie-Thérèse fired without apparent effect.

"Keep shooting!" Molnar advised, firing as fast as he could.

Marie-Thérèse got off seven quick shots with the MAS 50, and two men fell in the spurting sand. The rest kept going toward the landing craft. Molnar and Marie-Thérèse paused to reload.

A bearded French sailor on the landing craft, easily distinguishable by his red pompon, opened fire with a rifle and brought down two more of the attackers, who did not bother to return the fire, but only increased their pace. The troops going aboard the landing craft took little notice. Molnar suddenly realized they were unarmed walking wounded.

He and Marie-Thérèse began firing again, but the distance had opened beyond effective pistol range. The sailor was hit by one of the Vietminh soldiers, and Molnar saw his rifle splash into the river. It seemed as though nothing could save the landing craft from capture.

Then more troops came out of the jungle. They wore dappled parachute blouses. One was the lieutenant who had stopped Molnar and Marie-Thérèse. He put in a long burst from the hip with a submachine gun and brought down several Vietminh soldiers. He ran on, reloading with a fresh clip as he ran. The parachutists were like hunting hawks. They went after the enemy, picking them off as they went. The attack on the landing craft suddenly became a rout. One Vietminh soldier ran into the river to escape and died in a foaming burst of automatic fire. The last was (*Continued on Page 60*)

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WHO is at work on a satellite system for global telephone and TV transmission?

WHO provides the communications channels for America's missile defenses?

WHO is girdling the globe with communications for America's first man into space?

WHO tapped the sun for electric power by inventing the Solar Battery?

WHO used the moon for two-way conversations across the country?

who?

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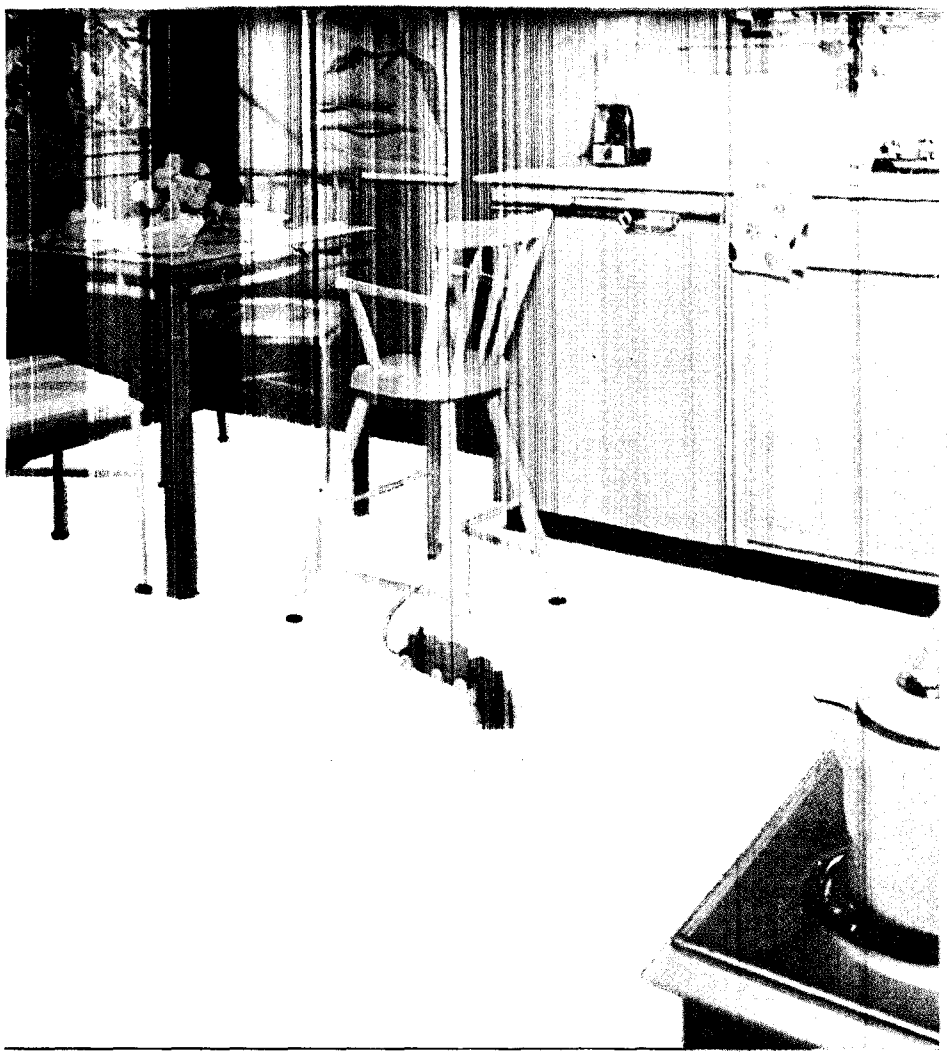
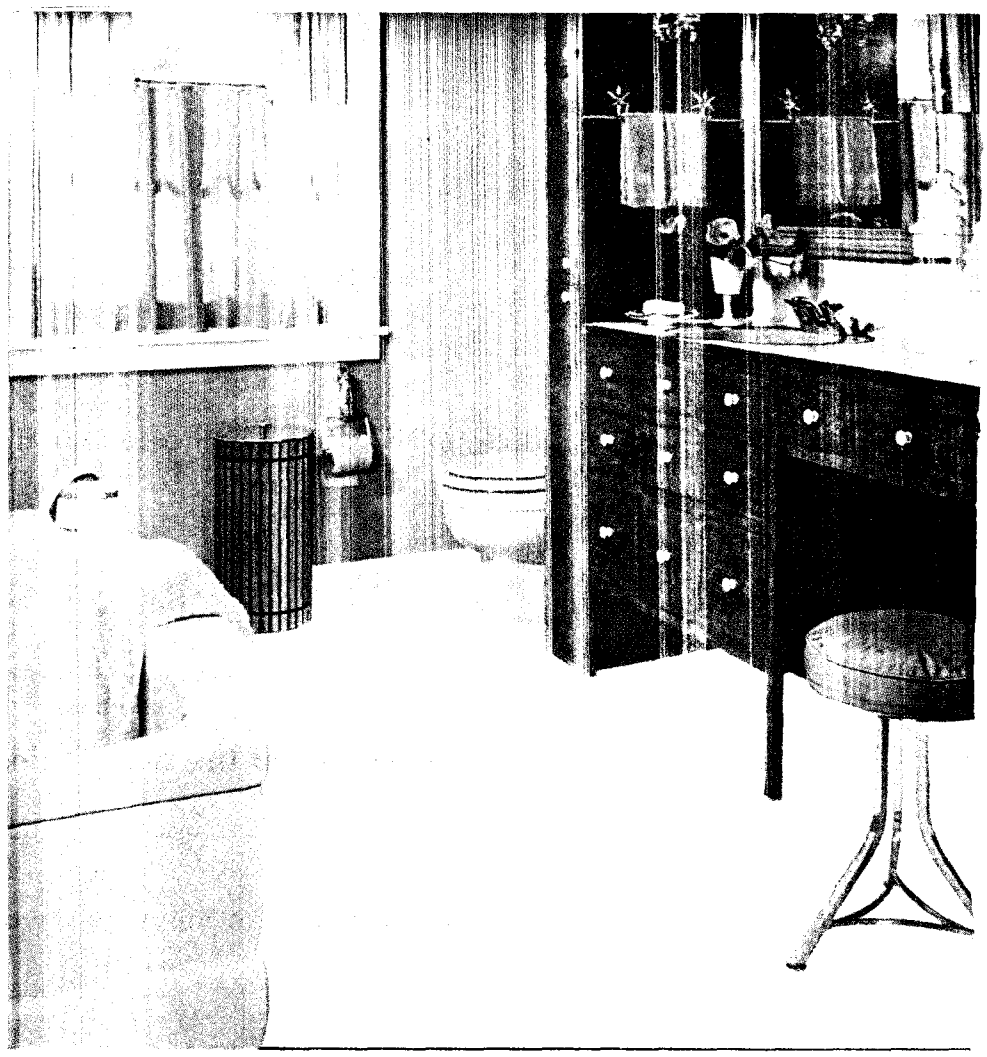


Which floor for this gay, modern kitchen? ☐ 5231 ☐ 5200 ☐ 5210



Which one for this luxurious bathroom? ☐ 5211 ☐ 5220 ☐ 5200

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Hints. A formal starburst design would be quite out of place in a rustic setting. Flagstone or brick effects, with their embossed mortar lines, would do much better. And the gently contrasting tones of the pebblestone styling would be lost in a brightly colored room. Choose the pattern in Elegante Linoleum best for each room, then check its number under the picture.

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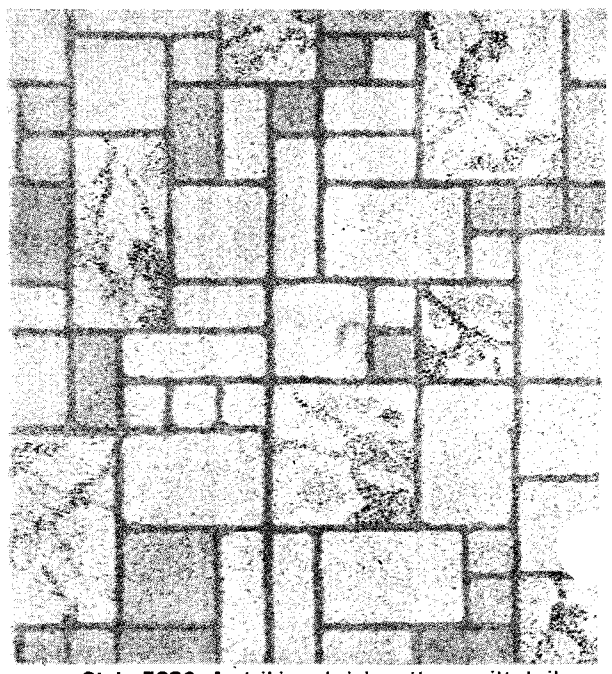
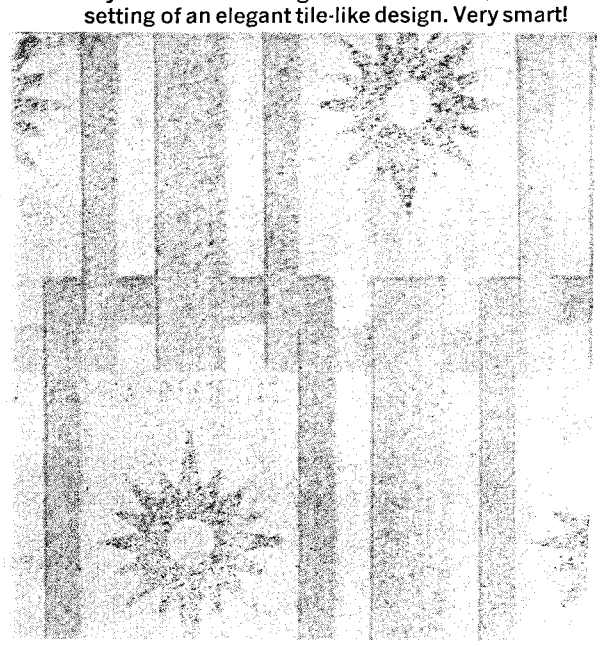


Style 5230. A striking, brick pattern, with brilliant metallics to enliven its provincial charm.

Style 5200. Glittering stars in the rich, formal setting of an elegant tile-like design. Very smart!



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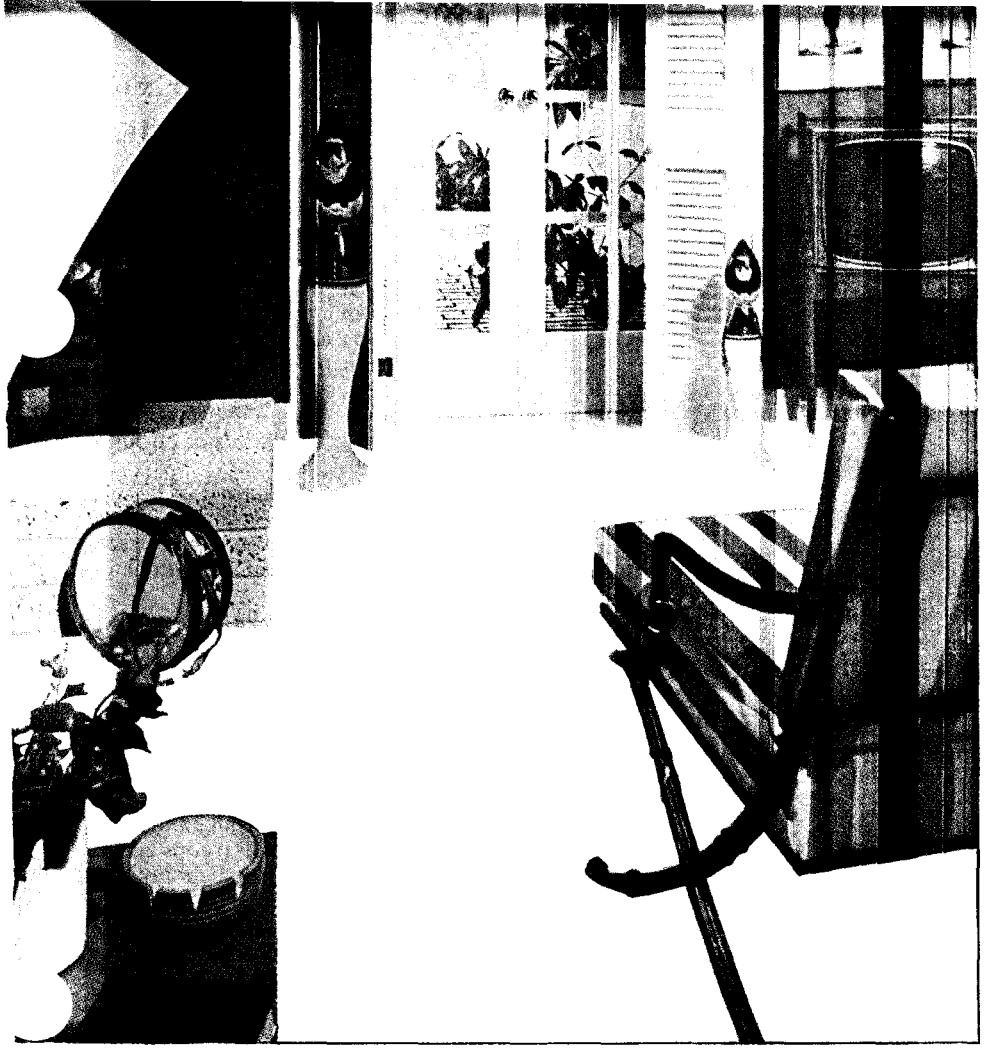
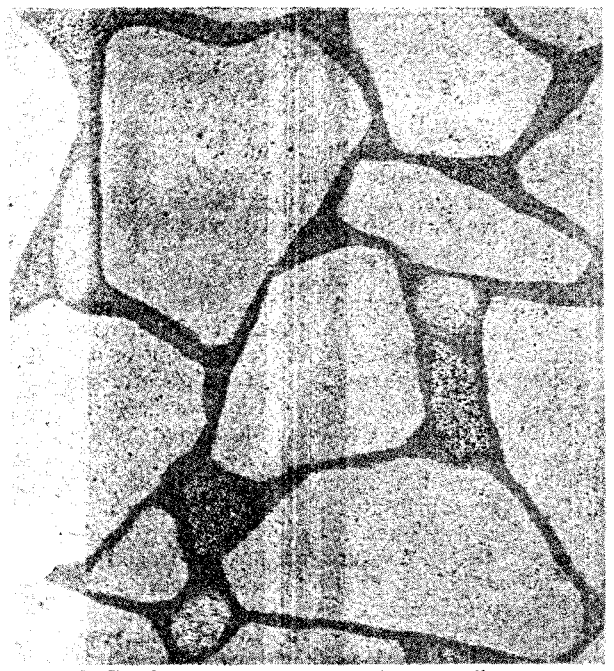


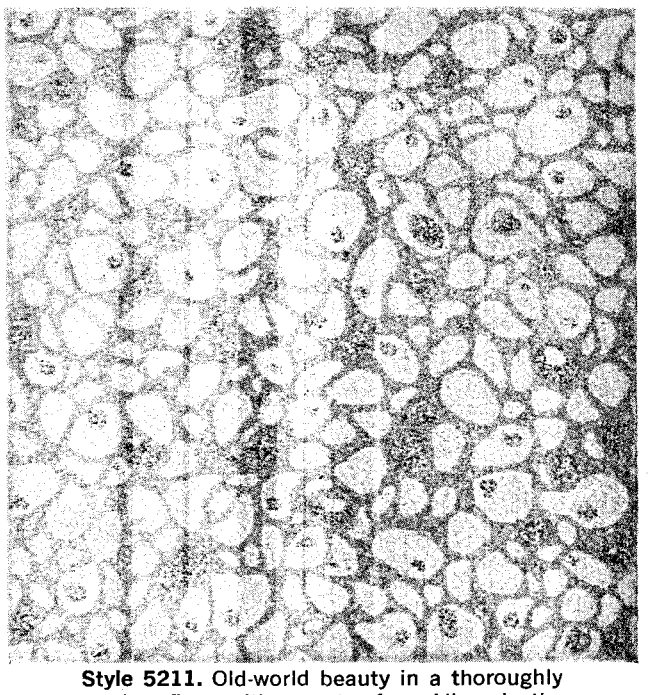
Which Elegante design for this family room? ☐ 5201 ☐ 5231 ☐ 5210

Which design for this charming kitchen? ☐ 5210 ☐ 5221 ☐ 5230

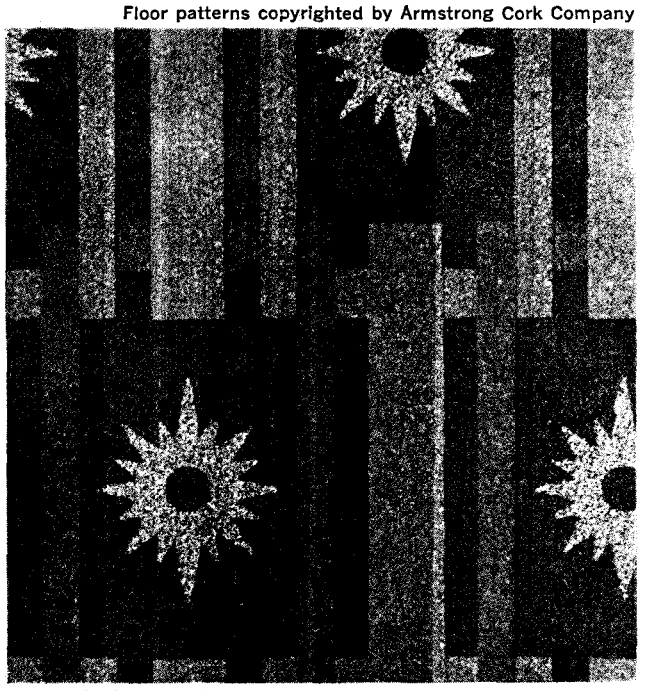
Floor patterns copyrighted by Armstrong Cork Company



Style 5221. Realistic, embossed mortar lines. Twinkling highlights. Creates a rich setting.

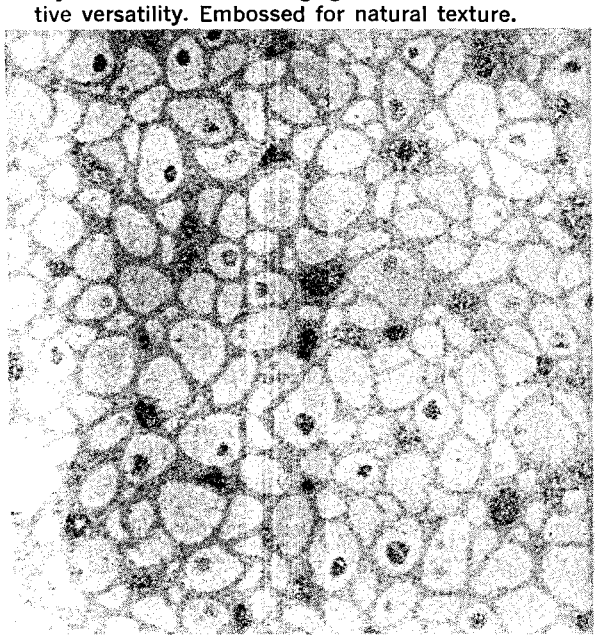


Style 5211. Old-world beauty in a thoroughly modern floor, with accents of sparkling plastic.

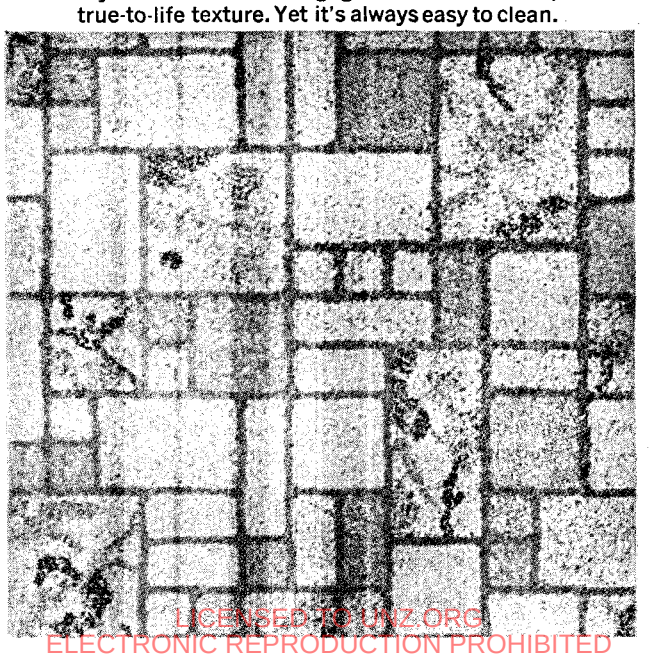


Style 5201. Unique beauty. The look of a made-to-order floor, but none of the extra cost.

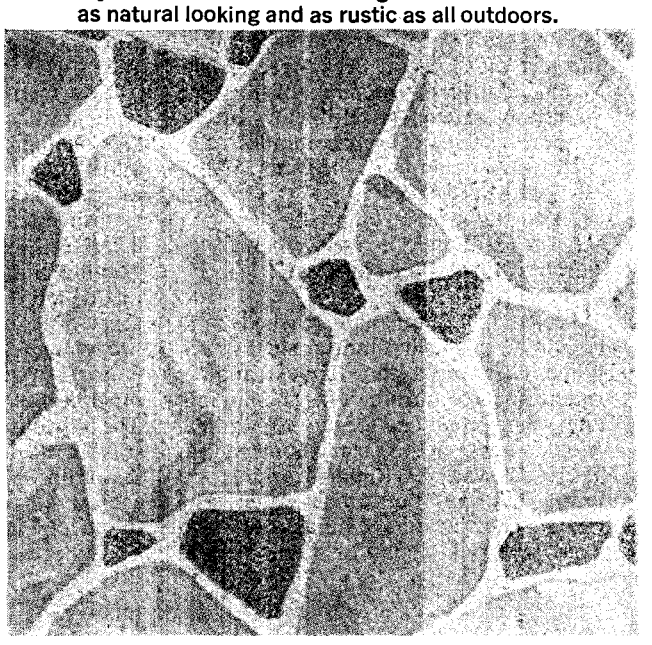
Style 5210. Muted colorings give it real decorative versatility. Embossed for natural texture.



Style 5231. Embossing gives it a dramatic, true-to-life texture. Yet it's always easy to clean.



Style 5220. Vari-colored "flagstones" make it as natural looking and as rustic as all outdoors.



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(*Continued from Page 56*) kneeling on the sand when the lieutenant dispatched him with a pistol shot.

The lieutenant and two parachutists turned back down the strand to meet Molnar and Marie-Thérèse.

"Good work, my children," said the lieutenant. "It was you who fired first, was it not? I'm afraid that crowd slipped past us. We're rather thin on the ground now, you understand."

"They must have got very close," said Marie-Thérèse.

"Close enough to be a matter of concern, miss," agreed the lieutenant. "I think we had better get you aboard that boat before they get any closer. I feel responsible for you both."

The two parachutists put their arms under Molnar's shoulders and almost lifted him clear of the ground; the lieutenant put his arm beneath Marie-Thérèse's elbow, and they approached the landing craft at a jog trot. It was already leaving the bank, and the mortar fire was getting thicker, but the rounds were fortunately falling wide. The sailors on deck were trailing ropes in the water. Soldiers were clinging to the ropes and kicking to keep themselves afloat.

The lieutenant stopped at the edge of the water and blew his command whistle. A naval officer on the landing craft turned toward them.

"Halt," bawled the lieutenant. "I have a seriously wounded man here and a young girl for embarkation."

The landing craft stopped making way, its propellers churning lead-colored foam. The naval officer picked up a megaphone.

"Be quick," he shouted. "This is a bad place to loiter."

"Right, my children; let's go for a paddle," said the lieutenant.

He swung Marie-Thérèse easily into the air and seated her astride his shoulders, as a father might seat a favorite daughter. The two parachutists raised Molnar on their shoulders and splashed after their officer. They were chest-high in the water when they reached the landing craft, and Molnar and the girl were pulled on deck by willing hands.

"*Bon voyage*, my children," said the lieutenant.

"Aren't you coming?" asked Molnar.

"You ought to know better than that," said the lieutenant. "We are the rear guard now. We shall give you covering fire and then swim across."

"He's crazy," said a wounded French soldier beside Molnar. "All parachutists are crazy. The jumping goes to their heads."

"Close your dirty mouth," said Molnar.

"I meant it as a compliment," said the soldier.

"Do you never stop fighting, even with your own side?" asked Marie-Thérèse.

They were jammed shoulder to shoulder against the rope rail. There was literally no room to turn round. As the landing craft got under way once more, the feet of those on deck were awash. Wounded men who were unable to stand were only saved from drowning by the supporting arms of their comrades.

"I feel I should be in the water," Molnar told Marie-Thérèse.

"You stay where you are."

"Am I still under nurse's orders?"

"Until I get you to hospital."

The landing craft had reached midstream when the first mortar shell struck home. There was a clang of metal and the rotten smell of burning oil. The landing craft shuddered and began to wallow. Molnar had put his arm about Marie-Thérèse's waist. Without warning, he found they were both under water. The landing craft must have submerged like a stone. For one second of time he could see the men about him on deck still in the same attitudes, save that their hair swirled in the rushing water. Then Marie-Thérèse took hold of his epaulets and, as though suddenly possessed of giant strength, lifted him over the rail. In fact, the current had given them buoyancy. They clung together like lovers, lungs bursting, turning over and over in a maelstrom of whirling bodies. Molnar was handicapped by his stiffening wounds, but he found that Marie-Thérèse was much the stronger in water. Still clasping him with one hand, she was thrusting and kicking her way to the surface with piscine unconcern, as though quite unperturbed by the change of element.

Then they broke surface. Upstream, a surprising distance away, a cluster of bobbing heads and wreckage marked the spot where the landing craft had sunk.

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When nobody laughs at the boss's jokes, he's probably home.

The years a woman takes off her age are never lost. Her friends always discover them.

You don't have to be an old timer to remember when the only compact car was one that had hit a tree.

Poor relations always seem to have train fare—at least one way.

The telephone is what gives teenagers something to do while concentrating on their homework.

Think before you speak and you'll have to interrupt.

Gouts of water were spouting about the swimmers. They were under machine-gun fire from the bank they had just left. A sailor swept past, spouting a crimson trail in the gray water. A soldier threw up his arms and sank in a pink mist.

"Take a deep breath," ordered Marie-Thérèse. Molnar had scarcely time to obey before she dragged him beneath the surface. They went down deep to the rushing black bed of the river, and then Molnar found himself rising in response to the girl's efforts. When they next broke water, they were past the bend of the river. There was no more machine-gun fire, only the bodies of men drowning in their own blood.

Now man and girl were exhausted and content to drift with the current. Molnar was having difficulty in keeping himself afloat because his service boots were dragging him down, and his movements were arrested by his wounds. Even Marie-Thérèse began to tire with the effort of keeping him afloat. When they finally drifted onto the strand, it was with a sense of relief, though they were still on the wrong side of the river.

For a time they lay inert among the other bodies washed there by the current. The only difference in them was that they still breathed. When he had satisfied himself of this, Molnar half dragged and half carried Marie-Thérèse to the trees and found a hiding place in the undergrowth. Then he went back to the bodies and searched until he found a flask filled with wine, which they shared. They lay together in the shade, and presently a Vietminh patrol came along the shore, firing into the bodies that lay by the water's edge. They were very young soldiers, obviously exuberant in victory. One of the last bodies to drift ashore and be riddled wore the *galons* of a lieutenant upon a parachute blouse.

The patrol passed, leaving Molnar shaking and trembling. "One will have them for that," said Molnar. "One will have them for all of this."

"Because they fired at us in the water? And now into the bodies?"

"Yes."

"But you approve of shooting prisoners."

"Only in battle. After the battle there is no excuse."

"I do not see the difference."

"Don't you? Listen to me. I hold no brief for the French, though I wear their uniform. But the good French try to reclaim their enemies. These people find us expendable. They are like that in Europe too."

"I still do not understand."

"In ten years of war you will understand."

"Must there always be war?"

"There will be war until we are free."

"Who are these 'we'?"

"People like myself."

"But you are a soldier. A soldier cannot be free."

"A soldier can serve freedom. It is better to be a soldier than a political convict."

"Is there no alternative?"

"You may exist until you die, or live until you are killed. Those are the alternatives in the world today. I prefer life. But these people who are so good at killing shall have their turn of being killed."

"It is the blood running in the river that affected you," said Marie-Thérèse. "The river ran red, and your mind runs red also."

"The river is a freak. The water turns gray after the rains because it washes down black mud. It makes a background against which you can see the blood for a long time. I have seen men die in other rivers; and after the bodies sank, there was nothing."

"Surely the manner of a man's death in war makes little difference. On land he expires and in water he drowns, but first there is the bullet. Why do you feel so deeply?"

"I don't know," he said. "My reasons were good reasons, but they are not complete. I feel deeply because you were a target and I love you." Molnar stopped, groping for the right words in a French vocabulary that had hitherto been limited by what Alfred de Vigny called "the military necessity." "I have fallen in love with thee, Marie-Thérèse, in the way that they speak of in films."

"I have never seen a film," she said. "But I understand what you mean and I am happy that you should say it."

"That sounds as though you knew before I did."

"I think I did, but it makes nice hearing. I have love for thee, too, Hugo—one love for always. I would have stayed with you anyway, since you are my patient, but I would not have shown affection."

"Would you have stayed with me because of your love, even though you were not a nurse?"

"That too," she said, kissing him. "And now we must think of getting across the river, for lovers have a future."

"We can only lie here until it is dark and try to swim across. It will be easier if we can find something for me to float on, and then you will not have to swim for us both."

"It is not much of a chance, is it, Hugo? Truth?"

"Not much; but at least we shall be together, and that is something."

"It is everything," said Marie-Thérèse. "Listen, Hugo, I do not feel badly about being shot at in the water, so you must not either. I do not wish you to be full of hate. I like you less that way—though I love you as much, because that is something outside reason. But a man should love mankind. A man must not hate. Promise me that you will not be full of hate."

"There may be more need of killing."

"Killing may be necessary," she said. "I learned that today. But it is not necessary to kill with hate. To kill with hate is a dirty thing."

"All right," he said. "There is no one like you. No more hate."

They took turns to sleep and keep watch until the late afternoon, when there was renewed activity on both banks of the river. From the French side came a burst of machine-gun fire—a warning rather than a menace. On the Vietminh side a considerable buildup of troops and equipment began. Sections of troops moved through the trees, carrying light sampans and coils of grass rope, such as Molnar had seen used in bridging operations. It seemed obvious that the Vietminh forces were determined to cross the river and establish a bridgehead before the French could fortify the new line.

"Is there no way of warning the French?" Marie-Thérèse asked.

"Not until we cross the river."

"Do you think we might steal one of their boats?"

"Not unless there's some sort of diversion. Each sampan will be guarded by the detachment who will take it across the river. Anyway, we lost our pistols in the water. We can't swim across, either, with both sides on the alert."

"Then what shall we do?"

"Wait until the attack begins and then move downstream in the hope of crossing farther south."

It became cooler as the red ball of sun plunged over the treetops. The movement of troops ceased. Molnar knew it for the hush before an attack. Even the probing fire from the French bank was less frequent now that there was nothing to attract it.

An hour after dark, the silence was broken by the boom of a loud-speaker upriver on their own bank. The message was in French, and isolated fragments drifted down to them—"Appeal . . . comrades . . . peace."

"What is that?" asked Marie-Thérèse.

"Psychological warfare," explained Molnar. "Sometimes they do it every night for weeks on end. They urge us to desert in the name of international brotherhood and that sort of rot."

"They must attach great importance to their broadcasts," she said.

"So they do. Sometimes the broadcasters are European Communists sent out specially for this work. . . . Listen, I have an idea."

"It would not be possible."

"Why not? I'm a European, and you speak their language. If we take off the insignia, our uniforms are the same as the Vietminh. The broadcasting post won't be heavily guarded because it isn't a military objective. And at least we could broadcast a warning to the French and create a diversion for ourselves."

"Let's go," said Marie-Thérèse.

"Do you realize that we shall be shot as subversives if we're caught, and the Viets will be less open to argument than French parachutists?"

"What of it? There was an English poet called (*Continued on Page 64*)

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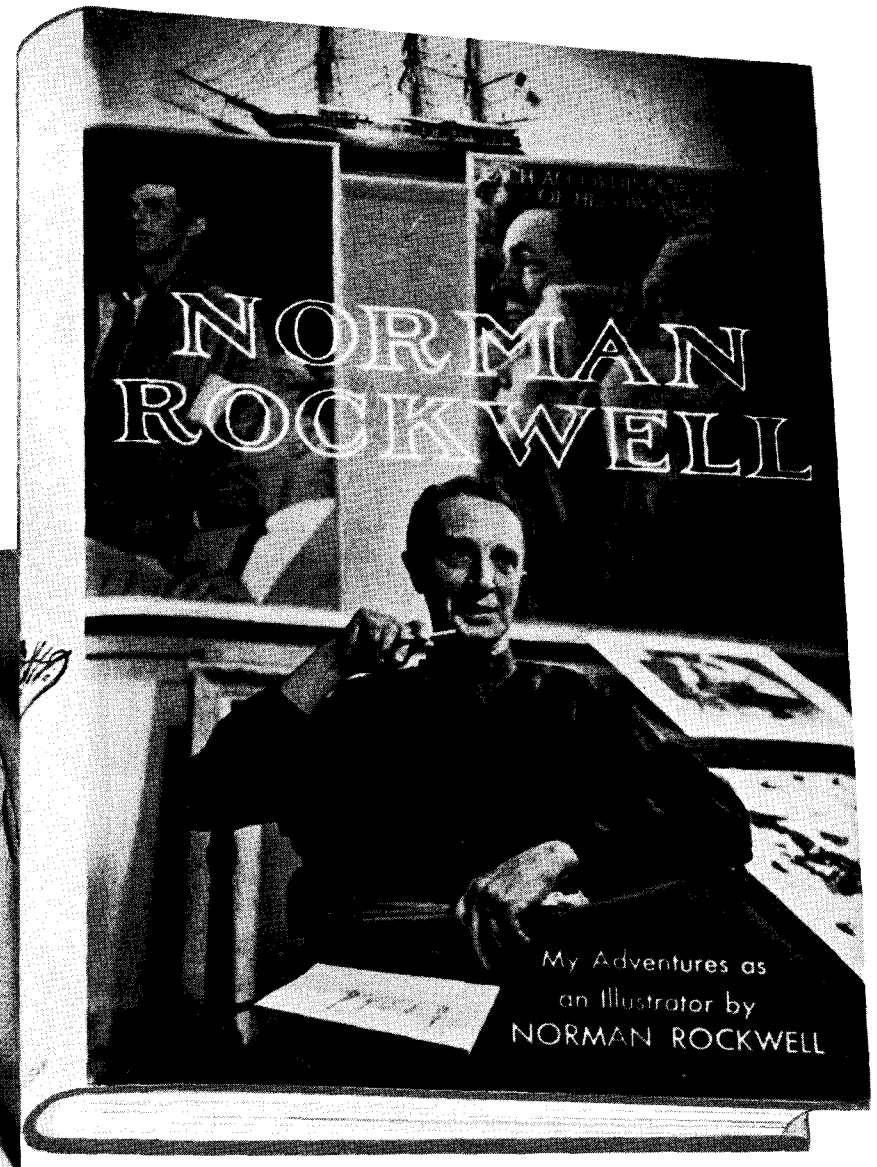
Norman Rockwell



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The goal: weight loss
The product: Metrecal

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METRECAL™: how it can help you lose weight ...and avoid regaining it

Not only can Metrecal help you reduce, but, even further, it can assist you in adjusting to the new weight level and, finally, help you hold the line against regaining the lost pounds.

For many, losing enough weight to pull the belt in another notch or two constitutes a problem. Once the weight has been lost, however, it may be even more difficult to avoid forfeiting the notches so proudly gained.

Many dieters become discouraged when a return to past eating habits results in a return of the lost weight. Many persons have failed to recognize that a most significant period is the one following weight reduction. It is during this time that the body mechanisms adjust to one's new eating habits and lower weight level.

That is why a *sound* program of weight control must be of help in three distinct ways. It should help you to reduce your weight, then help you adjust to the new weight level, and, finally, it must help keep you from again becoming overweight.

Metrecal assists you in all three phases of sound weight control. With determination to follow your weight reduction program and with the guidance of your physician, you will find Metrecal a most satisfying way to lose weight.

Losing weight— the first step

With Metrecal, you lose weight safely and effectively, because Metrecal limits your calories while providing sound nutrition and appetite satisfaction. Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

When used as the total 900-calorie daily diet, Metrecal can help you lose weight rapidly, yet with safety and comfort. For slower weight loss, the amount of Metrecal you use may be increased. Or Metrecal may be used for one or two meals a day, with ordinary foods completing your daily diet. The task of weight reduction is not an easy one, nor can it always be accomplished in a short time, but it is greatly simplified by the convenience of Metrecal.

The effectiveness and safety of Metrecal for weight loss have been proved in clinical studies conducted under strict medical supervision. These tests have shown consistently that users of Metrecal have obtained highly satisfactory weight loss.

Adjusting to your new lower weight—the significant period

Once you have achieved the desired weight loss, you are entering a difficult period in weight control, because it is during this time that (1) your body mechanisms must adjust to the new eating habits at the lower weight level, and (2) many individuals are tempted to return to overeating.

To help achieve this adjustment, it is best to begin a *gradual* change-over to ordinary foods. This is accomplished by adding small amounts of regular foods every few days to the 900-calorie Metrecal program.

This helps establish new eating habits step by step until you have reached the caloric level at which your weight becomes steady. As your weight stabilizes, common foods may gradually be substituted for Metrecal in your diet, and your appetite, too, is gradually readjusted to smaller amounts of food.

Preserving the results— the ultimate goal

Now the problem is to avoid regaining the pounds you have lost. To stay at your new lower weight level, a well-rounded, nutritionally adequate diet of ordinary foods should be followed.

Metrecal may be used as an integral part of your maintenance program to provide occasional nutritionally sound low-calorie meals. Or, to offset any periods of overeating, Metrecal can be used again as the total diet for selected days in the week, or for one or two meals a day.

Established advantages of Metrecal

Metrecal was developed as a special dietary food, founded on basic nutritional principles. It provides sound nutrition in a weight control program. Metrecal is distinctive, and especially effective because:

1. A 900-calorie daily diet of Metrecal contains the *full 70 grams of protein*—derived from both milk and vegetable sources. This provides amounts and types of protein that have been shown effective in helping to prevent the depletion of important muscle tissue during a reducing program.

2. This same amount of Metrecal provides *20 grams of fat* important to appetite satisfaction. It is derived from both milk and vegetable sources. Two-thirds of this fat content is of the *unsaturated* variety considered by nutritionists to be favorable in the diet.

3. Metrecal's effectiveness and safety both during the weight loss period and during the period of weight stabilization have been proved in extensive clinical studies under medical supervision.

4. Metrecal is manufactured to exacting pharmaceutical standards and is backed by fifty years of experience in research and development of special purpose nutritional products.

5. Metrecal is available everywhere both as a powder, easy to mix with water, and as a liquid, ready to drink. To provide variety in the diet, both forms come in several pleasant-tasting flavors.

6. Either type of Metrecal can be *stored without refrigeration* until the powder is mixed or the liquid is opened.

The role of the physician in weight control

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in all problems of weight loss and control. Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, persons with disease of the heart, blood vessels or kidneys, and persons with other medical disturbances such as diabetes or liver disease, should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight reducing program.

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Quality products from nutritional research

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(*Continued from Page 60*) Shakespeare who wrote that we owed God a death. We may be shot, or we may drown—shall we know the difference?"

"I wish I had the philosophy of Shakespeare," said Molnar. "Is there any wine left?"

In the darkness of the trees they passed many waiting sections of Vietminh troops unchallenged. The booming of the loud-speaker became stronger, and whole sentences were now audible. "Would you die to make the fortunes of a few French planters? It is their war, but they are not fighting. We are peasants, fighting for our land. We have no quarrel with you foreigners who wear the French uniform."

A sentry barred their path, his bayonet leveled at Marie-Thérèse's breast. Molnar could not understand the challenge; but when Marie-Thérèse answered, the sentry came smartly to attention and slapped the butt of his rifle.

"He thinks you are a European officer and I am a commissar," she explained to Molnar in French.

Molnar had one weapon left—a military stiletto. The sentry was still standing to attention when Molnar thrust it under his ribs and stifled his death cry. They dragged the body into the bushes. Molnar gave Marie-Thérèse the man's cap and his rifle, which was of Russian manufacture.

"I'll walk in front of you with my hands up as though I'm your prisoner," he said. "That will give us a chance to see the strength of the opposition."

"You are a mad one, but you deserve success."

"The victory will be yours. Remember, I am still your patient."

They found the broadcasting post beneath a large tree close to the river bank. The loud-speaker was mounted on a high branch with a cord connecting it to a microphone on the ground. The microphone was on a portable mounting. Two men sat on a case before it, facing the river, with their backs to Molnar and Marie-Thérèse. One, a European, was speaking into the microphone, and the other, an Oriental with a hammer-and-sickle armband, held a typewritten script. A young Annamite soldier, presumably a technician, was squatting on his haunches beneath the tree and facing them. This man saw them first and got to his feet. Marie-Thérèse shouted to him, but he could not have heard the words because of the noise of the broadcast. He had a revolver, and Molnar was relieved to see that he left it in his holster.

When the man was a few feet away, Molnar stepped aside, so that Marie-Thérèse was now covering him with the rifle. A look of comical surprise came over his face, and he raised his hands slowly as she spoke again. Molnar rabbit-punched him, and he collapsed. Molnar made sure that he was unconscious and took his revolver. Marie-Thérèse was covering the two men by the microphone, but neither had turned round.

"You take the commissar; I'll deal with the other," said Molnar, drawing the stiletto.

Timing his actions to coincide with the end of a sentence, Molnar reached over the European's shoulder and pricked his throat with the knife. He heard the commissar grunt beneath the pressure of the rifle.

"Down on the ground, both of you, and put your hands on the back of your necks," ordered Molnar.

The commissar proved to be Chinese. He was stout and middle-aged and very brave. "I won't do it," he said. "You may kill me, but I won't obey."

"I believe you," said Molnar and felled him with another rabbit punch.

The European, a young man with a round face and fair, cropped hair, showed no such resolution. He lay down quickly.

"Open your mouth," ordered Molnar.

"I'm a prisoner of war."

"Keep it open."

The European did, looking like a young bird at feeding time. Molnar scooped up a handful of black earth and stuffed it into the man's mouth. "Don't try to spit it out, or you'll get this," he threatened, showing the stiletto. "Just chew on it, you who mouth filth for a trade."

"Is that necessary?" asked Marie-Thérèse.

"It's the best way of keeping a man quiet when you haven't the time to gag him. It also seems appropriate. Watch the other two when they come round and keep them all covered. I'm going to make my debut as a broadcaster."

He picked up the microphone and spoke the first words that came into his head. "Attention, soldiers of France! This broadcasting station has been captured by French troops cut off during the withdrawal. We cannot hold it for more than a few minutes, so listen carefully to what I shall tell you. The Viets are going to attack tonight. They have massed troops and pontoons close to the river-bank from the ferry crossing to the bend of the river. Do you understand? Please acknowledge my message. Long live France!"

There were a few moments of silence and then, from somewhere across the water, came a thin cry, as though shouted between cupped hands. "Can you identify yourself?"

"Sergeant Molnar, *numéro matricule* 881713, First Parachute Battalion, Foreign Legion. With me is Nurse de la Rue, of the French Union Medical Service. Have you received and understood our message?"

"Your message received and understood," came the voice from across the water. "Suggest you now abandon post and try to rejoin us. We shall be looking out for you. God bless you both. France will remember you."

"So will the Viets," said Molnar softly.

The soldier and the commissar were conscious again and were being covered by Marie-Thérèse, who had taken two more revolvers and was looking like a walking armory. She showed an astonishing professional competence at this sort of thing, thought Molnar.

"What now?" she asked him.

"Some of the Viets must have heard and understood what I said," reasoned Molnar. "Whether we can escape depends on how quickly they react."

"I think they're coming now," said Marie-Thérèse. "I can hear people running."

Her hearing must have been abnormally acute, for it was some seconds before Molnar could pick up the sound. By then the prisoners had heard it also, and the European was sufficiently emboldened to spit out some of the mud in his mouth.

"You can go now," Molnar told them. "Better run before the shooting starts."

All three looked at him incredulously and then they scrambled to their feet and began to run. Molnar took Marie-Thérèse by the hand and dragged her back into cover. They watched the three men run toward the sound of the approaching soldiers. When they were almost out of sight, they were met by a burst of automatic fire; the commissar and the technician fell first, but the European turned back, moving with amazing speed. Two Vietminh soldiers shot him down as he crossed the clearing. One of them bayoneted the body several times, bracing his foot against the head as he withdrew the bayonet after each lunge.

"Did you know that would happen?" asked Marie-Thérèse.

"I hoped it might. With luck they'll put the broadcast down to treachery on the part of those three at first. They probably won't become suspicious until they find out that their weapons are missing. Let's move before they realize their mistake. I think our best chance will be to get close to one of the assault sections by the river. We may be overlooked in the dark."

As they moved down toward the river-bank, there was a ripple of light along the French bank, like the flashes that precede an electric storm. Then came the crash of artillery and the agonized screeches of low-trajectory shells. Molnar pulled Marie-Thérèse down as the French barrage burst about them like a sea of molten metal. The earth shook, and the air became foul with the stink of cordite. Branches fell from trees, and flying metal scissored the darkness. The firing was so furious that it became impossible to believe in survival.

Molnar told Marie-Thérèse to lie face down with her head between her arms. He had to shout the words against her ear before she understood. They lay thus for a period beyond time or hope. Then the air was rent by a new sound—bugles. The Vietminh commanders were pulling their troops back from the riverbank to save them from the murderous barrage.

Men came running, limping, stumbling, even crawling, through the trees. Many were felled by shell splinters, but most escaped. As they went, the barrage followed them, for the bugles could be heard also on the French bank. In the wake of the barrage was a sort of calm, broken by the cries of those wounded who had been left behind.

"Come," said Molnar, helping Marie-Thérèse to her feet. "This is our chance to get a boat."

There were many light sampans under the trees, but most had been smashed by the shellfire. Molnar finally chose one that looked reasonably intact. Careless now of being seen, they dragged it into the water with maniacal strength. Marie-Thérèse seized a paddle and pushed out into the stream. As she did so, water bubbled up through holes made by shell splinters: Molnar took her cap and began to bail. By the time they were in midstream, the water was up to their knees. Molnar threw the cap overboard and took the other paddle. Soon the craft became waterlogged and began to drift with the current. They were still little more than half-way across.

"Go quickly, my love," said Molnar. "You can reach the shore by yourself. I can't sink, and you may find a French boat to pick me up."

"I thought we were going to tell each other the truth. I have never lost a patient yet and I'm not going to start now. We're going to swim across together. So, give me your paddle and take your boots and clothes off. Don't forget your papers."

She worked with the same precision that characterized all her movements, though it was dark and she was waist-deep in water. First she tore Molnar's shirt into strips and bound the two handles of the paddles together. Then she strapped them to Molnar's chest with his belt.

"That will keep you afloat, and I can tow you," she told him. "Now turn your back."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to take my uniform off and I have very little on beneath."

"Don't you think this is carrying the proprieties a little too far? Especially as it is quite dark, and we are half submerged in water."

"I was brought up in a convent, remember? Do as I say."

Molnar turned his back obediently and, for the first time that day, found himself able to laugh. He heard a soft splash as Marie-Thérèse went over the side; he followed awkwardly, hampered by the paddles. Marie-Thérèse took hold of one paddle and struck out for the French bank. Molnar swam as best he could, but soon his wounded thigh caused his right leg to stiffen into cramp, and the right arm did likewise. Yet they made progress. It seemed to Molnar that the lithe brown figure in the water was inexhaustible. When he became too tired to swim any longer, she would find breath to encourage him, and he would strike out again. And in this way they reached the French bank.

At dawn a patrol of French parachutists came upon two half-naked bodies lying in each other's arms on the strand. Because he was chivalrous and yet unhardened by war, the sublieutenant leading the patrol risked the lives of his men by recovering the bodies before he knew if there was life left in them, even going so far as to cover that of the girl with his own parachute blouse.

Luck was with the sublieutenant. The Vietminh gunner missed the patrol in the uncertain light, but the flashes revealed the gunner's own position. Reacting with their customary venom, the parachutists sniped the occupants of the machine-gun nest and retired without casualties.

The girl revived first under the influence of brandy. Her first words were, "Is this another party," and the sublieutenant concluded that she was delirious. He turned his attention to the man, who had been bound to two paddles as though about to be crucified and who took considerably longer to restore, since he was weakened by wounds.

"Are you the one who made the broadcast last night?" asked the lieutenant.

"He is the Sergeant Molnar," said Marie-Thérèse, not concealing her pride.

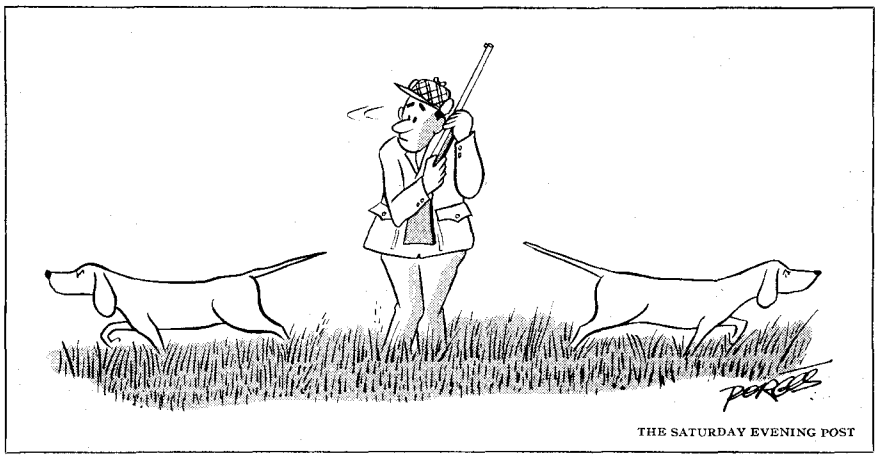
"You are a hero," said the young lieutenant with great respect.

"No," said Molnar. "I am a patient. Nurse de la Rue has never lost a patient yet. . . . Isn't that true, Marie-Thérèse?"

"It is now."

"What do you mean?"

"You were my first patient," said Marie-Thérèse. THE END



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Short-Cut Method: Add 2 cans consommé to 1 can tomato soup, 1 can water. Simmer, add frozen mixed vegetables, 1 cup left-over meat, 2 tbsp. butter, 6 onion rings. Simmer again. Season to taste. Serves six.

...TO THE VERY LAST CRACKER!

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Me and Old George (Continued from Page 47)

& Ice Company in Tipton, Ind.—a town of 4000 forty miles north of Indianapolis—my uncle, Mike Hoffman, had obtained George and Dolly to do the hauling.

Dolly was a beautiful white mare with delusions of grandeur picked up on the farm where she had been foaled. Delt McGill, who did the loading and delivering of the coal and—very rarely of late—the ice, swore that Dolly acted as if she was too good for the coalyard and for us; her ambition was to be a circus performer, Delt said, or at least to pull a gaudy brewery wagon with other prancing horses.

When they were first hitched as a team, she made life miserable for Old George, snorting and snapping at him and, when she discovered his neuter gender, ridiculing him. Two things combined to bring about the sale of Dolly to a farmer near Hobbs: the falling off of business to the extent that a single horse could do the work and, secondly, Dolly's ingratitude when my father made her a canvas raincoat and hood. She didn't want any part of it and, when he tried to pull the hood down over her ears, Dolly stepped on his foot.

Dolly left the next day, and everyone felt better, George especially.

For seven months of the year George was meek and mild, as a gelding should be; but with the coming of spring and the green vegetation he underwent a change. He became, he thought, a complete horse, a transformation I did not understand at the time. From April to September he had very little coal to haul, and he had to have an outlet for his pent-up vitality; he found it in eating. Old George was a glutton, frustrated during the cold months when hay and oats were rationed, for economic reasons, but indulging in one long orgy from late spring to late summer, when free grass sprouted and flourished on the vacant lots near our house and barn.

After the day's work and the ride for the small fry, Delt unhitched him at the barn behind our house, and John and Joe, my older brothers, took turns leading him to the lot he currently favored. The summer I was twelve, both brothers had jobs, and I asked for the privilege of escorting Old George. My father, Owen, was dubious at first; largely, I suppose, because of the disparity in size and weight. I weighed something under 100 pounds; George a very little something under 2000 pounds.

"Please, pop!" I pleaded as my father rubbed his mustache. "I can handle him. We understand each other!"

"Wel-l-l, you do seem to get along together. You'll have to watch him, or he'll make a pig of himself. If he eats too much grass, he'll get the colic. Give him an hour, maybe a little longer." He put a loose halter on George and handed me the coil of rope attached to the nose strap.

"I bet I won't even need the rope," I bragged. "Hey, George?"

George whinnied softly and nudged me. We were pals, and we remained pals for the first fifty minutes or so. When I learned from a passer-by on Mill Street that the hour was almost up, I clucked and walked confidently toward him. He kept on cropping noisily, until I was some forty feet from him. Then he snorted, reared up on his hind feet, trumpeted like a wild stallion and came charging at me! This was not the Old George that delighted in treating children to a ride, not the gentle George that rubbed his soft nose against my coat pockets in search of apples and sugar. This was a total stranger, a fire-breathing beast with flaming eyes. I turned tail and fled in panic.

I do not know how far he pursued me but, when I looked back from the other side of the Lake Erie & Western tracks, he was grazing placidly again. I told myself I must have frightened him by my approach; I should have used the rope and worked my way toward him slowly. When my breath came back, I tried that method, making sweet talk as I advanced, but the reaction was the same. Again he reared and charged, and again I ran. After five such performances—his belly distended and his legs tired—he permitted me to pick up the rope and coil it as I advanced, until I had a grip a couple of feet from the halter. Then he lowered his head, nuzzled my ear moistly and let me lead him to the barn. My father pointed out that we had been out more than an hour and a half.

"Was he eating grass all that time?" he inquired.

"No," I answered truthfully, "he was exercising."

Next day I felt no qualms about taking him, George, to the lot. The harrowing escapes of the previous evening were pretty well forgotten, or relegated to the department of bad dreams. I turned him loose, read for about an hour and strode out to get him. And it happened again. He reared and charged and even worked up some foam that flew from his lips as I headed for the tracks once more.

He let me take him into custody on the fourth try. The routine was repeated daily for more than a week, up until this fateful day of the stubbed toe and the cut foot—the day of decision.

HOLIDAY—A PROMISE OF EXCITEMENT

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I turned off Mill Street into the alley bordering the grazing lot on the south and glared at Old George through tear-smarting eyes. Then, to complete my humiliation, I heard a familiar voice behind me: "Made you skedaddle again, didn't he, boy?"

I didn't have to turn around to know it was grandpa Emeheiser, our best-known Civil War hero and storyteller. He was sitting on the back porch of his cottage, his cane between his knees, his blue Union field hat on his white-topped head, and wearing a smile that turned up the corners of his silvery mustache.

Before I could answer he went on, "Been watchin' for three, four days, now. Time to stop this business. That big fellow out there eatin' himself sick is nothing but a bully, a big bluff. No more runnin' for you, boy. Walk right up to him, head on, and call his bluff. Stand yore ground, boy! You hear?"

I heard, and I started down the narrow path that led to the grass. The path went through brier and bramble patches, plus some prickly berry bushes—painful reminders to stay in the lane if you were barefooted. Old George didn't wait for me to come onto the arena, the green grass. While I was still on the path—a good fifty feet from him—he went into his familiar act and came at me like an avenging freight train. Instinctively, I turned—and bumped into grandpa Emeheiser, who spun me around to face the foe.

"Stand yore ground!" he roared, brandishing his cane. "I'm right here with you, boy!"

I had no choice but to watch the oncoming George, in fear and fascination. And this time it was his turn to panic. Midway in his charge the enormity of what he was about to do, or might have done earlier in the week, seemed to strike him.

It could have been the waving of grandpa's cane; it could have been the realization that he was picking on a small boy and an old man. Whatever the motivation, he tried to stop—I doubt that he could have swerved and missed us—but his ton of flesh had considerable momentum, even in that short distance, and he couldn't apply the brakes standing up.

He sat down suddenly and gave a little squeal as the burs and brambles and cinders met his haunches. He slid to a stop, his forefeet coming to rest a yard from my bare toes and his muzzle on a level with my face.

"Grab his nostrils, boy!" grandpa ordered. "Now! Put your thumb in one and the middle finger in the other and squeeze!"

I extended a trembling hand to George's nose, also trembling, and squeezed.

"Tell him to get up!" grandpa Emeheiser commanded, and I relayed the order. George obeyed, keeping his nostrils down so I could maintain my hold. Grandpa moved around me, took off the halter, coiled the rope and slung it around my neck. During the process George had to sneeze, lifting his head to do so and promptly lowering it again.

"You won't need rope or halter any more, boy," grandpa said and slapped George on the shoulder. "He's yore's for keeps now. He'll follow you around like a dog. G'night."

He clumped back to the porch, and I led George home. A couple of times I had to release my grip on his nostrils to flex my thumb and finger, but he kept them handy, just above my right shoulder, so I wouldn't have to reach too far.

My mother and father were out in the back yard, inspecting the tomatoes, when we walked by, headed for the barn. This happened to be one of the times I had let go of George's nose; he was with me on his own.

"What happened?" my father asked. "The rope and halter break?"

"No, sir," I said. "They're all right. I just don't need them any more. He follows me around like a—like a dog."

I could feel their eyes on me as we went into the barn, George's nose next to my ear. I gave him a salt brick, to ward off colic, and a bucket of water. He stood very still while I put a mixture of Vaseline and axle grease on the scratches where he had sat down so suddenly to avert disaster. I patted his neck, and he gave me a good-night slobber that covered half my shirt.

While my brothers and I were doing the supper dishes that evening, I asked a question that had been bothering me. "Did Old George ever chase you fellows?"

John chuckled. "I never mentioned it," he said, "but I must have run ten miles the first few days I had him out. Then I quit running, and so did he."

Joe smiled slowly. "I learned how to broad-jump the first week," he said. "I got so I could clear the Lake Erie tracks easy. Then I got a stone bruise, and I couldn't run ——"

"And you stood your ground?"

They both nodded, and John asked, "Is that what happened to you? You stood your ground today?"

I said, "Yes," put away the last plate and hung up my dish towel.

"Think I'll go swimming," I announced, and they exchanged looks. It was the law in our house that I was not to go near Robinson's gravel pit or Cicero Creek—even in daylight—without one or both of my brothers along.

"I can't go. I've got a date," John said.

"I don't feel like it," Joe put in. "Too tired."

"You don't have to go," I assured them. "I'll go with Tommy and Jody and the rest of my gang."

John sized me up for a few seconds, smiled and said, "I don't see why you shouldn't."

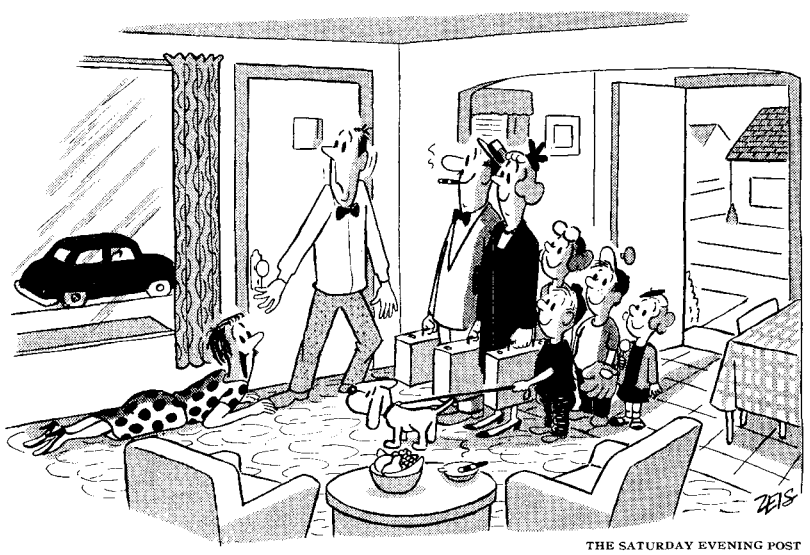
At sixteen he was as tall as my father and muscular, and he nearly filled the doorway leading to the sitting room as he addressed my parents, "Eugene wants to go swimming with Tommy and Jody and the rest of his gang, and I think it's all right. He's a good swimmer, and he's big enough to take care of himself—now."

I could sense my father's objection forming, but he caught the quick glance from my mother and settled back in his chair.

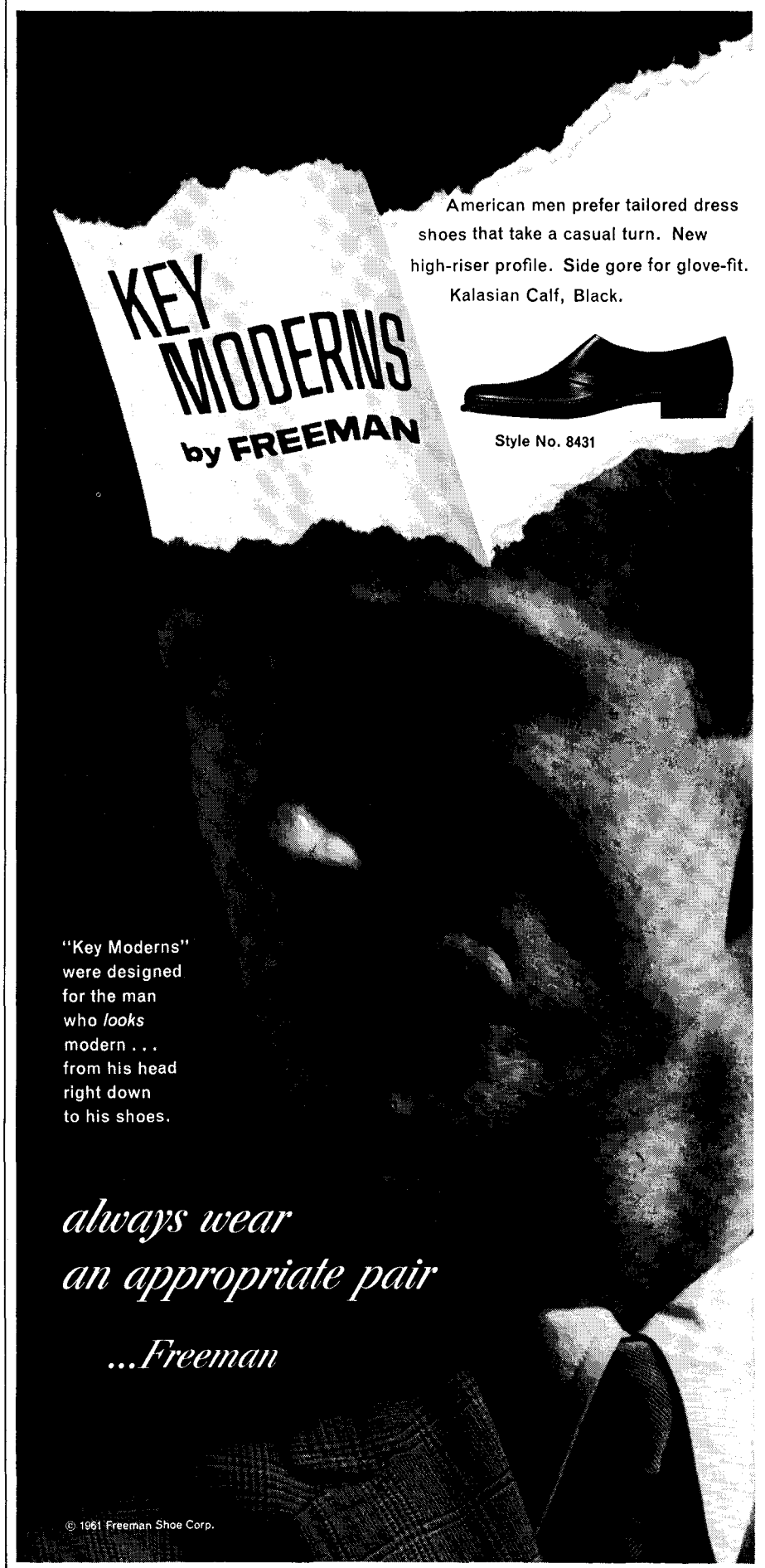
"Well," he said with something like a sigh, "all right. But see that you're home by nine. You hear, Eugene?"

I said I heard and got my cap. Then I remembered something else, and I stopped in the kitchen to borrow a big lump of brown sugar for Old George, my pal.

THE END



"The Wilsons! What a surprise!"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A Journal Exclusive!

Jacqueline Kennedy

What is she *really* like?

Ladies' Home Journal takes you inside her private life, reveals the First Lady as few have ever really known her. The pictures are from the private photo albums of Jacqueline herself, published here for the first time.

JACQUELINE LEE BOUVIER
"MERRYWOOD"
MCLEAN, VIRGINIA
"*Jackie*"

Favorite Song: Lime House Blues

Always Saying: "Play a Rhumba next"

Most Known For: Wit

Aversion: People who ask if her horse is still alive

Where Found: Laughing with Tucky

Ambition: Not to be a housewife

"Profile" from 1947 class yearbook

Read how:

★ She was the year's "No. 1 Debutante" . . . wearing a fifty-five-dollar dress from a department-store rack.

★ She maintained astonishingly high grades at Vassar in spite of the masculine "callers" who flocked to see this authentic Glamour Girl.

★ She went to work as the Inquiring Reporter for a Washington newspaper at $42.50 a week.

★ She met Senator John F. Kennedy—her husband-to-be. During the courtship they never appeared together in public places.

A remarkable portrait of a remarkable first lady

March Issue

A Curtis Publication

NOW ON SALE

"FIRST LADY" AMONG WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

Of Men I Have Known

(Continued from Page 23)

naming some. The lady pointed out that the question was one of judgment and not of fact, and that her judgment was not affected by authority. He fought back with spirit. Neither gave ground or asked for quarter.

As we got up from the table, his cigar was going like a steam locomotive on a stiff grade. "A woman of conviction, your wife," he said to me. After that she was a favorite of his. The Churchills could not have been kinder to us, asking us to their house, often for lunch alone with them, both when they were in office and out of it.

At one of these luncheons at No. 10 Downing Street in February, 1952, Anthony Eden also was a guest. While we were having sherry, the Prime Minister took Eden and me over to the sitting-room windows overlooking the small garden and, beyond the garden wall, the Horse Guards Parade. He kept poking me in the ribs to indicate that mischief was afoot.

"Give me your advice," he said. "You see how those plane trees along the garden wall interfere with the view from here of the parade ground. They spoil an otherwise perfect spot to see the Trooping of the Colour. I'm thinking of having them taken away. What do you say?"

"My God, Winston," Eden exploded, "you can't do that. You don't own the place." Churchill gave me another delighted poke. "Who's to stop me?" he rumbled. "What are you so excited about? I live here, don't I?"

"That's just it," said Eden, walking into the trap. "You only live here. You don't own it. It's just plain vandalism to cut down those trees."

"Ah, I see!" A great light seemed to dawn on Churchill, as he gave me a final nudge. "I only live here, the life tenant, so to speak, and you inherit the place. What do they call you? The remainderman, that's it." He walked off, chuckling.

"The old boy got me that time," said Eden, as we followed him in to luncheon.

One evening in 1952, President Truman was host at a dinner for Mr. Churchill aboard the Presidential yacht, *Williamsburg*. Lord Cherwell, formerly Professor Lindemann of Oxford and an intimate of the Prime Minister, was in the company. He was known as "Prof."

"Prof, have you got your slide rule?" asked Churchill. The question was unnecessary, as Lord Cherwell always carried one, and he instantly produced it. Talk around the table stopped as everyone waited to see what was about to happen. He had been thinking, Churchill said, as he sat at dinner, that from the age of sixteen to that evening, about sixty-two years, he had consumed on the average about a quart of wines and spirits a day, sometimes none, when none was available, sometimes more; but on the average about a quart. As he looked about him, a question rose in his mind and would give him no peace until he knew the answer. If all those wines and spirits were poured into this yacht's saloon, how deep would they be?

The "Prof's" slide rule flew back and forth as he made the computations. We waited eagerly. In no time at all he was ready. "Well?" urged Churchill.

"Just under two and a half feet," announced Cherwell. Churchill shook his head sadly.

As I wrote to Mike Pearson of Canada a few days later, "The results were very disappointing to the Old Man. He had expected that we would all be swimming like goldfish in a bowl, whereas it would hardly come up to our knees."

During the visit at which this dinner took place, the first after Sir Winston's return to power in the winter of 1951-52, the issue of the Atlantic command under NATO precipitated the most dramatic meeting which I can remember. Under the Attlee government, Parliament had accepted the principle that the Atlantic command should be American. The predominance of American naval power left no other practical possiblity. One of the tasks of his visit was to translate the prior agreement into an operating command. But Churchill, when in opposition, had spoken against it and still refused agreement.

On the day of the critical meeting to settle this issue, as we Americans waited in the Cabinet Room for President Truman and the Prime Minister, the British came in badly shaken. They had met Churchill in the President's anteroom to show him a new draft of agreement on the American command. He had read it, torn it up and marched into the President's office without a word. The First Sea Lord, a little Scotsman, Adm. Sir Rhoderick Robert McGrigor, summed up the situation. "Hurricane warnings along the Potomac!" he said. At that the two heads of government entered and we took our seats, the British on one side of the cabinet table, the Americans on the other.

The President opened the meeting in his brusque way. We were resuming consideration of the Atlantic command; he had nothing to add to what he had said before; had the Prime Minister any comments? We then listened to what I think was the most eloquent and moving speech I have ever heard. It was simplicity itself. For centuries England had kept alight the flame of freedom, fighting every tyrant who would have put it out, and carrying the flame over every sea to all the continents. The major burden now, the primacy, had passed to us. But Britain could and would still do her part, and she asked to do it, a right she had earned, in that element which was peculiarly hers, upon the sea (I can remember some of his words) "upon that Western sea whose floor is white with the bones of Englishmen." Here Britain, wresting the command from Spain and then from France, used it to put teeth in our defiance of European penetration of our hemisphere. In the plenitude of our power and responsibility there was surely room for generosity in sharing the burden of responsibility. The awful burden of atomic power and command was ours. Here lay the final word of peace or war. Must we still ask that Britain waive its historic place on that small and daily shrinking sea?

Thus, in outline, the speech took its majestic course. As it progressed, Sir Oliver Franks, the British Ambassador, passed a note to me across the table. It read, "Be very, very careful." I listened even more carefully, trying to catch something beyond the beauty of rhetoric. It seemed to me that I did. In any event, Franks's message was clear warning that this was no time for a matter-of-fact reply and pressure for a decision.

Sitting on the President's right, I whispered a request to be allowed to speak when the Prime Minister finished. He nodded. No one who wished to make an impression would have asked for the assignment of following that speech of Winston Churchill's. My purpose was threefold: to get the floor and hold it, to allow the almost unbearable tension to relax, and to probe. So it was a rambling effort as I felt around. After an obvious

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opening, I sympathized with Mr. Churchill in being asked to agree to the American command. It was not his idea; he had been opposed to it, and publicly opposed. The Prime Minister began to listen attentively and to nod his head. I dared not look toward the President or Bob Lovett, who were wondering what was going on. Then very cautiously I tried another tack. How often all of us had found ourselves accepting a course of action which was far from what it should be, in order to get on with a job. Most things had a way of looking pretty muddled by the time a lot of people had tinkered with them. Again he showed interested approval.

This was enough. I suggested that the President might wish to recess the meeting for a few minutes, while a few of us went into his office to bring in a suggestion. Churchill seconded the idea.

As I recall it, the group included Sir Oliver Franks, Admiral McGrigor, and Air Chief Marshal Sir William Elliot from the British side of the table, Secretary of Defense Robert Lovett, Adm. William Fechteler, Chief of Naval Operations, and Gen. Omar Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, from the American side. As we closed the door, Bill Fechteler burst out, "How long are they going to fool around with his damned memorandum?"

"Forget it, Bill," said Lovett. "Dean has got something in mind; but what it is, I couldn't guess."

"I think it's the answer," contributed Franks.

I said that my guess was that we had all come close to bungling the whole business. We had been trying to persuade the P.M. to agree to the American Atlantic command. This called for reversal of a position he had publicly taken, which he would never do. The harder he was pressed, the more stubbornly he would resist. But it was quite unnecessary for him to agree. His Majesty's Government had already agreed. The real question was whether he wished to stop defense measures already in process of execution.

"I don't get it," said Admiral Fechteler. "Does he agree or doesn't he? We've got to get that settled."

"Bill," said General Bradley, "if you will just take it easy, I think the answer for your purposes is, yes."

We dictated a communiqué, and after it was typed we filed back into the room with Sir Oliver Frank's final instruction, "You read it, Dean, and no one else says anything."

The President, the Prime Minister and I had the only copies. I read the short statement slowly, until I came to the heart of the matter: "The Prime Minister, while not withdrawing his objections, expressed his readiness to allow the appointment of a Supreme Commander to go forward in order that a command structure may be created. . . . He reserved the right to bring forward modifications for the consideration of NATO, if he so desired, at a later stage."

The moment of silence which followed began to be unendurable. Then Churchill brought his hand down with a slam on the paper. "I accept every word of it," he said.

"I, too," said the President; then to a secretary behind him, "have this run off and given out at once."

"Shall we have the two press secretaries review it for language, Mr. President?" he was asked.

"I don't think so," said the President. "The Prime Minister and I have been over it, and one of us, at least, uses fair English."

On a visit to London in February, 1952, I had my most strenuous encounter with the Prime Minister. It came out of an unclouded sky on my last evening in London. Ambassador Walter S. Gifford and I had dined at the Foreign Secretary's official residence with our British, French and German colleagues. We spent a good many hours after dinner discussing the delicate matter of German participation in the defense of Europe. It was well after midnight when we returned to our embassy. Epps, the embassy's incomparable butler, was waiting up for us. He handed me a fat, sealed envelope with "No. 10 Downing Street" printed on the outside.

"This came for you less than an hour ago," he said. I decided to take it upstairs to look at in the morning. Everything on our floor was dark and silent. My wife was asleep. From the room of my assistant, Luke Battle, came the unmistakable sound of a good conscience. I got ready to turn in. Ought I to look into that wretched envelope? I knew of nothing important pending with the Prime Minister. And yet, why should he send a paper in the middle of the night? I broke the seal, and in a moment knew that there was to be no sleep for me that night.

The letter said only that, as I knew, the Prime Minister would be speaking in a few days in the House of Commons on a motion put down by the Opposition. He had dictated what he proposed to say. He thought that it posed no problems and, unless he heard from me to the contrary, would take it that I saw none. A glance through the speech revealed a problem the size of Mount Everest.

The Labor Party had introduced a motion criticizing Churchill personally for, in effect, encouraging the United States to expand the area of hostilities in Korea. Churchill's draft reply did not merely answer his critics; it slew them. It stated exactly what action his Labor Party critics, when in power, had agreed with us should be taken, if the worst came to the worst in Korea. These orders were top secret, and perhaps still are. At any rate, it was out of the question that they should be revealed. It was enough for the Prime Minister's purpose to state that his critics had agreed to measures which went beyond those for which they criticized him. They would know what they had agreed to.

I woke Luke Battle, and he called my secretary, Barbara Evans, and Paul Nitze, of the Policy Planning Staff, and asked them to come to the embassy at once. It was now three in the morning, but the

• •

Spring Is Just Around the Corner

By Mary Margaret Milbrath

The white wind slices down
the street;
The birches bend away.
The snow lies patterned by
the feet
Of those who passed
today.

But I can read
crisp-trampled there
Among the footprints that
The girl who left the pointy
pair
Was wearing a straw hat.

• •

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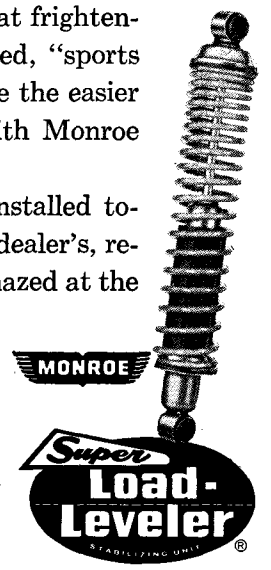

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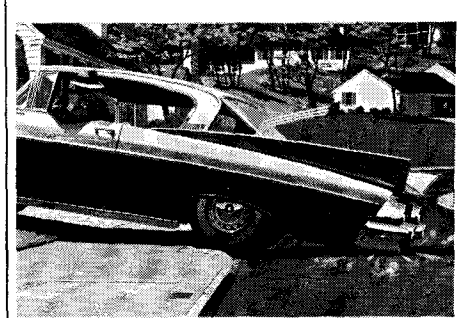

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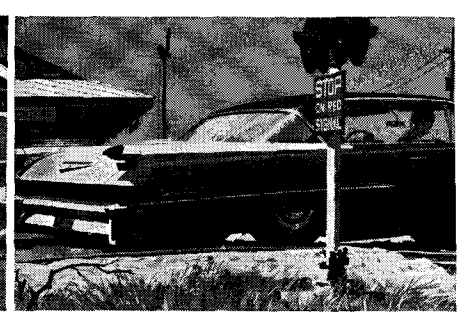

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"New Steero Instant Bouillon is a magic protein concentrate that flavors, enhances and fortifies almost everything you cook. Lifts ordinary food out of the ordinary. No one but an English cook need ever again prepare flat, flavorless stew . . . it's traditional, you know.

"Instant bouillon for flavor may never catch on in Thruppington. But American women—well, that's another cup of soup—if you know what I mean. So you there, get a jar of Steero Instant Bouillon. It won't make you rich, but it jolly well can make your reputation . . . as a cook, that is."

Meat Balls STEERO Sauce

1 lb. beef, ground
¼ lb. pork, ground
¼ cup soft bread crumbs
1 tbsp. minced onion
¼ cup tomato catsup
1 egg or 2 egg yolks
salt and pepper
flour
fat

Combine meats, crumbs, onion, catsup, egg and seasoning and mix thoroughly. Shape into small balls. Roll in flour and sauté in fat. Remove and keep hot. To drippings in pan add 3 onions thinly sliced and 2 teaspoons INSTANT STEERO dissolved in 1 cup hot water. Simmer until onions are tender and golden. Reheat meat balls, pour over sauce, and serve immediately. Garnish with parsley.

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papers I showed them—and hot coffee—woke them up. We had two jobs to do. One was to write a letter saying that the instructions referred to should not be revealed, and that to do so would make most difficult continuation of the intimate and confidential relationship between our chiefs of staff and theirs. The other task was to offer an alternative to the offending paragraphs. The last, when agreed, was written by me in red pencil diagonally across the portions to be replaced. Luke Battle was deputized to put the letter into Mr. Churchill's hands.

That morning, at a four-power meeting at the Foreign Office, I got the first of an expected series of messages that the Prime Minister urgently wished to see me across the street at No. 10 Downing Street. When the meeting adjourned, I walked over alone. There was no doubt that I was expected, and had been for some time. I was led down the long hall, flanked by busts of former tenants, to the Cabinet Room at the end. It is not a large room and is overcrowded by a green baize-covered table too big for it and barely leaving room to move about behind the chairs.

Mr. Churchill was alone in the center of the near side, slumped over, his arms on the table, the picture—and, I thought, a rather carefully posed picture—of dejection.

"Good morning, sir," I said as the usher withdrew, closing the door.

"Naked before mine enemies," said Mr. Churchill, hardly looking up.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You have struck the sword from my hand," he went on, as though talking to himself.

"You wished to see me, Prime Minister?" I asked. His manner changed.

"You won't let me make my speech," he said, now almost aggressively. "Here I am beset for standing by you; and you take away my only weapon."

"Not at all," I answered. "You proposed to use information which cannot be used. I have no power in the matter. Anyway, you can make a perfectly good speech without getting into secret stuff at all."

"How can I?" he asked.

"Prime Minister," I said, "I have done something so presumptuous that I hardly dare to mention it. I have edited a speech by Winston Churchill."

"Let me see it," he demanded. This would never do. To see his own work scribbled over by me might well be fatal to him.

"No," I said, "I will read it to you." And so I did. I read, as our children used to say in describing their early school exercises in reading, "with expression." As I read on, I became rather impressed by our success in catching the Churchillian style. By the time we came to the end, Churchill was listening eagerly and excitedly.

"I can win with that," he broke in. "Read that first part again." This time I gave our part the full robust Churchillian treatment and rather skimped his.

"It's a bargain," he cried. "I can use that. Give it to me." I turned it over to him. He was so bubbling with pleasure that even the dreadful defacements of his script did not seem to bother him.

It was time for me to go. He walked down the hall with me to the door. "When," he asked, "did you do all this?"

"In the only time I had," I told him. "Last night between two and five. That's when I'm told you work. But," I added, "I nearly didn't look at your letter until it would have been too late."

"Yes," he said, "that was always a possibility."

It was indeed; and a possibility on which Mr. Churchill had perhaps counted.

It is not within the scope of this brief sketch of Mr. Churchill toward the end of his official life to appraise his position in his times. But this much can be said. Mr. Churchill has been one of the few—the very few—who have significantly and beneficently affected the course of wor[illegible] events. That course would have b[illegible] markedly different without him. H[illegible] seldom can this be truly said of anyone. We tend to obscure this truth from ourselves because, being simians, it seems to us that chatter about events must affect them, just as Chanticleer believed that his crowing made the sun rise.

For a time, certainly in the early 1940's, Mr. Churchill, as an individual, affected the course of history. Inevitably, by 1950, he had ceased to do so. He had aged. His lever and his fulcrum were insufficient. "Give me but one firm place on which to stand," Archimedes is supposed to have said, "and I will move the earth." In the 1950's Britain was not that place. He still had his glorious sense of words drawn from that special reservoir, from which Lincoln also drew, fed by Shakespeare and those Tudor clerics who wrote the first prayer book of Edward VI, and their Jacobean successors who translated the Bible.

But at the time I speak of, he seemed sometimes to be entrapped by the [illegible] lusions generated by his own words. [illegible] instance was that famous phrase of [illegible] "a conference at the summit." What began as an attractive catch phrase to mean a meeting of four heads of government gradually seduced him, and countless others, into a transcendentalism, by which such a meeting took on spiritual and superhuman potentialities. It would be held in the atmosphere of a political Parnassus, washed clean of propaganda and earthy purposefulness, where more godlike creatures could pursue, and perhaps attain, goals beyond the reach of these same beings in their daily human environment. This phrase has done singular disservice to the decade of the 1950's.

But this small stricture, though necessary to round out this sketch, is surely minor. How shall I sum up an attitude toward Mr. Churchill which I shared with a large number who have worked with him, but have never been close to him? It is, I think, at bottom not very different from that combination of deep respect, veneration and affection, warm but not intimate, which a loyal but sophisticated Catholic might have for the Pope. Bu[illegible] has more gaiety about it than that. F[illegible] as I hope this sketch has brought out, Mr. Churchill's immense vitality carried with it the sparkle of an inexhaustible spring.

Something of this feeling went into my last note to him, when he returned the seals of office to Her Majesty and became once more a private member of Parliament. The note was dated April 7, 1955:

Dear Sir Winston: More than ever you and Lady Churchill have been in our minds. My wife and I send you both a message of our profound respect and admiration, our affection and our warmest hopes for your happiness. There is also our gratitude and the gratitude of millions like us everywhere—gratitude for the reasons which have been said so often and for another reason. At a time when man has seemed to be dwarfed by his own creations, you have shown us anew the grandeur and greatness which the human spirit can achieve. It is by this that men live.

May all good things and only good things come to you.

Most sincerely yours,
DEAN ACHESON

In his second article in next week's [illegible] Mr. Acheson tells the revealing story of his diplomatic jousts with the Russians.

—THE EDITORS

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They Chase the Speeders

(Continued from Page 38)

the instructor's car flashed by, Jones started from a standstill and overhauled his "speeder."

"The sheriff caught him pretty quickly," Johnston recalls, "and I figured if he could do it, I could do it. The lieutenant promised not to drive over seventy and to stop the instant he heard my siren—but that's not as much help as you might think, because the man you're chasing can't hear a siren at that speed, unless it's almost on his back bumper.

"Lieutenant Davis was halfway down the straightaway before I rolled into it and I was peaking—flooring the accelerator—all the way. I know I was doing nearly 120 before I slowed for the turn. They told me later I must have been running at 105 going into the turn."

In the first moment, as Johnston began to cut across the turn, he was confident. "Then I felt that tremendous centrifugal force pulling the car out. I knew that if I hit the brakes at that speed on a turn I'd be dead. All I could do was try to control the skid by steering and acceleration."

"Sheriff" Jones was watching from the infield, a quarter mile away. "I could hear the tires screaming, and for a second I thought he really might make it," he said. "Then he slid clear off the asphalt.

The well-adjusted wife is one who lets her husband have her way.

GEORGE T. ROBEY JR.

The car rolled onto its side, then began to tumble end-over-end. I guess I must have been sort of shocked, because it seemed to me to be happening in slow motion. I started to run to the turn. All I could think of was, I'd better get there—he must be badly hurt or dead."

On the first roll the left door of the car popped open. Johnston, held by a seat belt, was toppled partly through the doorway, his helmeted head banging into the crushed rock and dirt at the roadside. As the car jolted upright again, he was hurled safely back inside, just before the door slammed shut like a huge scissors blade.

"I don't know how many times the car somersaulted after that," Johnston said, "but I knew what was going on. I remember thinking every time, *I made it through that one, but I can't do it again.* Each time I was waiting for the next smash to do me in. The car finally came to rest, upside down, still rocking back and forth. And I was still alive."

Johnston found himself hanging upside down from his seat belt, his head jammed between his knees, and his knees wedged against the car's top below him. "The steering wheel was gone; I didn't know where it was," he says. He tried repeatedly, but couldn't unlatch his safety belt.

There seemed to be no way to get out of the wreck. The windshield had vanished, but it left no opening because the roof was battered down to the cowling. The window space in the jammed door at his left was crunched down to a slit. The right window was larger, but he was so tightly jackknifed that he doubted he could wriggle over to it.

"Then I felt a flood of gasoline pouring down over my shoulders and helmet," he recalls. "I knew the engine, tires and wheel lugs were sizzling hot, and the whole thing might blow up any second."

Johnston can't remember how he did it, but somehow he unlatched his safety belt and squirmed through the tiny opening in the left-hand door. "The next thing I remember is getting to my feet outside the car and running. I looked back as I ran and felt a crazy urge to giggle. Pieces of the wreck were still rolling away across the field."

Johnston was taken to a hospital, but doctors found nothing worse than bruises and a scraped knee and elbow. He was back in his academy classes within two hours. Why did Johnston crash? Study convinced Lieutenant Davis that his student had fallen into a psychological trap that awaits all pursuit drivers. That is, he yielded to the powerful urge to concentrate on the car he was chasing.

"Until this crash," Davis explains, "we weren't aware how strongly drivers are affected by this follow-the-leader compulsion. Johnston's driving techniques were good, and he had demonstrated that he could sense maximum safe speeds when he wasn't pursuing anyone. So his accident taught us one of the most important lessons we've learned from our course—that in a pursuit run, every officer must consciously fight the temptation to concentrate on the car ahead. He has a car of his own to drive, and he must never forget it."

According to Inspector Daniel J. O'Connell, one-time boss of the California Highway Patrol's training program, thinking of the car ahead confuses drivers regardless of speed. "Haven't you ever followed a drunk who was weaving over a lane and half? Watch yourself—you'll find you're tending to weave around just as he does."

Since Johnston's crash, there have been more than a dozen training crack-ups, but still no serious injury to drivers. Johnston was protected only by a crash helmet and seat belt; now additional precautions have been taken. Heavy steel bars have been installed inside the training cars to keep their roofs from collapsing if they overturn. A shoulder harness has been added to the seat belt, to keep the driver from being thrown against the steering column or instrument panel. Left-hand doors are tied shut with heavy straps. During all high-speed runs, a mechanic has a rescue car parked in the infield; its equipment includes fire extinguishers and crowbars.

There are no exceptions to this safety routine. When I took a trial run as a passenger with the current instructor, Sgt. Robert M. Phillips, a former racing driver, I was fitted with a helmet and securely strapped in place.

"Let's assume you're a cadet," Sergeant Phillips said. "Assume you've been through the classroom preliminaries, and you're now reporting at the track for the first time. This is what I tell the new cadet: 'The purpose of this emergency-vehicle-operations course is to teach you to operate your vehicle safely under high-speed conditions. But first you must see the car's potential—see what it can do.' Shall we begin?"

Zoom! Scree-e-ech! Zoo-o-om!

The car lunges forward, squeals around a tight turn and thunders into a 3200-foot straightaway. Phillips accelerates so rapidly that his passenger is pinned against the back of the seat.

The car is a Dodge sedan, using a high-powered engine and modified with heavy-duty brakes, transmission, front-end spindles and wheels.

"It is a standard California Highway Patrol vehicle," Phillips explains. "We

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know they will do at least 130 miles per hour, because we have driven them that fast. On this relatively short straightaway we can run up to nearly 120 before decelerating for the turn."

His speedometer rolls smoothly up past 115 as the turn where Johnston crashed draws near. The passenger, torn between exhilaration and anxiety, wonders: *Isn't this exactly the way Johnston was driving?*

Just in time, the roar of the engine fades. Phillips touches the brake pedal gently, briefly. He cuts smoothly into the turn, with the speedometer needle hanging for an instant at ninety. Now our speed begins to climb again, the thunder of the big engine fills the car, and Phillips edges the steering wheel gradually to the left.

"You have to be smooth," he explains. "You go making jerky, abrupt motions while driving at these speeds, and you're dead."

The powerful centrifugal force of the turn thrusts me hard right against my shoulder harness. Tires are squealing and smoking as the side thrust threatens to break their grip on the asphalt. The car seems to edge nervously around the corner, as though all four wheels were sliding, grabbing, sliding, grabbing, The speedometer reads over 100 again as the car flashes into the next straightaway. Phillips is talking casually.

"In any pursuit run it is possible to gain in the turns if you go into them at a safe speed. You'll notice that we came out of that turn much faster than we went into it. If you started that turn too fast, you'd never get around at all. So the safest way actually is the fastest.

"The safe entry speed on any turn depends partly on the driver's skill, and acquiring skill takes lots of practice. Our cadets have to work up to these speeds gradually. The aim is to use all of the potential performance of the pursuit vehicle—safely. A 4000-pound automobile traveling 120 miles an hour has nearly 2,000,000 foot-pounds of energy. You don't put a greenhorn in that kind of wagon with a few 'driving tips,' and turn him loose on the public highway."

The car screeches around the next left turn—slower, because it is tighter and unbanked—then careers through a sharp s turn, around a long, fast left curve and back to the starting point.

Nearby is another track, a small oval, perfectly flat and glistening with oil. "This is our 'skid pan,'" Phillips explains. "We flood it with oil, then spray it with water. Cadets take cars with smooth tires, throw them into skids at low speeds and try to control them."

On the skid pan the student discovers that any jerky, rough movement of steering wheel or accelerator pedal may throw the vehicle out of control. If he brakes while turning, he can't steer the car at all. If the rear end begins to slide sideways, steering into the skid and accelerating very smoothly may control it. But if the rear wheels are too far out, nothing can stop the skid, and acceleration makes things worse. If the car heads into a turn too fast, it won't steer; it simply slides off the track.

"Cars act exactly the same in high-speed driving on dry pavement," Phillips explains. "But you can't just read about techniques and start applying them at high speeds. They're not instinctive either; they're a conditioned reflex, a skill you learn by practicing until proper action becomes automatic. That's why we had to have this course. You can't practice these things on public highways.

"You probably noticed that series of numbered roadside signs before we got to the first turn? Well, by taking her foot off the accelerator at Number One, even your grandmother could probably get around that turn. By the time a cadet is good enough to get up to Number Five before decelerating, however, he'll be going into that turn at ninety. Some get that good in nine hours' practice, our minimum. Some take a lot longer."

The carefully designed 2.2-mile track and the skid pan assigned to the emergency-vehicle-operations course were not built overnight. First, California legislators had to be persuaded it was a good investment. The land, worth perhaps $50,000, was already available at the academy, but an appropriation of $94,255 was needed for the track and a repair shop. All was ready for use by July, 1958, three years after O'Connell and others began promoting the project. Bernard R. Caldwell, then commissioner of the California Highway Patrol, is generally credited with convincing the legislature that the course was worth its cost.

"Its value has been proved time after time," O'Connell says now. "We know this training has averted many bad accidents. Only five years ago our patrol vehicles in California were running about 300,000 miles per 'chargeable' accident. That's any accident the officer could have avoided, regardless of who was primarily to blame. Now the figure is nearly 400,000 miles per 'chargeable' accident—and much of that improvement is due to this training."

Even so, budget makers sometimes choke a bit over the operating costs of $20,000 a year. Of this sum, $2000 per car is spent each year to keep them in service.

"Repair costs run up to thirty times normal," Sergeant Phillips said. "Top-grade new tires, like those we use on the highway, last only 150 miles on front wheels here; even special racing treads run only 300 miles. Front-wheel brakes are shot in 1200 miles. Wheel lugs will loosen in one hour. We have to remove and examine axles, spindles and wheel bearings every 3000 miles. This sort of driving develops cracks in the metal that wouldn't occur in a lifetime of ordinary use."

The problem of repairs licked early attempts to start a speed-training course on a shoestring. The first effort used a dirt track gouged out by a bulldozer on the present site adjoining the academy. Lieutenant Davis, a veteran race driver with a 1,000,000-mile safety record, was summoned.

"They wanted me to give the academy commander, Capt. Leonard A. Overhouse, and Lt. James Booth a demonstration ride around the dirt track in the captain's car," Davis recalls. "We had no seat belts, so I drove just a medium-speed lap, skidding only a little on the turns. Captain Overhouse started to laugh and said, 'That's enough. That's enough. You get the job!'"

So Davis became the first instructor. He had one old patrol car, retired from highway use with 100,000 miles on it, and the improvised, bumpy dirt track. "The kids had all kinds of troubles trying to control skids while bouncing over that uneven surface," he recalls.

By noon of the first day, the motor mounts on the battered old car gave way, letting the transmission break loose. And so in half a day the old car was ruined, the dirt track was all gouged up, and three cadets had got a half hour each of training.

A disused military airfield near Stockton was rented for another attempt. Davis marked out a speed track on runways and taxiways, with one high-speed straightaway ending in a 135-degree hairpin turn. Fortunately, there was a 100-foot margin of paving beyond the outer line of the marked hairpin.

"Time after time those cadets skidded way out on that runway from that turn," Davis said. "Watching those whirling, high-speed skids gave me the willies. It was tough on tires too. We started with three old cars, and by noon we had only enough tires left for one car. That car promptly broke a wheel going into a right-angle turn.

"I was riding with the student driver, going into the turn at eighty, when the right-front wheel snapped and lodged up in the fender. The cadet froze on the steering wheel, and the car skidded straight toward a hangar. We slid nearly 200 feet, sending out showers of sparks, while I was yelling 'Turn it! Turn it!' The cadet finally obeyed. The left-front wheel was still steerable, and it hauled the car around, safely away from the building. But we were out of business again, after only a half day of training for ten cadets."

Inspector O'Connell and Captain Overhouse questioned the student drivers closely and discovered such things as this: One cadet, on his first fast run at the hairpin turn, spun in such terrifying circles that he froze to the wheel. On his sixth attempt he was still skidding at eighty miles per hour, but this time he was thinking about what to do to regain control, and he was doing it.

On the basis of the cadets' reports O'Connell and Overhouse decided the training was too good to drop. "What would we need to do this right?" O'Connell asked Davis. Davis listed necessary equipment and sketched a track layout on a sheet of paper. With Commissioner Caldwell's support in legislative halls, the emergency-vehicle-operations course was born.

Satisfactory performance on the rugged course is required of every cadet. There are one or two twelve-week classes of eighty or more cadets at the academy each year, depending on the need for recruits. Older officers come back for refresher courses.

Performance varies with the individual. Some acquire adequate skill in nine hours' practice; some need up to thirty hours. "We've never flunked anyone yet," says Sergeant Phillips. "Every cadet we enroll is mentally and physically capable of learning the things we teach."

Nearly 7000 men were approved to take the state's Civil Service examinations for traffic officer (cadet) in a recent period. Only 724 passed the mental and physical tests. From these, the Highway Patrol chose the men it needed; normally, only 80 to 180 are taken each year. Selected men go first to the academy for 548 hours of classroom instruction in fifty-seven subjects, ranging from traffic law to the psychology of handling people, and for their driving instruction.

Then they go on duty at $481 a month as part of the 2600-man patrol of California's 81,000 miles of highways. As survivors of such a rigorous weeding-out process, they are proud of their jobs. Recent graduates, like thirty-year-old Ken Stoffer, say, "We think it's a pretty good profession."

Stoffer, one of the few cadets in his class with racing experience, said running jalopies on dirt tracks is quite different from handling (*Continued on Page 78*)

Sergeant Phillips instructs a cadet by radio at California's pursuit-driving-school track. The car at right is about to be overtaken in heavy fog conditions.

The "skid pan." On this oil-and-water-coated quarter-mile oval, cadets force cars with bald tires into low-speed skids to learn control techniques.

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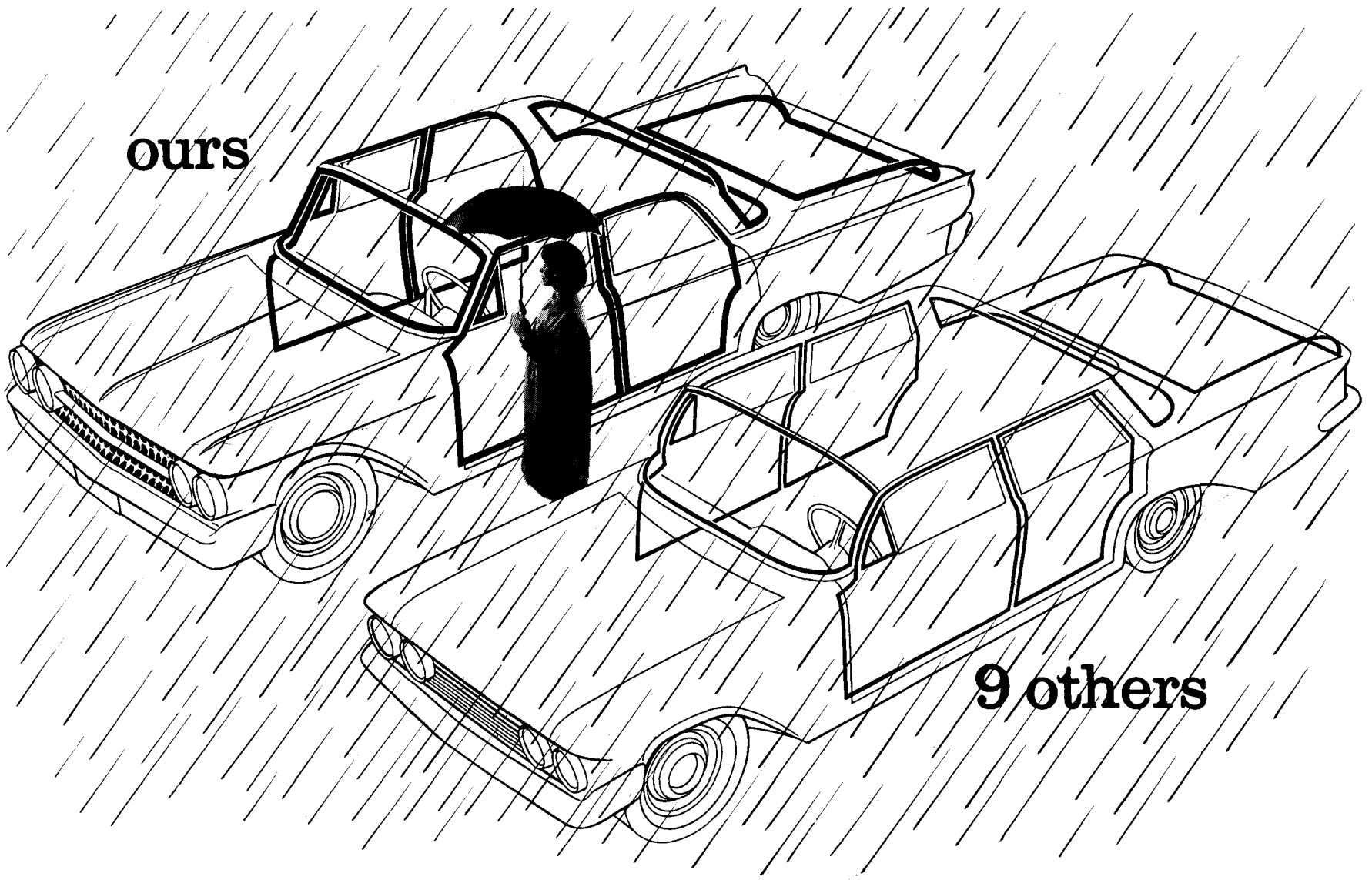

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(*Continued from Page 76*) a heavy patrol car on asphalt at high speeds.

"So I learned a great deal at the emergency-vehicle-operations course," he said. "By the time you get through, you have real confidence in that Highway Patrol automobile. And when you've learned the straightaways and turns of your assigned highway beat as well as you learned the E.V.O.C. track, you're in pretty good shape."

Developing such confidence is one of the instructor's aims. Sergeant Phillips begins by lecturing the class for a full hour on the tremendous forces affecting a vehicle moving at high speeds. Then he gives each cadet a fifteen-minute demonstration of what the car can do if the driver is skillful and careful. This ride with Phillips is slightly hair-raising and sobers even the most cocky cadet.

"But after about three hours of ten-minute sessions on the course, a lot of them think they've learned everything," Phillips says. "This is the stage where they'll try to drive over their heads. We've learned to watch for little telltale signs. If a driver uses every last inch of paving on a turn and kicks up a little dirt, we know he'll probably spin out next time around, so we stop him.

"Ten minutes of this kind of driving is about all a student can take at a time anyhow. After that he'll become tense and stop learning or lose all sense of speed.

"We once had a cadet who couldn't seem to drive faster than fifty-five—he never had in his life. I rode with him and got his mind off the speedometer, until he got up to seventy-five. Then, when he realized how fast he was going, with a fifty-five-mile turn coming up, he froze. I had to kick his foot off the accelerator and grab the wheel to get around the turn. We've had some freeze at seventy. We had one stop in the middle of a run and lose his lunch. But they all came through eventually."

The lessons of the course stay with its graduates, as letters from many officers attest. Consider the story of twenty-nine-year-old traffic officer Jim Decker, for example. Decker, a classmate of Crash Johnston at the academy in 1958, spotted a speeder while patrolling U.S. 50 in El Dorado County a year later. "He was doing nearly ninety, westbound and had a two-mile head start by the time I got on the highway," Decker reported. "I really dropped it in and got up to nearly ninety-five going up White Rock Hill, using my siren and red light."

As he topped the blind crest of the hill, an old green sedan loomed up close ahead, sitting squarely across both westbound lanes; its driver was trying to make an illegal U turn.

"I hit the brakes and began to skid out of control," Decker recalled. "It felt like the whole car was going out from under me. And I thought I could drive!

"I could see the people in that sedan sitting there petrified, staring at me skidding toward them nearly broadside at eighty miles an hour with all four tires streaming smoke. Then everything I'd learned on the skid pan at E.V.O.C. came back to me. I accelerated and pulled the car out of the skid. It slewed back into line in time to clear their bumper.

"Only by then I was across the double line somewhat and an oncoming car w terribly close in the single eastbound la At our speeds we were only a couple seconds away from a head-on collision, but I managed to avoid that one too without losing control.

"I even caught my speeder eight miles farther on, although when I came back the U-turn driver had gotten clear away. But let me tell you, except for what I learned at E.V.O.C., there'd have been quite a few people dead on that hill, including me."

And the cost to the State of California in damage verdicts, the current Highway Patrol commissioner, Bradford M. Crittenden, is convinced, could have been several times the cost of the whole E.V.O.C. project.

What Freedom Has Done to India (Continued from Page 33)

the few pedestrians, while a procession crossed in front of us. Their banners were red, white-lettered in Hindi and English—IMPERIALISTS, GET OUT THE CONGO; DOWN WITH U.S.A. TOOL HAMMARSKJOLD. Scores of police watched them, each policeman carrying the heavy, brass-tipped stave called a *lathi*. This was an orderly procession, its members shuffling along in silence. When the tail had passed, the police drifted away, and I crossed the road.

(In the following account the chief characters are syntheses of various people, and the names of some places also are my invention. Nevertheless, all are true to life in India today.)

Harry Thompson met me at the door of his house—or, to be accurate, of his half-house; like many others, it was made into two when the housing shortage hit Delhi after independence. Harry is a tall Englishman of forty-four, with blond hair growing a little mousy and a long, rather mournful face. We hadn't seen each other for more than fifteen years. At our last meeting he was a squadron commander in the Hariana Lancers, and I was chief of staff of an infantry division of the Indian Army. That time, he was leaning down from the turret of a Sherman tank a few miles north of Mandalay, and I was shouting up some last-minute orders to him. An hour later he got three machine-gun bullets through the shoulder and neck. Until then we had seen a good deal of each other, during and before the war, though he was two years junior to me at Sandhurst.

His bearer had the drinks ready. "I know what you like," Harry said, beaming. "Lots of whisky and lots of soda, eh?" I beamed back; he meant Scotch. Twelve years in America have turned my taste to bourbon, but I didn't have the heart to tell him that.

His wife came in then, and Harry introduced me. Laxmi is about forty, I suppose. She was at an American university in 1939 when war broke out. Her parents are old-fashioned Bengali Brahmans, but they must have sensed the changes coming in India, and Laxmi may have bullied them too—no Indian parent can deny a child anything—and off she went to the States. When she returned to India in 1943, she went into politics and did a few short spells in British jails.

She met Harry while he was in Calcutta recovering from his wounds and promptly married him. By then her parents must have given up any last hope that she would turn into a "normal" Brahman girl, as they understood the term. Harry resigned his army commission when India became independent, and one of the large British firms in Delhi gave him a job. He was overjoyed; as with a lot of Englishmen, India was in his blood.

"No one else coming, nothing on my mind for tomorrow," Harry said. "We can have a good bukh about old times."

"And new times," I said. Laxmi had settled into the sofa beside me; she was a placid-looking woman, except for her flared nostrils.

... ...

Did I Say That?

By Hal Chadwick

My wife's always quoting
Things I have said,
But never suppose
That it goes to my head,
For all the quotations
To which I refer
Concern things I've foolishly
Promised her.

... ...

"Begin at the beginning," Harry said and raised his glass. "Cheers. And tell us ——"

The telephone rang. Harry got up, and we heard his voice from the hall. "What? . . . But, Tara, we said we couldn't come tonight. . . . No, honestly we can't. . . . Well, as a matter of fact, we have people here. . . ."

He came back with a disgusted expression on his face. "There's the new New Delhi for you! One damned cocktail party after another. Yesterday we were invited to three."

"What's happened?" I asked. "In the old days there were a few cocktail parties, but not many. People used to give rather nice formal dinner parties occasionally."

Harry said, "Part of it's because very few Europeans are out here for life now, the way we used to be. They aren't settled, if you know what I mean, and a cocktail party's an unsettled, fluid sort of thing too. But the real cause is India's freedom, and Delhi's becoming a capital city. The *corps diplomatique* has descended on us. Heaven knows how many embassies and consulates we have here now—I've given up counting. Every one of them has a vast staff, and every member of the staffs, down to fifth secretaries, throws cocktail parties, to which he invites members of the *corps diplomatique* and a few nondiplomats, mostly Indians, plus a few non-Indian businessmen like me."

Laxmi's voice was unexpectedly sharp. "And you can divide the nondiplomatic guests into three categories, almost by eye—the majority, who want to get something out of the *corps diplomatique*, a trade deal, contact with an uninhibited foreign girl, a transistor radio; a smaller number whom the *corps* wants to get something out of; and a very small number indeed who are invited without any ulterior motive."

Harry said, "The *corps* is not popular among the more responsible people here. It's their diplomatic privileges and the way they use them, plus our import restrictions. Look at Laxmi—where do you think she got that lipstick? She bought a half-used tube from an American woman with one of the missions, and the woman insisted on her paying the full price of the original full tube. They're flogging stuff all the time. They can import duty-free, for ten thousand rupees, a car which has a market value of sixty thousand here."

Laxmi said, "Half these embassies have no business in India at all—I mean, no diplomatic or trade relations which a single office boy couldn't handle. They're just outposts established to let some of the boys in the back room get rich quick. All this sharp practice is at the expense of India. Every penny these embassy people get goes out as foreign exchange, which we badly need. You'll meet foreigners here who boast that they have not bought more than two pounds of meat during a two-year stay. They've achieved it by slaughtering as many deer and antelope as possible."

"I have met them," I said. "I've also met the other kind, who are aware of India's problems and of their own responsibility not to make them worse. I have met several of the Americans in the missions and I'm convinced that most of them are really dedicated to helping India."

"Oh, yes," Laxmi said quickly. "But the other sort of foreigner has given t whole *corps* a bad name. This kind extortion would be wiped out if we I dians would stop buying from them. But the things one needs to live, rather than simply to exist, are not made locally, and their import is forbidden. The government wants foreign exchange to build dams, buy heavy machinery—and aircraft to oppose the Chinese incursions. Yet Harry needs to play golf—it's the only exercise he can take—and he literally can't get golf clubs, except this way."

"It was unpatriotic of you to buy that lipstick," Harry said with a grin.

"It was," she agreed, "but there are limits to patriotism. I've been to jail for India and would die for her—but going without lipstick, that's too much."

"I suppose that's about the biggest fact of life in India today, for people like us," Harry said, "the shortage of consumer goods. When I read your American advertisements. . . ."

A screech of tortured rubber climbed in through the windows, ending in a metallic crash. We rushed to the window and drew back the curtains. A sm rickety sedan stood at the edge of a pc of lamplight, ashimmer with broken glass, its nose bent against a tree. A bicycle lay in the middle of the road, and a man nearby was picking himself up shakily. We saw the driver of the car get out. The cyclist was certainly uninjured, for he was waving his hands, his face contorted with fright and fury, as he advanced on the motorist.

Harry drew the curtains closed. "No lights on the bicycle," he said.

"They ought to carry lights," I said heatedly. "There's a law surely. Why don't the police enforce it? They always used to."

"There are too many cyclists now ——" Harry began.

Laxmi interrupted. "No, darling, it's *azadi*, freedom."

"And, of course, bicycle lamps are hard to get, except at an exorbitant price," Harry said.

"It's something of all three," Laxmi said. "If a policeman stops an offending cyclist, he *may* get that man's name and address—meanwhile, two hundred m without lamps ride past. Sometimes t simply gang together and push the policeman away from the man he's got hold of. And nowadays everyone knows

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someone, a member of Parliament, an official."

"Just like home," I murmured.

"The British raj didn't depend on votes and didn't care what cyclists thought. Now the government does care. You know, when independence came, our leaders had been talking about it so long and so passionately and encouraging people to break English-imposed laws, that disrespect for law became a kind of virtue. Millions of Indians, after independence, thought that all laws had been abolished, that everything was free, that all the roads and railways and public buildings belonged to them, to be used as each pleased. We are an undisciplined people at the best of times, and ——"

"On the roads, yes," I said. "Delhi traffic is a nightmare that might please a Spanish anarchist of the old school, but surely no one else."

"*Azadi* is very real here," Laxmi said. "Do you know Drag?"

General Dhargalkar is an old friend, and I nodded, reflecting that the Western-oriented upper crust of India is a very close-knit organism. I do not think I could have mentioned any name known to me without either Harry or Laxmi, or both, also knowing him.

Laxmi said, "Not long ago Drag was driving round Poona, complete with red hat and gold tabs and all, and found the road blocked by a cowherd with his cows. After a time, Drag got impatient and leaned out and yelled in Marathi, 'Did your father build this road?' And the cowherd snapped back, 'No. Did yours?' That would never have happened twenty years ago."

"Nor a century ago, nor five centuries," Harry said. "It's quite true, you know, Jack. The whole country's blossoming out. People are doing things they've never done before. I mean, not even before the British came. You'll see tourists now, ordinary villagers, visiting shrines and temples and the Taj Mahal. Sometimes they walk, sometimes they take a train; time means nothing to them. They sleep beside the road—but they're tourists, not travelers. And ——"

Laxmi said, "Jack is an American, darling. I suppose it is now two hours past your normal dinnertime?"

"About that," I agreed.

Harry leaped up guiltily. "We eat terribly late here nowadays, almost as bad as Karachi used to be. We thought of going to the Fighting Cock. It's the cook's day off."

Soon we were in the car, easing out past a bullock cart loaded with cauliflowers, into the cool rush of the north Indian night air. I said, "I don't ever remember an Indian servant having a day off. When one wanted a short holiday, his grandmother fell sick. If he wanted a long holiday, his house fell down."

Laxmi laughed. "That still happens—*and* they get days and half days off. How many servants did you have when you were here in 1946, as a married man?" she asked.

I calculated quickly. "Bearer, cook, dishwasher, sweeper, dog boy, ayah, gardener—seven. And, of course, there was our share of a dhobi [washerman] and darzee [tailor]."

"How much did you pay them, all together?"

"About two hundred rupees a month."

"That was, then, sixty dollars, wasn't it? And your pay as a lieutenant colonel was about two thousand rupees a month."

"They cost me ten per cent of my pay," I said.

"Now those servants would cost you a minimum of four hundred and fifty rupees a month—plus food, fuel, winter clothes and so on. But your salary as a lieutenant colonel would be slightly lower."

"Almost a quarter of your pay," Harry said. "You couldn't do it. We live more simply now. I can't pretend that I prefer it."

"Darling, that's because we're at a halfway stage," Laxmi said earnestly. "We aren't mechanized enough. We don't have the equipment to do without servants in our kind of life—but we can no longer afford enough of the hand labor. Here we are. You remember the old Regent?"

I remembered it well. It used to be Delhi's most select hotel and it still has an air of grandeur, a viceregal tone, with which the huge modern hotels can not compete. We went down a long corridor and into the Fighting Cock, a fairly new room, a *boîte* within the hotel for dining and dancing. On the way we passed a long, curved mahogany bar. It stood bare; the glass shelves behind it were bare, and in that silent antechamber it looked like the altar of some esoteric rite, long since deserted by its devotees—near enough to the truth in prohibitionist India.

"You can get drinks in your hotel room and in clubs," Harry said, "but not in bars or public places. And not anywhere on Tuesdays and Fridays, the dry days."

"Except when an international convention is in Delhi," Laxmi said dryly. "Then the government relaxes the rules. The crackle of dollar bills overcomes all their principles—just as the sight of lipstick overcomes mine."

We sat down and ordered our meal. "No wine, nothing, I'm afraid," Harry said, "but it's better here than in Bombay at least. There an Indian can't get a drink at all unless he gets a permit from a doctor declaring he needs it for medicinal reasons. Miserable, drink-addicted foreigners can get permits too. The amount of money that's lost in taxes on drink is enormous."

"But drink money, Morarji says, is tainted," Laxmi said. Morarji Desai, ex-chief minister of Bombay and a leading candidate to inherit Nehru's mantle, is a rabid dry.

"All right, but won't they learn anything from history, from America?" Harry asked. "Bribery and corruption everywhere, illicit stills making rotgut, thousands of special police chasing moonshiners instead of real criminals, encouragement of disrespect for law, damned interference with a chap's private life. There's a waiting list nearly three years long for the Gymkhana Club here."

"Because you can get a drink there?"

"Partly. Also because of the facilities—tennis, swimming. Delhi has grown fantastically. Population used to be about half a million. After partition, the refugees from Pakistan came and pushed it up to over a million and half. Now it's nearer three million. But there hasn't been any corresponding increase in clubs and tennis courts and facilities of that kind. Housing hasn't kept pace either."

I took Laxmi onto the dance floor. She was wearing a sari of dark green silk, her midriff bare, and green, high-heeled sandals. It was noticeable that Indian women always wore the sari, or, if they came from the north, the Punjabi trousers and tunic, whereas one seldom saw a man wearing anything but Western clothes.

"What's happened to the clubs elsewhere, in the mofussil?" I asked. In a hundred lonely barracks towns the club used to be the center of British social life. Before 1920 none of them admitted Indians. After that, slowly, nearly all came to do so as Indians passed through Sandhurst and into the army, which was

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usually the small club's main or only support.

"The mofussil," Laxmi repeated, smiling. "You really are an old *koi hai*, aren't you?"

"The first Masters landed on your poverty-stricken and pestilence-ridden shores in 1790," I said. We were using a kind of double talk understood only by the old India hand. "Mofussil" is an Urdu word which was falling into disuse even twenty-five years ago, meaning "the provinces, the sticks." "*Koi hai*" means literally, "Who's there?" and was used by the sahibs to call for service, as in Malaya the tuans might shout "Boy!" or clap their hands.

Laxmi answered my question. "In most small places the clubs have simply died, although in the bigger cities the clubs are still going strong."

"In the same—er, imperial manner?" I asked.

She laughed. "One or two. The Bengal Club in Calcutta didn't admit Indian members until a couple of years ago. The Cochin Club still doesn't. Nor does the Yacht Club in Bombay." She had named three of the most high and mighty clubs in the country, all supported exclusively by British business tycoons.

"Still?" I asked incredulously.

"Still," she said. "This is a democracy, and if people want to form a European club, we don't stop them. After all, I suppose you couldn't force a Hibernian lodge in New York to admit Negro members, in spite of the antidiscrimination laws. The swimming clubs are the worst, though. Even the most biased sort of European or American doesn't seem to mind dancing or drinking with us, but they foam at the mouth if we appear in bathing suits and try to get into the same water with them."

The music stopped, and we returned to the table. Laxmi touched my sleeve. "Look over there," she said. "There's the new India for you."

"Gilded youth of New Delhi, rather," Harry muttered.

I looked across the dance floor. Half a dozen Indian youths and girls, all about eighteen or nineteen, were arranging themselves round a table, emitting a great deal of noise in a high, well-bred chatter. I could catch only a few words. "Absolutely awful party. . . ."; ". . . too sordid. . . ."; ". . . that clot in the funny tie. . . ."; ". . . Bubbles said. . . ."; ". . . going to Oxford. . . ."

"More Mayfair than Mayfair," I murmured.

"Ved Mehta was very funny about them in his book, *Walking the Indian Streets*," Laxmi said. "Did you read it?"

"I reviewed it," I said.

"Society with a capital *S*," Harry growled. "Yet papa will still arrange most of their marriages."

"And mamma will still see that the girls don't take unladylike jobs—like being an air hostess. This isn't the place to see the ordinary new youth of the country. You ought to go to the coffeeshops round Connaught Circus about lunchtime or in the early evening—girls in tight sweaters and *kurtas*, girls studying hard to be taken for beatniks, girls in tight blue jeans."

"That's getting out of date," Harry said. "France is the teen-agers' new model—the girls with their hair in a sort of beehive, youths in tapered, tight trousers and long hair and dark glasses even at midnight."

"They're perfectly ordinary, good kids," Laxmi said. "India's joined the world, that's all."

"I heard," I said, "that some of the senior girls at . . ."—I named a famous and exclusive college for young ladies—"swear that of course they have had sexual experience, otherwise how could they appreciate *Lady Chatterley's Lover?* Mind you, what girls say and what they do is often quite different."

Harry bristled. "I don't believe that. Indian girls are still—wonderful."

"So are American girls," I said gently, "but I am given to understand that the statement would be true of a good many of our college seniors."

"He's right, darling," Laxmi said. "You have such beautiful ideas about the purity of womanhood. Indian girls were only more chaste because they were more closely supervised, more hedged in by taboos. Now they are breaking out and—they are girls, just like English or Fijian girls, and they will be swept away by exactly the same emotions. . . . The teenager problem has hit India. The other day a group of kids attacked a boy outside a movie house in Jubbulpore and killed him, stabbed him to death. Most of the big cities have gangs who go around doing senseless damage. The reason's the same everywhere—uncertain future, obvious inability of their elders to cope with it, and so a lack of belief in the elders' wisdom and the breakdown of the family as a self-contained unit in which the young have a place, a responsibility, a job to do, even if it's only watching the cow. They go to school, and the ties get broken. That's why I and a lot of other people think that compulsory primary education, which the government is just going to introduce, is a mistake. It'll break up the family influence still earlier, and there's nothing here yet to replace it with."

"Same problem at home," I said. "But I think your government is right. We can't make any progress toward democracy and a new deal in society until we give everyone the chance of a decent education, even if some of the results are bad."

Laxmi was waving at the occupants of another table a little distance off, a group of five women—two young, two middle-aged, one old. All were extremely *soignée* and decorative; but as a group they gave the impression of being at a business conference. I said as much. Laxmi said, "You're about right. That's a committee of planned-parenthood enthusiasts."

Harry stared gloomily into his lemonade. "I suppose it's necessary," he said, "but I must say, I wish it were still a matter for the inside of a doctor's office. Women nowadays—I mean sweet, innocent-looking Indian girls who a few years ago would have blushed if you'd asked them the time of day—now talk loudly about green beads and safe days."

Laxmi laughed. "You are impossible," she said. "For India it's a vital matter, and we won't win unless we bring it out into the open. Besides, it was only the Moslem domination here that put women behind bars. The Hindu woman of our great ages was free to show all of herself, and I mean all, look any man straight in the face, discuss whatever she liked."

"I have been to Khajuraho," I murmured. Khajuraho, a group of eleventh-century temples in central India, displays stone carvings of thousands of ladies in scant clothing or none at all, several hundred of them in compromising poses with gentlemen, sometimes in startlingly athletic groups. Everything is being done with the utmost grace and innocence, and there is no sense of pornography.

NEXT WEEK

OF MEN I HAVE KNOWN:

THE RUSSIANS

By former Secretary of State **Dean Acheson**

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE CANCER THAT BLINDS CHILDREN:

THEY SAVE INFANT EYES

By Joseph P. Blank

WHAT AFRICA IS REALLY LIKE

By Stewart Alsop

Jackie Cooper, Ex-Millionaire Child Film Star, Tells His Own Story:

UNFORTUNATELY I WAS RICH

In Color:

WE SCALED DOOMSDAY MOUNTAIN

By Nicholas B. Clinch

Laxmi said, "Yes, and those weren't temple harlots, you know. Those were ordinary men and women celebrating the gift of life."

Harry was squirming in embarrassment. "Socialism," he said in a desperate attempt to change the subject, "that's what . . ."

"Do you see the tall young one in that group?" Laxmi interrupted, "the one with the exuberant figure? She's from Meerut. She wants to be a fashion model. Her husband won't let her. It's the men who are always the conservatives, the men who block progress."

"And, possibly, in her case, the paucity of fashion magazines published in Meerut," I said. Meerut is a garrison town forty miles north of Delhi. One can equate it, in cultural scope, with Fargo, North Dakota.

Harry saw an opening. "And there won't be any opportunity for her anywhere under socialism," he broke in firmly. "The State Trading Corporation will take over, and then there'll be a Ministry of Fashion with twenty deputy secretaries, but there won't be any models or magazines, or fashions, for that matter. I can understand the state's getting into bulk buying of foreign goods, building dams, rural electrification and so on, but what the devil does it want to run hotels for? I believe they really mean to destroy private enterprise here. You know Tatas are making twelve thousand Mercedes trucks a year under license? Now the military services want two thousand more a year. If the government gave the order to Tatas, Tatas would have a more economical operation, their trucks would cost less to everyone. But no, the government is going to make its own trucks in its own arsenals. Two thousand a year! What would they think of that in Detroit?"

"I think they'd call it cottage industry," I said, "and charge accordingly."

Laxmi said, "You know, it isn't that we object to the government's aim—there was far too great a difference between rich and poor here. We just don't think that prosperity for ordinary people can be achieved by bureaucratic socialism. It's inefficient, that's why, and we're so poor we can't afford inefficiency."

"I agree," I said, "and I think that your government underestimates the skill and drive of the Indian industrialist and merchant." I glanced at my watch. "I've never had a lime-juice hang-over yet, so if you don't mind, I think I'll get back to my hotel."

A few minutes later we were standing outside on the steps. The stars shone cold and high above the great city. The dust of the plains hung in my nostrils, but I knew that if an angel were to lift me a little higher, above the dust and the trees and the minarets, I should see the long, glittering ice wall of the Himalayas to the north. An American tourist was paying off his taxi. A Nigerian lady in full costume, followed by a younger woman who must have been her secretary, strode purposefully up into the hotel. Two middle-aged Indians smiled and bowed at us as they passed.

"Do you know them?" I asked.

Laxmi shook her head. "No," she said. "That's *azadi*."

"And tomorrow their car will push you off the road at the Rajpath Circle," I said, smiling.

"I think it will work out here," Harry said, "even with this damned socialism. India has a tremendous—well, grace, but no one can be graceful while he's trying to get enough food to eat."

"It *must* work out," Laxmi said firmly. "We women will see that it does."

Then we parted, they to their home, I to my hotel. THE END

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Alexander Botts: Easy Mark

(Continued from Page 29)

the equipment I have ordered from Phoenix. We are confronted with an emergency."

"Go on," I said.

He launched into a fluent narrative. "The Birchard Construction Company of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, has a spread in the mountains about fifty miles from here. The word 'spread' describes a fleet of tractors and other equipment used in building an oil or natural-gas pipeline. You are no doubt familiar with the term?"

"Certainly."

"This morning a man from this spread drove down in a jeep with a letter from Frank Birchard asking for help. He has just lost a lot of equipment in a flash flood. He wants me to send replacements. I told him I would send as much as I had on hand and order the rest from Phoenix. He is such a splendid old gentleman that I want to help him as much as possible."

"You are personally acquainted with him, no doubt?"

"Yes, indeed. I am an old friend of his."

"So am I," I said. "Do you happen to know whether his wife has recovered from her recent operation?"

"Yes," he said, "I understand she is getting along fine."

"And the three children are well?"

"Yes, indeed."

"That's good," I said. "But we ought not to be wasting our time in mere social conversation. Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"There certainly is, Mr. Botts. I feel that I should stay here to unload the new shipment of machinery when it arrives on the railroad tomorrow or the next day. In the meantime, it would be wonderful if you would take charge of driving the machinery we now have on hand out across the desert to the spread."

"Delighted!" I said. "You have operators for these machines?"

"Yes."

"And you can give me a guide to show me the way?"

"No. None of my men have been out there. And Birchard's man has started back. But I have complete directions in this letter from Mr. Birchard." He pulled a letter from his pocket and started to read. I copied the directions in my notebook as he read. "Go straight east from Mosatch Flats along the Old Cavalry Road for ten miles to the bridge across the Mosatch River. This river runs from north to south. At the bridge, turn north and go up the right bank forty miles to the present location of the Birchard spread."

"You mean I cross the bridge and go up the east bank?"

"Exactly."

Mr. Dickson said he would tell his men to tune up the equipment. He would send along a tank truck with fuel and oil and another truck with food, water, sleeping bags and miscellaneous supplies. Everything would be ready in about an hour.

I drove to the hotel to pick up a bite of lunch. On the way I thought over my recent conversation. And more than ever I was inclined to think of Mr. Daniel Dickson as Devious Dan. When he had reported on Mrs. Birchard's successful operation and on the good health of the three children, he was obviously trying to improve on an already adequate story. And he gave himself away. I know, because I know Frank Birchard. I have worked with him on half a dozen different pipeline jobs. I spent a month with him last year in Paris when we were establishing our branch there and when he was negotiating a North African pipeline deal with the French Government. We spent many pleasant hours in his favorite hangout—the *Café de la Rive Gauche* on the Boulevard Saint Michel. And, as far as I know, Frank Birchard has always been a bachelor and he has no children.

At this point, Henderson, you are doubtless getting ready to dictate a violent letter denouncing me for failing to see through the devious designs of Devious Dan. My answer is that I was perfectly aware of Dan's deviousness. The only trouble was that I had no way of knowing exactly what he was up to. However, as I could see no harm in taking a lot of Earthworm equipment to the Birchard spread, I decided to go ahead. I also decided to say nothing to Devious Dan about my suspicions, but to keep myself ever on the alert to counteract any sort of funny business he might try to perpetrate.

Having come to this decision—which at the time seemed reasonable—I dismissed from my mind all disturbing thoughts. And I concentrated my entire efforts on consuming a good meal in the hotel restaurant. At about one in the afternoon I took charge of the great machinery expedition, and we started moving east along the Old Cavalry Road.

We made an impressive spectacle. I led the way in the company car. Behind me came the two pipelayers with their twenty-foot side booms reaching into the sky like church steeples. Following them were the two backhoes with their buckets curled neatly under their booms. Next came the four Earthworm crawlers clanking along on their sturdy tracks. Right behind the tractors was the fuel-and-oil truck. And bringing up the rear was the chuck wagon with food and supplies.

The weather was delightful, and I permitted myself to relax completely while I drank in the beauty of the blue sky, the fascinating colors of the desert rocks and the interesting shapes of the extinct baby volcanoes which dotted the landscape.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at the Mosatch River. And it was most fortunate that I was well rested, because I found myself confronted by a situation that called for the exercise of all my energy and resourcefulness.

The flood, which had overwhelmed so much of the Birchard machinery forty miles upstream, had now reached the Old Cavalry Road crossing and washed away the bridge. The stream, about thirty feet wide, was rushing and boiling along—almost level with the banks.

As we contemplated this discouraging scene, all my operators and mechanics promptly announced that we were licked and suggested that we turn around and go home. But I am made of sterner stuff. In less time than it takes to shift an Earthworm tractor from neutral into high, I decided on a plan of action. And I rallied the feeble spirits of my followers with a short but inspiring oration based partly on Ethan Allen's address to the Green Mountain Boys prior to the taking of Fort Ticonderoga, partly on Napoleon's oration reminding his soldiers that "beyond the Alps lies Italy" and partly on the famous Bechtel-Price-Callahan poster that was so successful in recruiting men for the great Canol pipeline job back in 1942.

"Friends and fellow citizens," I said, "as Earthworm operators you have been famous for your willingness to take on difficult jobs. Your reputation as earth movers is superb. But you must now be prepared either to abandon this high reputation or to follow through on the

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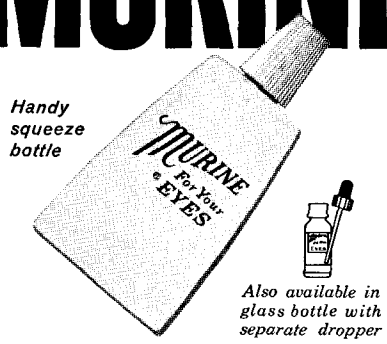

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mighty project which is before us. Even as Napoleon accomplished the seemingly impossible task of leading his army across the Alps, so now I propose to lead this cavalcade of machinery across yonder raging river. This is no picnic. But if you will follow my orders and acquit yourselves with courage and devotion, I can assure you that victory will be ours. Are you with me?"

One of the men proposed, "Three cheers for Napoleon Botts!" and the entire group rallied around, yelling loudly. My quick mind at once detected a faint note of derision in the cheers. I had a feeling that these men were merely waiting to see me make a fool of myself and that they would quit any time my plans started to go wrong. However, I went ahead with complete confidence. As my plans unfolded, they began to see that I knew what I was doing. And from then on they worked with the greatest enthusiasm.

My *modus* was simple. I first had the bulldozers push several hundred large chunks of loose rock up to the edge of the stream. I assembled all the equipment on the bank beside these rocks. Then I had the two backhoes start digging a channel from a point on the bank slightly upstream from us, leading around behind us, and rejoining the river at a point downstream from where the equipment was parked. As soon as part of the river began flowing through this new channel, I had the bulldozers push the big rocks into the old channel. By this operation we finally blocked it completely, and the entire stream flowed around behind us. In other words, we had shifted the river from a position in front of us to a position behind us—thus, in effect, getting the machinery across the river even though the said machinery stayed in the same place throughout the entire operation.

As I planned to drive back to Mosatch Flats after delivering the machinery, I had left the company car back on the west side of the new channel. I had stretched a length of wire rope between two poles on the opposite sides of this new channel, and installed a pulley on the wire rope so that we could move people and supplies from one bank to the other.

All this takes very little time to tell, but it took a long time to accomplish. We worked all night by the light of the moon and the headlights and floodlights on the machines. We worked all the following morning—yesterday—and part of the afternoon.

At the triumphant conclusion of the operation, I was unfortunate enough to suffer a somewhat ridiculous accident. In jumping off one of the tractors which I had been driving, I tripped, fell down and sprained my right wrist. My entire crew urged me to return to town and see a doctor. By this time we were all good friends, and they assured me they were willing and eager to run the equipment up to the Birchard spread. I finally consented to go back, and they had a lot of fun installing me in a sleeping bag, fastening it to the pulley and rolling me across the new river channel to the other side. I waved a cordial farewell to my loyal friends as they drove the parade of machines along the far bank and finally disappeared behind a small hill to the north.

I had just climbed into the company car to experiment with one-armed driving when I noticed a cloud of dust approaching from the direction of Mosatch Flats. Before long it became evident that this dust was being stirred up by a big parade of heavy machinery. And, as the parade drew near, I counted two pipelayer tractors, two three-quarter-yard backhoes and four heavy crawlers with bulldozer blades. But these were not Earthworms. They were Behemoths—wheezing and clanking like the crude monstrosities which they are.

The leading machine was driven by Devious Dan himself. As he came opposite me, he stopped. I climbed out of the car and walked over beside him. And just at this moment an automobile arrived, and out jumped Harry Smith, our Phoenix Earthworm distributor.

"Hello, there, Mr. Botts," he said. "I didn't expect to find you here. I heard a rumor that the Behemoth people were shipping a lot of equipment in here and I thought I would come down to check up. What's going on?"

"Maybe," I said, "Mr. Daniel Dickson could explain about it."

We both looked up at Dan. And as we looked, there appeared on his face a grin that was both insolent and triumphant. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "there is no sense in trying to deceive you any longer. I have quit the Earthworm Company and I am now working for a much better outfit, the Behemoth Tractor Company."

"I can't believe it," said Mr. Smith.

"It ought not to be any surprise to you. You certainly didn't think I was going to work for you indefinitely at the starvation wages you were paying?"

"Most people would say I was paying you too much."

"Oh, yeah? It may interest you to know that the Behemoth Company offered me five thousand a year more than you were paying, with better commissions and better fringes. I agreed to make the switch two weeks ago."

Mr. Smith glared at him. "And you never told me anything about it?"

"Why should I?" said Devious Dan. "You would have fired me before I was ready to quit. But I'm telling you now. And I'm going to tell you a whole lot more. You've always bossed me around as if you thought you knew a whole lot more than I do. Well, you're not as smart as you think. And I've been waiting a long time to prove it to you."

Mr. Smith was gradually getting mad. "You must be crazy," he said.

"Crazy like a fox—that's what I am. I ordered this Behemoth equipment so I could sell it to Mr. Birchard instead of the Earthworm equipment he had asked for. Mr. Botts heard me putting in the order by telephone yesterday, but he thought I was ordering Earthworms."

Mr. Smith turned on me. "You mean you actually heard this man ordering this Behemoth equipment and you never had the faintest idea what was going on?"

"I'm afraid he fooled me completely," I said. "But it doesn't make any difference. He is too late with this Behemoth stuff. The Earthworm equipment is already across the river and heading up the opposite bank. It ought to reach the Birchard spread sometime tomorrow."

"That's what you think," said Dan.

"That's what I know," I said.

Devious Dan laughed right out loud. "Honestly, Mr. Botts, I never saw anybody quite so gullible as you are. If you think back, you may remember that I had a letter from Mr. Birchard which gave directions for reaching his spread."

"That's right," I said.

"Did you read the letter, Mr. Botts?"

"No. You read it to me, and I copied it down on a piece of paper."

"Didn't it ever occur to you to wonder why I was reading you the directions instead of letting you read them yourself?"

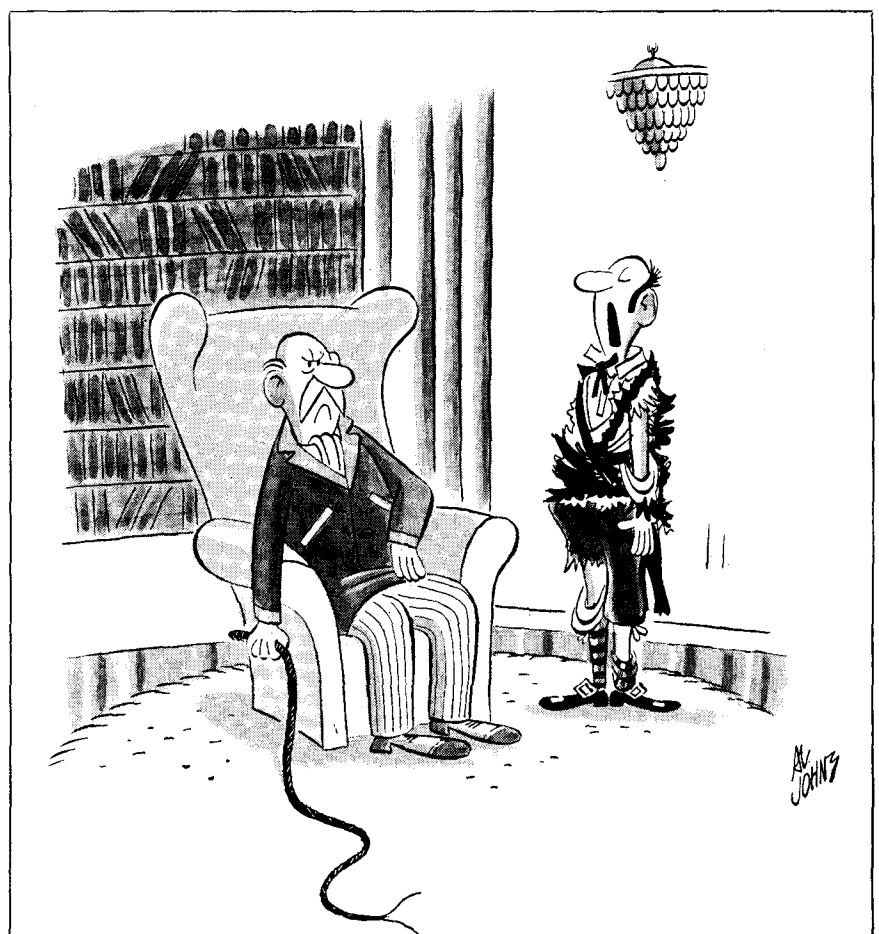
"No," I said. "I never thought about it at all."

"Really, Mr. Botts, with a mind as childish as yours, I cannot understand how you have lasted as long as you have in the tractor business. Have you finally caught on to what I was doing? Or should I explain further?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to explain further," I said.

"Very good. I changed one little word in Mr. Birchard's letter. He said to turn north and go up the left bank of the river—which is this side. I told you to go up the right bank—which is the other side over there. If you don't believe it, you can see for yourself."

He pulled out the Birchard letter and handed it to (*Continued on Page 84*)



"Will that be all, sir?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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New Journal cookbook?

Who needs it?

Nobody but the people who plan a thousand meals a year. Nobody but the people who spend four hours a week in the grocery store, and forty more in the kitchen. Who needs the Ladies' Home Journal's new cookbook? Nobody but women. / The Journal Cookbook, like everything else by the Journal, is edited helpfully and practically and specifically for women. / The recipes are imaginative -- but the instructions leave nothing to the imagination. The pictures are edifying -- but we use all the words we need, too. Even the very construction of the book is thoughtful -- the pages lie flat when open so they won't turn when you're up to your elbows in batter. / These same considerate principles, applied in the magazine itself, make Journal cookery the most culled and clipped and counted-on section in any women's magazine.

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(*Continued from Page 82*) me. I read it. And it was all too true. The letter directed us to go up the left bank of the river.

"I see," I said. "You lied to me."

"You can call it what you like. I consider it a very clever stratagem. And it has worked even better than I had hoped. I had expected you to cross the river on the bridge. I did not know the bridge would be washed out and you would spend about twenty-four hours diverting the river."

"Let me get this straight," said Mr. Smith. "Do I understand that when this Earthworm equipment gets forty miles up the river, it will be on the wrong bank?"

"Exactly so," said Dan cheerfully. "And that is not all. A couple of years ago I followed this river upstream for over sixty miles. So I know that for practically all this distance it flows through a solid-rock canyon where you can't divert the stream the way Mr. Botts did here. There are no bridges up there. So if you want to get that machinery back across the river, you'll have to turn it around and bring it all the way down here again."

"We've got to stop those men with the Earthworm machinery," said Mr. Smith. "They've got to bring it back here right away."

"How are you going to get word to them?" asked Dan. "Are you going to swim across the river?"

"We've got to get across. But how?"

"That," said Dan, "is your problem, Mr. Smith. But if I were you, I would not worry about it too much. Even if you get all that Earthworm machinery back here and across the river again, you will be a long way from reaching Mr. Birchard's spread. There is a narrow rocky pass a few miles north of here which I intend to dynamite as soon as we get through. So if you follow us, it will take you at least a week to force a way through the fallen rock."

"Why, you dirty double-crosser," said Mr. Smith. "I'd like to poke you in the nose."

"I would not advise you to start anything, Mr. Smith. I have with me a crew of husky Behemoth tractor mechanics. They would like nothing better than a good excuse to pick up a few wrenches and other tools and start working on an Earthworm tractor man. You don't know how I have enjoyed our little conversation, Mr. Smith. But now I must really be on my way to sell all this Behemoth machinery to Mr. Birchard. Good-by and good luck." He gunned his engine, and the entire parade of those wretched Behemoth monstrosities executed a sharp left turn and started rolling ponderously away toward the north.

For a while Mr. Smith was speechless with rage. Then he turned to me. "Mr. Botts," he said, "I'm going back to Mosatch Flats to telephone Phoenix for a chartered helicopter. As soon as it arrives, I will fly straight up to that spread and explain to Mr. Birchard exactly what has been going on. It probably won't do any good, but I want to get my story in before Dan Dickson gets there. After I've talked to Birchard, I'll see what I can do about all that Earthworm machinery."

"But listen ——" I began.

"I don't want to hear a single word out of you, Mr. Botts. You have missed a wonderful opportunity. You were presented a chance to put over a sensational rescue operation and make an important sale to an important customer. And what happens? You fall for an obvious and transparent swindle. You take charge of a whole fleet of expensive machines, move them to the wrong side of a river and start them rolling off across the desert in such a way that nobody can go after them to bring them back."

"But listen," I said. "I have a good excuse for everything."

"I'm not interested in excuses, Mr. Botts. I'm going to send a telegram to Mr. Henderson, the president of your company, describing your gross negligence and abysmal stupidity in permitting the Behemoth Tractor Company to steal this important sale away from the Earthworm Company. I am asking Mr. Henderson never to let you come near me again. And I trust you will get out of this neighborhood as fast as you can. You and I are through, Mr. Botts. Good-by."

He jumped into his car and headed for Mosatch Flats. I followed in our company car. After having my wrist bandaged by a doctor, I enjoyed a good meal and retired for a good night's rest. This morning I started dictating this report to the hotel stenographer.

By this time, Henderson, I am sure you have several times interrupted your reading of my remarks to dictate angry telegrams and/or letters to me. But I do not hold this against you. As previously stated in this report, I have been compelled to hold back certain information that I considered confidential. So it is not your fault that you do not know what you are talking about.

I wanted to explain everything to Mr. Smith. He would not listen. I did not want to explain anything to Devious Dan. I saw no reason to save him from his own folly—especially after the way he boasted of his supposed triumph over me. And up to this time I have not been able to tell everything in this report because there is a Behemoth salesman here in the hotel, and a Behemoth salesman is exactly the sort of slimy toad who at this very moment may be listening at the keyhole or picking up my words through a concealed microphone with the foul purpose of prematurely revealing important facts to Mr. Daniel Dickson.

Fortunately, however, the need for secrecy no longer exists. Even as I was dictating the previous paragraph, Mr. Harry Smith, our Phoenix distributor, came rushing into the hotel full of apologies—which I was happy to accept in my usual gracious manner.

Mr. Smith had helicoptered himself to the Birchard spread and back again. He reports, among other things, that Devious Dan has taken his machinery through the pass and dynamited it after him—which means it will take him at least a week to get back. And this, in turn, means I can now explain everything.

When Mr. Birchard, in his letter, said his spread was on the left bank of the river, he was influenced by his memories of Paris, where the Left Bank is on your left hand as you face downstream. But Devious Dan thought he meant on your left as you face upstream. So he changed the word "left" to "right" and told me it meant right as you face upstream. But I doubted this, because I remembered Mr. Birchard's Parisian background. So I called Mr. Birchard's chief engineer by long distance in Bartlesville and learned that the spread was definitely on the east, or left bank as you face downstream. So I knew what I was doing all the time. But Devious Dan, lacking the cultural advantages of a Parisian sojourn, did not.

And that is all, except that Mr. Smith wants me to tell you that even though you may think that everything I have done here was absurdly simple and easy, you should nevertheless remember that there was only one man around here who had the foresight to telephone for accurate directions and only one man who thought of an effective way to get that machinery on the other side of the river.

Cordially yours.

ALEXANDER BOTTS

THE END

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Minnesota Grows Older

(Continued from Page 31)

than 1000 miles from the oceans. Yet water, both liquid and frozen, is, in a word, the essence of the state. Water forms the greater portion of the state's boundaries. Within these boundaries there are more lakes, swamps, creeks, bogs and potholes than in any other state in the Union. Minnesota has so much water, in fact, that it cannot contain it all. It flows out in all directions, not only south, down the Mississippi, but due north to Hudson Bay and east through the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. It is exaggerating only a little to describe Minnesota as the nation's water faucet.

Most of the water came, originally, in the shape of an immense glacier which inched down from the north during the last ice age, about 11,000 years ago. When the glacier melted, it left behind a vast number of lakes. *Exactly* how many lakes is a moot point. Minnesota license plates describe the state as the LAND OF 10,000 LAKES, but this is imprecise. Recently state officials, having defined "lake" as an area of water ten acres or greater in size, have begun a new and accurate count. So far they have tagged more than 22,000. Minnesotans insist that everyone in the state lives within five miles or five minutes of a lake. There are scores of lakes that have not even been named, let alone mapped.

The lakes play a decisive role in the lives of most Minnesotans. In the Twin Cities, I noted, most of the posh neighborhoods are set around lakes—Minnetonka and White Bear. Almost everyone I met owned a boat, no longer considered a status symbol in Minnesota. Although the water felt icy to me even in the warmest month—August—water sports are wildly popular. Nearly everybody swims. The clan of skin divers is swelling rapidly, and not a few dive all year round, swimming under ice in rubber suits. Water skiing is old hat. Last summer the four-day National Water Ski Championships were held in the Twin Cities on one of the numerous lakes within the cities' limits.

Then there is fishing. As far as I could determine, fishing is the single most absorbing endeavor in the state of Minnesota. According to a Minneapolis *Star-Tribune* survey, 75 per cent of the people in the state fish for fun. The annual harvest, by Minnesotans and visitors, is a staggering 50,000,000 fish. Minnesota sells more fishing licenses (1,250,000) than any other state in the Union except California. Surprisingly, tourism—mostly fishermen—is the state's third-largest "industry."

Maintaining Minnesota's fish population against this annual angler assault is big business. For example, the hatcheries turn out 7,000,000 walleyed pike a year, to augment the natural reproduction. The fishing does not stop in wintertime. Men cut holes in the ice, Eskimo fashion, and sit for long hours in huts, waiting to gig a great northern or muskellunge.

A friend of mine, Walter Bennett of Washington, D.C., who could scarcely be described as a fishing fanatic, joins the summertime caravan to Minnesota. I inquired why. His reply is revealing. "It's not so much the fishing. It's great if you know where to go and if you really work at it. Mainly, I think, it's the chance to get away from everything. I go out in a boat every morning and just drift through that peace and quiet most of the day. If I get tired of one lake, I portage the boat to the next one. That's real lazyman's country. The only exertion I can remember is slapping at mosquitoes."

When I first arrived in Minnesota in August, I found most of the state squared off in debate about whether the lakes are playing out of fish. I'm sorry to report I cannot resolve this grave and perennial issue here. I trolled and cast with the most popular lures in some of the lakes, landing a few one- or two-pounders. But, being a skin diver used to the coral reefs of the Caribbean where a fifteen-pounder is routine, I'm not a good judge of tame-line fishing. I talked with many fishing experts—legion in Minnesota—who scoffed at the suggestion that the lakes were becoming depopulated.

"People who say that don't know how—or where—to fish," one said. On the other hand, some experts say positively that to get big fish, it is now necessary to penetrate deep into Canada.

"Don't believe it," a dedicated Minnesotan retorts. "Guys who say that are just looking for a good excuse to get farther away from their wives."

Those seeking total peace, and perhaps better fishing grounds, bypass the ordinary mass of lakes and head directly for "Arrowhead Country," a wedge-shaped, 3,500,000-acre tract, sprawling along the United States-Canadian border, from which automobiles and airplanes are barred. Without doubt, as Minnesotans proudly claim, this wilderness is the best canoeing country in the world. The most convenient jumping-off point is the town of Ely, where campers can hire guides, canoes and other equipment. The extent of a tour into this primeval land, I found, is limited by one's ability to portage canoes and supplies among the countless lakes and streams.

Lately a few of the hundreds of lakeside lodge owners have conceived a new way to prolong the tourist season. They would turn Minnesota's lakeside accommodations into a winter-resort center. One of these optimists is Paul Chrysler, who operates the plush Timberlane Lodge near Park Rapids, which is near Bemidji, sometimes called "the nation's icebox." Like most Minnesotans, Chrysler turns aside talk of the frigid climate. "You have to remember all the lakes and rivers are frozen solid in winter, and because of this there's no humidity," he told me. "We have an extremely dry cold and you hardly notice it." Chrysler's layout on Long Lake includes snug bungalows with fireplaces, an indoor, heated swimming pool, bobsled run, ski hill and the lake, which is available for ice fishing.

"In winter," Chrysler says, "my guests can fly direct from the Twin Cities and land on the lake and leave the same way. Everything they need is right here." Minnesotans seem fascinated by the idea. Some of them, anyway.

Up to now, however, apart from ice fishing in a hut, Minnesotans have shown little enthusiasm for outdoor winter sports. There is little snow skiing; most ice skating is done on indoor rinks. One reason is that it is too cold for most people. A lady who spent nine winters in northern Minnesota gives some idea of what it is like to be outside in this subzero climate.

"Keep moving," she writes. "Never at a run, because you cannot breathe this air deeply. Not slowly, because you must keep the blood circulating rapidly, generating heat. Turn your heavy scarf close over your mouth and nose to warm the air you breathe as you walk along vigorously. If you are under twelve or over forty-five, you had better not walk more than a few blocks at a time. This climate is no respecter of age."

The lakes and waterways of Minnesota are not new attractions. They figured prominently in the roughhewn exploration and early settlement of the state and, still later, in the fascinating drama of Minnesota's economic evolution.

The first men in the state were prehistoric mound builders. Then came Indians—Dakota and Ojibwa. Just who followed is still an intriguing controversy among the scholars, involving, naturally, water and possibly an epic voyage. The squabble was touched off in 1898 when a farmer, Olof Ohman, uncovered a stone in a field near Kensington, Minnesota, chiseled over with Nordic runes. The message on this stone indicated it had been left in 1362 by Viking explorers, who had penetrated the Midwest through Hudson Bay and the northward-flowing Red River. After an exhaustive examination, some scholars claimed the stone a phony; others said it was authentic. Dr. Theodore C. Blegen, Minnesota's leading historian and former dean of the University of Minnesota's Graduate School, told me cautiously, "Let's say that neither side has won a clear-cut victory."

Barring these Vikings and skipping ahead 300 years to the mid-1600's, the first white men in Minnesota were French-Canadian explorers and fur traders who canoed west over the Great Lakes, searching for pelts and the hard-sought Northwest Passage to the Pacific. They found no passage, but the traders, soon including the British, were astounded by Minnesota's fur-bearing population. These tough outdoorsmen, called *voyageurs*, dotted Minnesota's lakes and rivers with trading posts to which Indians and whites alike paddled canoeloads of pelts from the back country. For decades thereafter the territory was the center of a tug of war involving the Hudson's Bay Company, Northwest Company, British, French, Spanish and Indians. After the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, Minnesota fell completely under United States jurisdiction. In 1858 it became the thirty-second state.

One of the most dramatic episodes in Minnesota's history occurred shortly after she achieved statehood. In 1862 the Sioux, as the Dakota Indians are popularly called, egged on by Chief Little Crow and others, brutally massacred some white settlers in a surprise attack. After a bloody and terrifying struggle, which ranks as one of the last great Indian wars, the Sioux were finally cornered. President Lincoln approved the hanging of thirty-eight of the Indian leaders, who were executed in public, an occasion described by some historians as "America's greatest mass execution." The settlers drove the surviving Sioux out of the state and confined the more peaceful Chippewa (Ojibwa) to lake-ringed reservations, where they remain today, some 13,000 in number. These Indians hold exclusive rights to harvest the wild rice which grows on the lake shores.

The modern development of Minnesota unfolded in a rough-and-tumble three-act drama. The underlying vehicle of this play, which frequently bordered on the tragic, was water.

(*Continued on Page 87*)

After the Spanking

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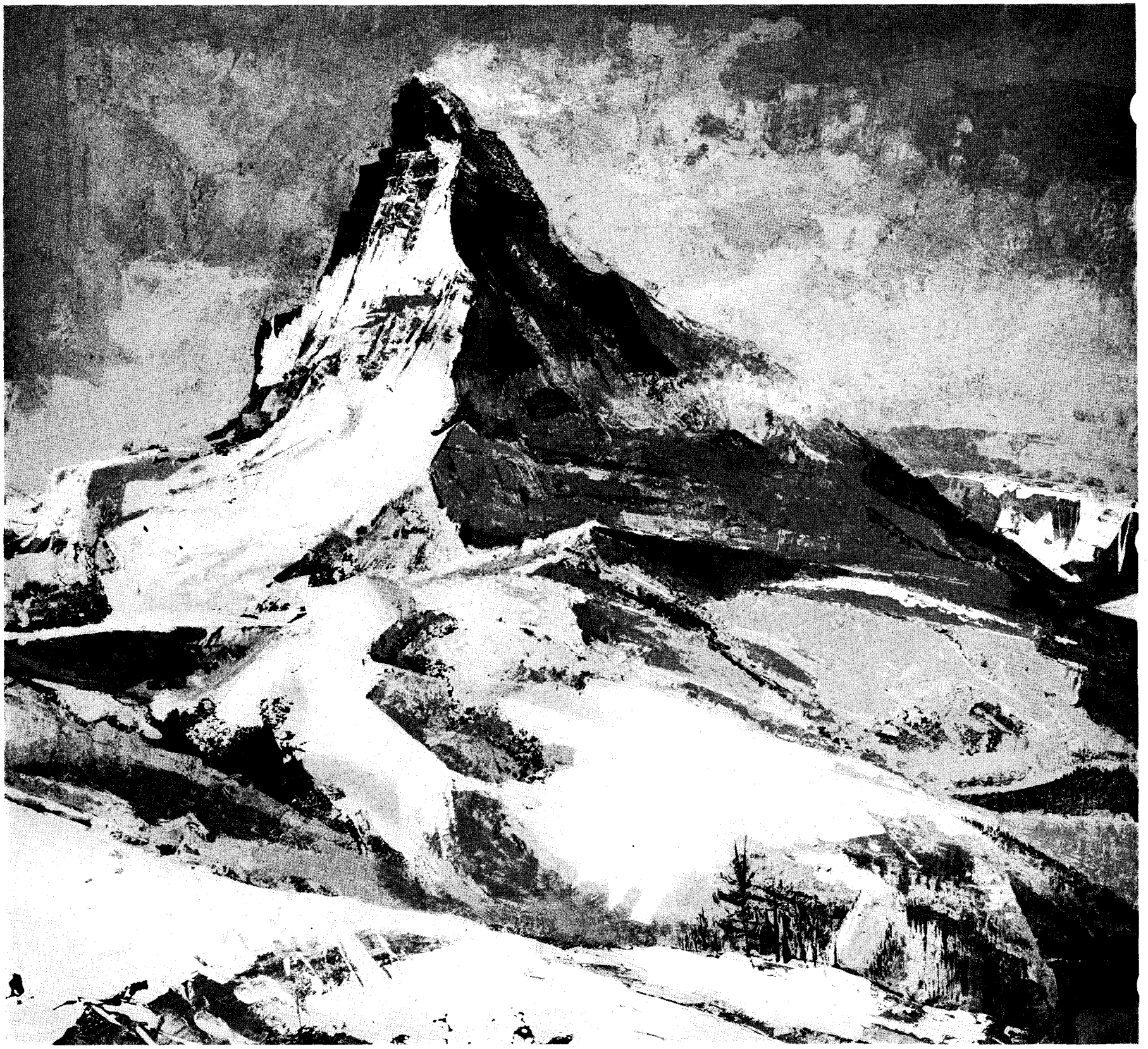

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(*Continued from Page 85*) Act One was the timber rape. About the time of the Civil War skilled Scandinavian lumberjacks, at ease in a vigorous climate and akin in spirit to the brawny *voyageurs*, descended on Minnesota's magnificent virgin forests in greedy hordes. The rivers and lakes of Minnesota soon became highways for a massive outpouring of logs. Sawmills by the hundreds sprang up alongside the waterfalls. Big paddle wheelers chuffed up the broad Mississippi to carry away the lumber. In 1894 and 1918 dreadful fires, which killed about 800 persons, swept through the forests, taking a further toll. Minnesota has never fully recovered from this wasteful onslaught. The descendants of the lumberjacks—Finns, Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, who inspired the tales of Paul Bunyan—remain, but virgin timber, such as the stand I saw in Itasca, is rare. Today most of Minnesota is covered by scrubby second-growth birch and aspen, scientifically harvested by the $200,000,000 pulp industry. Ardent conservationists have planted millions of little pine trees, but it will be years before great forests cover the land again.

Act Two was the evolution of the flour industry, which began about the time the big pine trunks began floating downstream to the sawmills. Homesteaders—wvout, conservative Scandinavian Lutherans and German Catholics—flocked into southern and western Minnesota to claim the rich soil. Soon their farms began to produce wheat in enormous quantity, and hundreds of flour mills sprouted on Minnesota's handy waterways. The largest mills grouped at St. Anthony Falls, a sawmill center, where the settlements of St. Paul and Minneapolis lay side by side near the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers. On Lake Superior, Duluth—named for an early French explorer—emerged as a big grain "exporting" port. For a while Minnesota was the flour capital of the world, and its big mills—Pillsbury, General Mills, and so on—became household words. In time the soil tired from yielding only wheat, and new, lower-cost wheat areas developed in the Great Plains, and the flour-milling capital shuffled off to Buffalo, Kansas City and other places. However, the big milling companies kept their headquarters and some mills in the Twin Cities, together with the hub of a grain-gathering railroad network. With this base St. Paul and Minneapolis grew into transportation and financial centers of the upper Midwest.

The Scandinavian and German farmers who had come to plant wheat made a lasting impact on the state. They shifted to other crops—corn, alfalfa, flax, soybeans—and today Minnesota's 145,000 neat, efficient farms provide the state's greatest source of revenue. The twelfth state in area, Minnesota ranks fifth in production of all farm products. The farmers also cast the state's character, which can be summarized as stodgy, reliable and healthy. Today Minnesota ranks low on crime, insanity and alcoholism, and high on literacy, school and church attendance—surprisingly, there are almost as many Catholics as Lutherans. On Selective Service qualification tests, for example, Minnesotans consistently score lowest in percentage of rejections. In per-capita owner-occupied homes, an important yardstick of stability, Minnesota ranks second-highest (after Michigan) in the nation.

Act Three was the discovery and exploitation of the richest iron-ore deposits in the United States. Indians told early explorers of the iron, but it was not fully exposed—or needed—until about the time of the Civil War. First came the Vermilion Range, then the 110-mile-long Mesabi Range, where in 1890 prospectors uncovered fabulous ore deposits almost on the surface.

What made the Mesabi deposits even more valuable was the proximity of a waterway—Lake Superior—to move the ore quickly and cheaply to the steel mills. The miners—tough immigrants for the most part, like the *voyageurs* and lumberjacks—brought in massive machinery to scoop off the "overburden" and dig out the ore. Then they laid a downhill railroad system from the mines to the grain port, Duluth. There on the steep slopes of Lake Superior—alongside the grain elevators—they built a maze of semi-automatic ore-loading docks. Soon a fleet of elongated Great Lakes ore boats was nosing into Duluth. Over the years the open-pit mines of the Mesabi Range have supplied more than half of the nation's insatiable craving for iron ore. Although it is frozen tight about four months of the year, in terms of tonnage, which mounts fast with high-density ore, Duluth ranks as the second-largest port in the United States.

Unfortunately for Minnesota, the waterways in this economic drama turned out mostly to be a one-way street, an expeditious means of draining off the state's resources. Take the iron ore, for example. For over half a century it has provided enormous revenue for the state, including vast sums for the support of the public education system, which not surprisingly is one of the nation's best. But now, like the fur-bearing animals, the timber and wheatlands of yesteryear, the high-grade ore will eventually give out. Engineers have perfected ways of exploiting the low-grade ores—the taconite pellet is the most famous—but these are expensive. It may turn out that "beneficiated" ores cannot compete favorably with the ore deposits of Labrador and Venezuela. Certainly it will never bring Minnesota anything like the ore revenue of the past.

Thus, while Minnesota still sports a warm cloak of prosperity, on close inspection we see the sleeves are shiny and frayed, and there are no resources to supply a new one. This growing economic crisis is reflected in the population figures. In the last ten years the nation as a whole exploded with people. Yet experts in these matters say that in Minnesota the 1960 census really shows a net decline of about 100,000—a significant number in a total population of 3,400,000. The experts say the trouble is that Minnesota has failed to build a broad permanent industrial base to provide jobs for its youth—those from the cities and the increasing number displaced from the farms by rural mechanization.

This ominous trend has not been lost on Minnesota's government. Somewhat belatedly the state has embarked on a crash program to lure industry to the fold, drumbeating the high quality of the work force and the state's recreational facilities. But industry's response has been cool. Some businessmen complain of the climate and lack of raw materials, but most complain that Minnesota's tax climate is "unfavorable," if not "downright chilly" for industry—especially a yearly "inventory tax." These include the executives of Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co. (Scotch tape, Thermo-Fax copying machines and so on)—one of the state's largest companies. Most industrialists seeking new plant sites skirt Minnesota. A good deal of the industry already in the state is growing restless and grumbles out loud about moving elsewhere.

There are, as always, exceptions. One is a new 2200-man I.B.M. plant perched on a hill overlooking antiseptic Rochester, home of the Mayo Clinic. Another is a small coffee-vending-machine company in Minneapolis, owned and operated by Gilbert Totten, a young engineer from the East. In both cases the executives of these relatively new companies grumbled about the taxes, but felt the advantages of Minnesota outweighed the disadvantages. Both praised the work force, especially the boys fresh off the farms. I.B.M., "which likes small towns," is impressed by the "character" of Rochester. Totten, a dedicated outdoorsman who has camped with his family in the wilderness area and owns a sleek sailboat, is impressed by the "honesty and reliability" of Minnesotans. After stopping at these plants, I came away with the impression that each was a special case. By and large it seems clear that if Minnesota wants more new industry, its farm-dominated legislature must revamp the tax structure.

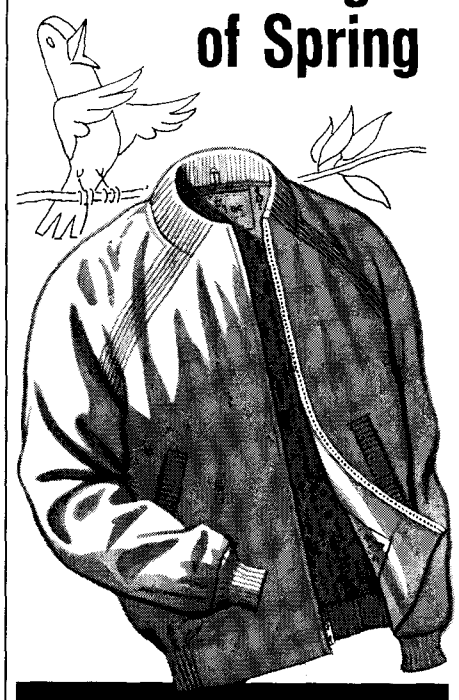
What's Going On Here?

One of the country's most famous statesmen, a former President, is about to lose his home for debts in his old age. Ever resourceful, he advances a plan which will let him sell some of his land, yet retain his home, provided the state legislature approves. But the plan becomes unnecessary when citizens hold mass meetings and raise funds as a gift to the statesman. Who was he, and what was the outcome?

Curtis Iddings Jr.

(*Answer on Page 92*)

Harbinger of Spring



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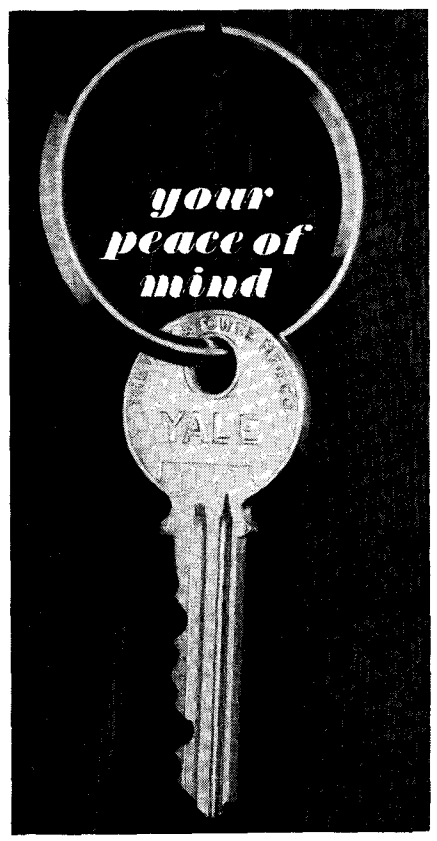

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These are weighty matters which need not concern the tourist in search of wall-eyes, muskies or arresting scenery. His—or her—biggest problem is getting a good grip on this massive land in order to see everything that counts. To make this simple, I herewith present the high points of a wobbly but road-tested Blair Figure-Eight Tour of Minnesota. A week is recommended for this 1400-mile jaunt. It can be done in much less time, because Minnesota's 122,000 miles of highways are straight and good and lightly patrolled by highway police, who show little interest in autos proceeding under eighty m.p.h.

My starting point was the Twin Cities, a pair of towns full of contrasts and contradictions. In appearance they are like night and day and might well lie 1000 miles apart. Minneapolis is clean and modern, with wide, confusingly marked one-way streets, split-level homes and exceptionally fine restaurants bearing curious, frontierlike names—Charlie's, Freddie's, Harry's. Minneapolis, a Lutheran town, has been called "the Paris of the North" by someone who obviously has never been to Paris. St. Paul, the state capital, is stuffy and conservative, reminding me of Boston—possibly because it is overflowing with Irish Catholics, relatively old money and big ugly mansions. One may pass between these cities without a visa, but the rivalry is intense. Each has a separate government and police force, and each its own baseball stadium. Many think this rivalry has been carried to extremes, and because of it the Twin Cities have lost out to some prospective industries.

The most fascinating aspect of these cities is the level of culture. The Twin Cities have spawned outstanding newspapers, a world-famous symphony orchestra, an impressive art center and semiprofessional theater group, and unusually aggressive historical societies. No one I talked to can explain the cause of this oasis of sophistication. The best suggestion came from Art Naftalin, a young politician, historian, and philosopher. He thinks it was the lucky coincidence of locating the University of Minnesota, the nation's fourth-largest, close to Twin City money. Most of Minnesota's cultural assets seem to stem directly or indirectly from the university, the hub of the state's forty-two institutions of higher learning. Another asset is Minnesota's football team, which in 1960 was ranked tops in the nation by many experts.

From the Twin Cities I drove northeast to Duluth, a dull, New Englandlike town with sweeping vistas and the awesome ore and grain docks. Duluth is sometimes called the world's "longest and thinnest" city. The best I can say for it is that a beautiful drive leads out of it along the shore of Lake Superior. Along this North Shore Drive one finds the closest thing to grandeur in the state: steep, rocky cliffs, a towering lighthouse to guide the ore boats, and an unobstructed view of Lake Superior—or Gitche Gumee, as Longfellow called it. At the end of this 150-mile drive lie the Canadian border and Grand Portage, once a trade center of the *voyageurs* and now a small Indian reservation, where a post has been restored for tourists. On my figure-eight tour a trip along this drive must be counted as a side excursion, well worth it if there is time.

A born executive is one whose father owns the business.

GEORGE T. ROBEY JR.

Doubling inland from the coast of Gitche Gumee I drove directly to Hibbing, a fascinating town in the middle of the relatively flat Mesabi Iron Range. Hibbing lies close by the Hull-Rust-Mahoning open-pit mine, the largest man-made hole in the world, and a truly astonishing sight to see. The town is populated by 18,000 vigorous people, miners who spring from about thirty-seven ethnic backgrounds and make an interesting study in melting pot-ism. Once fabulously rich from ore taxes—the high school is an opulent reminder of those days—Hibbing has fallen on hard times. Many people are out of work and worried, and here one can see clearly the impact of Minnesota's growing economic problems. From Hibbing there is a road to Ely and the wilderness area, which lies beyond the Blair tour.

From Hibbing I journeyed west to Bemidji, the inland tourist center in the heart of the lake country. Bemidji, studded with giant wooden statues of Paul Bunyan and his Blue Ox, Babe, is the ideal jumping-off point for optional side trips and a focal point for duck hunters who invade the state each fall to bag a record 1,000,000 pieces of highly prized game. Minnesota ducks, which feed on wild rice, lack a "fishy" taste. A road leads northeast to International Falls, a pulpwood center which I visited earlier by airplane. Other roads lead to nearby Indian reservations, which I found dull and depressing, but which might appeal to the youngsters. A road south leads to Itasca State Park and the head of the mighty waters.

Directly south of Itasca on the edge of the vast prairie country which sweeps on through the Midwest, there are, within a circle of forty miles, four items on the Blair tour. The first is the controversial Kensington Runestone, now housed in a museum in Alexandria. The second is the boyhood home of Charles A. Lindbergh, now a state museum worth a quick look, just outside Little Falls. The third is the complete town of Sauk Centre, which is well known as the setting (Gopher Prairie) of Sinclair Lewis's famous novel, Main Street. In the literary department, it may be worth noting that F. Scott Fitzgerald also came from Minnesota—St. Paul. The fourth, near Glenwood, is a bunch of rocks and debris, called terminal moraine, marking the southernmost reach of that last big glacier. Sauk Centre is pretty much as Lewis left it, drab and wind-blown. The terminal moraine will appeal largely to geologists.

This dusky prairie land has some other characteristics not evident to the untrained eye. It was at one time a breeding ground for radical protest groups—farmers, mostly, who felt they were being jilted by the milling interests in the Twin Cities. About the time of World War I, they were led by Charles A. Lindbergh Sr., first as a congressman, later as an unsuccessful candidate for governor. These farmers, who later merged with urban workers to form Minnesota's Democrat-Farm-Labor Party, profoundly influenced the state's erratic political history and ultimately gave the nation, among others, Hubert H. Humphrey. The land is a breeding ground for ring-necked pheasant, introduced many decades ago by Minnesota's famed conservationist, onetime commissioner Frank Blair. More than 1,000,000 birds are bagged every fall in the cornfields, making this part of Minnesota close to the best pheasant-hunting country in the world.

To round out the bottom half of the Figure Eight, I returned to the Twin Cities and set out again, southwestward, into the heart of the German farm country. I pushed as far west as the fascinating town of Sleepy Eye (pop. 3492). In contrast to Hibbing, I found nothing sleepy about Sleepy Eye, which was named for a friendly Sioux, Ish-Ta-Ka-Ba. A center of soybeans, peas, corn, turkey and dairy production, Sleepy Eye is booming, according to Mrs. Mary A. Wooldrik, the remarkably spritely eighty-three-year-old vice president of the State Ban[illegible] Out of curiosity I checked with the ed[illegible] of the local paper, W. E. Barnes, to f[illegible] out what was new. He told me the biggest events that ever occurred in Sleepy Eye were two: an exhibition baseball game staged by Babe Ruth in the snow, and the birth of the Seifert quadruplets. (Quads, now ten years old, doing fine.) I found a monument down by the railroad tracks in honor of old Ish-Ta-Ka-Ba. The sculptor could not have portrayed this chief more wide-eyed, all of which shows there's more to a town than a name.

Turning back to the east, I drove through the rolling prairie farms to Rochester, which is also booming and full of nurses and doctors. After a quick look at the famous Mayo Clinic, and the I.B.M. plant, I headed north to Lake City on the shores of Lake Pepin, which is in reality a wide and beautiful spot in the Mississippi. I followed the Mississippi to Red Wing, a pottery center, which has a new but unspectacular bridge that was dedicated last October by President Eisenhower. The last stop on my circle was Stillwater, near the state penitentiary a[illegible] site of a bullfrog farm. Here, in t[illegible] unlikely place, I had one of the be[illegible] meals I have ever eaten—in the Matterhorn Room of the Lowell Inn (mostly prime beef chunks which I cooked myself at the table, in boiling oil, and dipped in my choice of six meat sauces).

This, then, with a single exception, is the face of Minnesota. The exception, the Northwest Angle, is, without doubt, the most odd-ball piece of real estate in the United States. The Angle is a small, water-locked point of land perched on the bottom edge of Canada and belonging to Minnesota because of an old treaty mix-up over the exact source of the Mississippi. It is inhabited by a few souls who must be trying to get completely away from it all. I'm not sure, because I never got there. On the day I scheduled a visit to the Angle (not part of the Figure Eight tour), bad weather turned back my light plane. No matter. The Angle's biggest claim to fame, historically, was that it was the northernmost part of the United States. Now Alaska has robbed the Angle of that honor, and it is left, a fr[illegible] outpost in the land of sky-blue wat[illegible]

That Fatal Flaw (Continued from Page 39)

would be trucked from this mountain range down onto the desert.

Having considered, he spoke. "I like it here."

"Nonsense! We need a good man at the store! More money, home-cooked meals, evenings free—except Saturdays —— Why, you won't even have to make your own bed!"

Tongue-Tied Harris took three slow breaths. "No."

"What's the matter, Harris?" the colonel asked bluntly. "Afraid of yourself?"

For just an instant the young man met the colonel's challenging eye, then looked away. Tongue-Tied Harris took five slow breaths. Then he said, "Yes."

Col. Winston F. Wingate, whose troops had called him "Bulldog," took a determined bite on his cigar. He was a short man, broad, square-faced, who was not used to being talked back to by subordinates. "Nobody ever got rid of a problem by running away from it, Harris. The whole valley will be pulling for you. And if you make a slip—why, I spent a career in the Army and I understand. I'll tell you what: I'm sending trucks out next week to haul the sheep down to winter range, and I'll have a new herder for them. You get your things in order."

"But ——"

"Take it or leave it. Let's go, Jim; we've got to look at the other herds before dark."

As he watched the jeep move away, the herder's face and neck grew deep red. His fists clenched, his lips tightened. Suddenly he sprang from the wagon and hurried through the sage to head the sheep back to the bed grounds for the night. The dog, knowing the signs, tagged along warily a safe distance behind.

During the following week the frost turned sharp in the mornings, the scarlet leaves of the scrub oak began to curl with brown edges, and the butter-yellow foliage of the aspens rained down. At the sheep camp Tongue-Tied Harris didn't practice his violin. He didn't sing ballads to guitar accompaniment. He didn't read books or even magazines. He didn't answer his mail. When he tried doing a little leather work he cut his finger.

It was an outrage. All he wanted was to be left alone.

He saw Jim Martin's jeep coming on mid-morning Friday. Or maybe it was Saturday; he'd been so upset he'd lost track of time. Coming to get him, to take him into the ranch and put him behind the counter, meeting the public. An outrage. Half a mind to shoot Jim Martin, wearing his red coat and cap because it was deer season—a good target. While still a mile away the jeep dipped behind a hill, and then it happened.

Tongue-Tied Harris exploded. He was anything but inarticulate now. In fact, he'd received the nickname partly because he ordinarily had difficulty expressing himself and partly for the same reason that fat men are called Tiny. When the dam broke, the words flowed forth in an incredible torrent.

And what words. It was not merely that he had access to the vocabulary and expressions embodied in the spoken but not the written language, nor was it that he used such terminology to allude to topics that ordinarily are reserved for scientific research rather than polite discussion. No; not at all. That would be just ordinary cussing, at which most men when pressed can give a pretty good account of themselves.

What gave a new dimension to an explosion by Tongue-Tied Harris was t[illegible] where most men left off he had just be[illegible] The words, the expressions, the subj[illegible] matter, were to him merely the raw materials, the tools, (*Continued on Page 90*)

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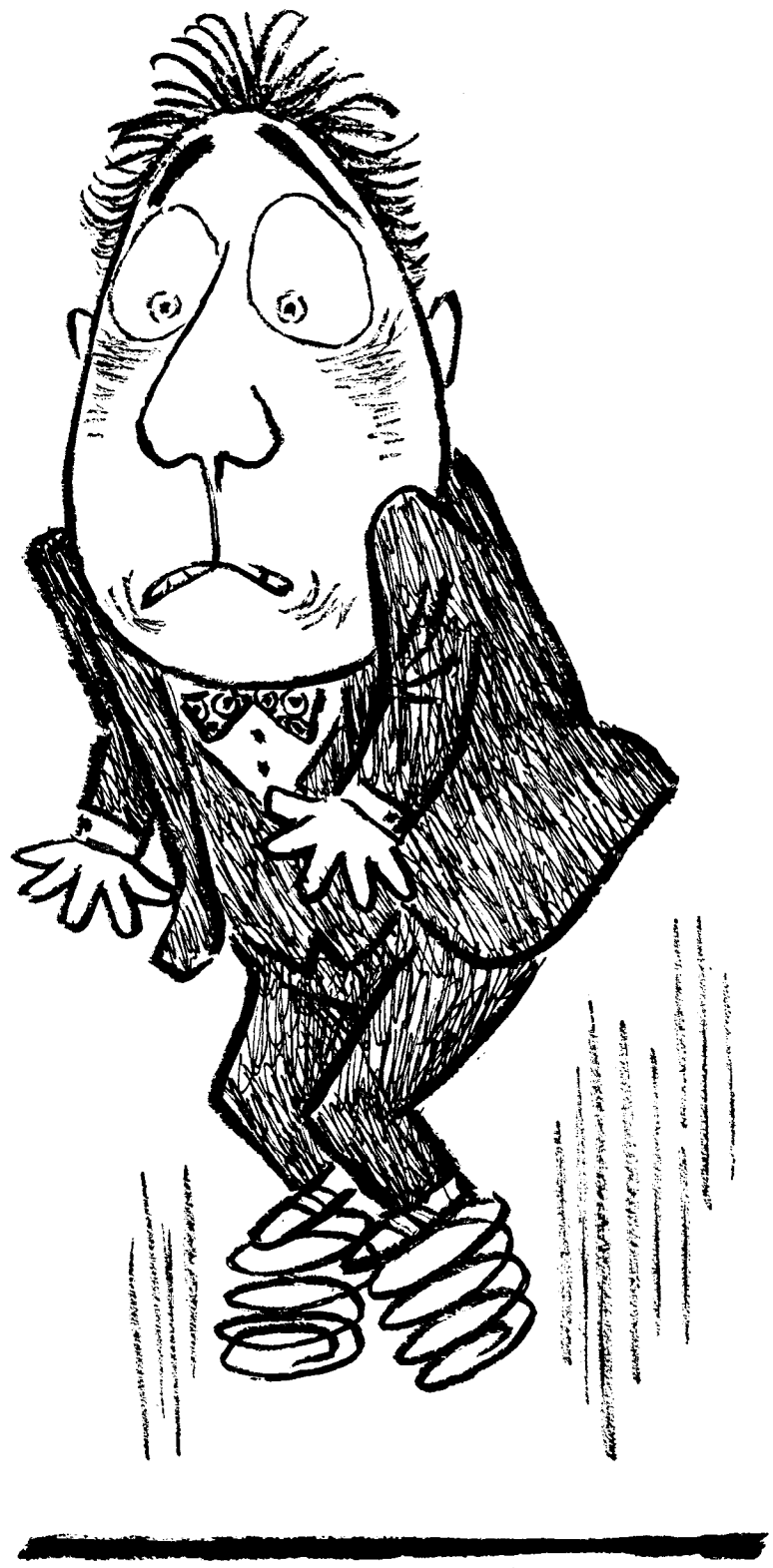

When you're feeling kind of jumpy, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.

TAKE TEA AND SEE

To get the most out of tea — make it hefty, hot and hearty. Use one teaspoon or one tea bag per cup. Add bubbly, boiling water and brew 3 to 5 minutes. For instant tea, follow directions on the package.

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(*Continued from Page 88*) the implements with which to construct vividly rich and unforgettable imagery, astounding in originality and creative concept.

At the first outburst the sheep raised their heads as one, observing the man while their jaws worked in rhythm. The dog, lurking behind, took shelter behind a clump of sage. Then as the torrent gained volume, 1800 sheep turned and fled back to the safety of the bed grounds, the dog yapping at their heels. The man remained rooted, roaring to the heavens, and the nervous leaves of the aspen seemed to quake faster and rain more rapidly to the ground. Squirrels and chipmunks peered wonderingly at the spectacle. A coyote that had been stalking the sheep thought better of it and took to its heels, while a deer hidden in the scrub oak broke from cover. Jim Martin's jeep pulled over the shoulder of the hill and stopped, the driver switching off the engine so as not to interfere with the performance. If Tongue-Tied Harris heard the approach of the vehicle he paid it no attention, for once the torrent began there was no stopping until the passion had run its course. And that, as the people of the valley said, was the wonder of it. Tongue-Tied Harris could cuss for twenty minutes without repeating himself.

Today it was nearer thirty. It had been a long time since he had exploded—in fact, not since the Fourth of July, when, after a series of misfortunes which had cost him the rodeo championship, the Simmons brothers had embarrassed him at the picnic. That was a long time for Tongue-Tied Harris to go, particularly when sheep are as dumb and vexing as they are. A great deal had been stored up. Now it roared forth. It rolled on and on with the roar of thunder, as he called down upon the world and everything in it that vexed him, particularly the sheep, the Simmons brothers and Col. Bulldog Wingate, a spine-chilling curse such as few human or animal ears had ever heard.

The thunder reached a mighty crescendo as the man of wrath approached the peroration, and then, the pressure gone and the message delivered, Tongue-Tied Harris concluded with a single choice epithet. He was through.

"Sorry, Jim." He turned to the jeep.

And then his jaw dropped. The person at the wheel of the jeep was wearing a red coat and hat like Jim Martin, but it wasn't the camp tender. It was a girl.

She was perhaps in her early twenties, though it's hard to estimate a girl's age. Her hair was red right down to the roots, and as she sat there gaping at the performance her large green eyes were perfectly round and so was her full-lipped mouth. She was, in truth, in the attitude of an audience which has witnessed a masterpiece and is too overwhelmed to react.

Tongue-Tied Harris blinked. He swallowed. He tried to speak. His face and neck flushed a deep purple. Then he turned and fled, crashing blindly through a thicket of scrub oak.

He was cowering in the sheep wagon when the dog began barking as the jeep crawled into view. Peering through a slit of the door, he saw the jeep swing up before the wagon and stop.

"Does this dog bite?" the girl asked.

She knew he was there, or the dog wouldn't be. Gulping, he opened the door and spoke to the dog. The girl got out of the jeep. She was slender and rather small, actually, but right now she seemed ten feet tall. Looking up at the man in the doorway of the sheep wagon, she said, "I want to apologize."

Taken completely aback, Tongue-Tied Harris just gaped. He tried to speak, but it was a muffled gurgle. He swallowed.

"That was man-talk," she said. "And I didn't grow up on Army posts without knowing that a girl who comes up on men unawares is just asking to have her ears burned. You were expecting Jim Martin with the jeep. I'm terribly sorry and I hope you will accept my apology."

"Ulgplyu," Tongue-Tied Harris said.

She held out her hand. He almost stumbled headlong in getting down from the wagon and took it; a small hand, soft with a firm grip.

"And, Mac," she said, "I've heard man-talk at posts all over the world, all of my life. When I was a kid I used to creep up and listen in, and I've heard the best in the world. And I tell you with authority that for a sheepherder you have a rare talent." She smiled. "I'm Penny Wingate. What's your first name?"

"R-Rodney—Rod."

"Jim Martin's coming with the trucks to take the sheep onto the desert. I'll help you round them up, Rod."

Later, when the last truck had left, he showed her how things were stowed away in the sheep wagon for a move. Then he fastened the tongue of the wagon to the jeep's hitch and drove toward the ranch, the wagon clattering behind.

"Dad's got a new herder for this bunch of sheep. He wants you to take care of the store."

The man took three slow breaths. "I'm quitting."

From beside him in the jeep she looked up with her wide green eyes. "Rod, I know your problem. Growing up on Army posts—I've lived with it. Some of us bottle things up until we finally explode; then we're sorry afterward."

He nodded, looking straight ahead as he tooled the jeep among the sage hummocks. "Yes."

"The problem with some of us is that we don't have any small talk. But that can be learned. I'm going to help out at the store a few days until you get onto things, and we'll practice some bromides and clichés. It's amazing how a person can carry on a conversation indefinitely with a few stock phrases, without getting all bottled up."

He considered awhile. "For instance?"

"We'll practice on the way in."

The first day was for Tongue-Tied Harris the hardest, but by following the rules laid down by Penny Wingate he got along swimmingly. He greeted each customer by name, asked his health and evinced an interest in his affairs. If a man customer, Tongue-Tied asked about crops, livestock or range conditions; if a woman, he asked about her family.

Penny was there to help him over the rough spots. When cornered, he would glance over at her. If one of her fingers was resting upon the counter, he would say, "Sometimes I wonder." Two fingers called for, "That's a woman (or man) for you!" If three fingers were in view, he laughed and said, "Say, that's all right; I'll have to remember that." Four fingers signaled, "It sure beats the dickens, doesn't it?" While the entire hand upon the counter called for, "I want to have a talk with you about that when I have more time . . . . Let's see, now, who's next?"

The basic principle, Penny had explained, was to show interest in the other party, let him talk about himself, and feed an occasional bromide to the conversation. With the five responses to fall back on, Tongue-Tied Harris got along famously. For the first time in his life he was making conversation, not trying to cope with it. He was like a kid with a new toy, practicing all day long. During a lull on the afternoon of his third day at the store, he carried on a conversation with a dry farmer for twenty minutes by using four of the clichés, terminating it with Number Five neatly when the Simmons brothers drifted in.

"Gary. . . . Pat. . . . Phil. How's things?"

The three raw-boned men ignored the greeting. Pat and Phil, the twins, lounged on the counter, admiring Penny. Gary fished a folded bill from the watch pocket of his jeans. "Three sacks of makings."

"Yes, sir! And how's the dry farm? Getting your winter wheat in?"

Gary tossed the tightly folded bill on the counter. "Who wants to know?" Then he smiled at Penny. The Simmons brothers were tall men who wore their shirt collars up, their sideburns low, their belt buckles on the left hip, their hair in a slick roach and who considered themselves pretty sharp specimens of manhood. "Maybe I could pick you up for the deer-hunters' ball Saturday night?"

"Why, thank you," Penny said.

Harris put the tobacco on the counter. "Anything else?"

"I'd let you know if there was."

Harris rang up the sale. He unfolded the one-dollar bill, put it in the compartment for ones and counted out the change.

"I give you a ten," Gary said.

The one-dollar bill, creased from being folded, was atop the pile in the compartment. Tongue-Tied Harris plucked it out. "Take a look."

"I give you that ten." Gary pointed at a bill in an adjoining compartment of the register drawer.

The twins drifted over to back him up. "He sure did," Pat said.

"Give me my change," Gary said.

"Don't let him short-change you," Phil said.

"But ——" Tongue-Tied Harris's throat tightened. He was speechless at this barefaced gall.

"Never mind the chatter, boy," Gary said. "Let's have the nine bucks. We ain't got all day."

The clerk took a deep breath. He took another, filling his great lungs to the utmost.

"Our mistake!" Penny said brightly, stepping to the register. "We're certai glad you brought it to our attentio She counted out the nine dollars, and t Simmons brothers went out, smirking at their own cleverness.

"That," Penny said, "is Number Six. The customer is always right. We're supposed to leave a bill on the shelf until we make change; otherwise, it's our tough luck."

"But"—Harris struggled for control—"they ——"

"Sure; cheap-John crooks," Penny admitted. "We'll watch them in the future."

A pickup pulled in with an Indian family from the reservation. The store became busy again, and it wasn't until almost quitting time that Harris again spoke to the girl. "Are you going to the deer-hunters' ball with that"—he struggled for a polite word—"that ——"

"That tinhorn sport and two-bit Romeo?" she supplied helpfully. Then her lips became firm. "Yes; I am. I don't want to sit home, and nobody else has asked me."

"But, I ——" Breathing heavily Tongue-Tied Harris groped for words. didn't ——"

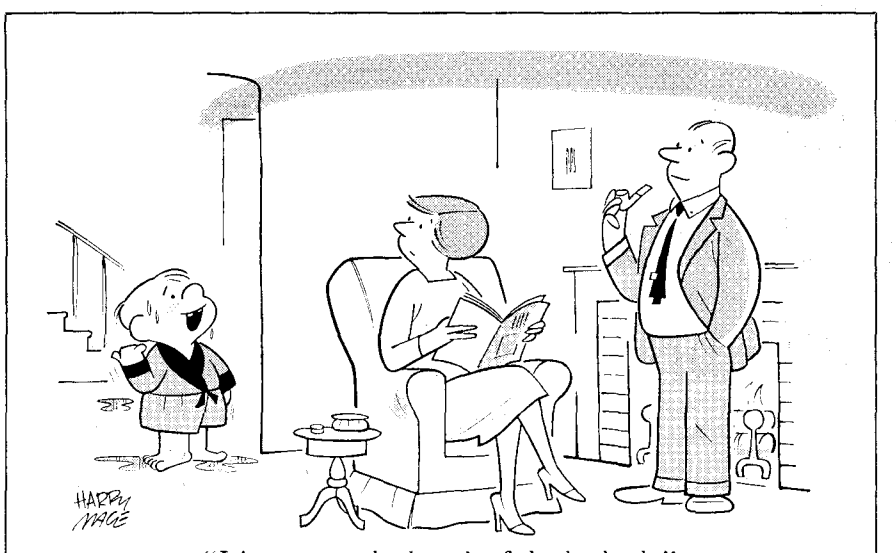
"Number Five," replied Penny, holding up all five fingers of her hand, meaning I-want-to-have-a-talk-with-you-about-that-when-I-have-more-time-Let's-see-who's-next? And she went out, crossing toward the ranch house with her back stiff.

"Well, Rod, you're on your own," Colonel Wingate told Harris at supper that night. "Penny says you've picked it up so fast she won't have to help out any more, except maybe Saturdays." The colonel beamed. "One thing I know—character. I can pick men!"

As the weeks went by, the valley people marveled at how Tongue-Tied Harris became more and more glib with practice. But they noted that his new-found way with words deserted him completely in the presence of the Simmons brothers, and that when Penny helped out in the store of a Saturday his eyes followed her.

Every time the Simmons boys dropped in at the store they gave Tongue-Tied Harris a bad time. They would help themselves to ice-cream bars, beer a pop from the refrigerator, as everybo else did, then report a short count. Th loved to confuse the clerk by all three talking at once, ordering and changing their minds rapidly until Harris was reduced to steaming silence. They pulled petty swindles such as when they bought a gasoline lantern, took it out to their car, then came back in immediately and said they'd better test it out. Of course it didn't work, because they'd switched lanterns in the car, so they got two for the price of one.

Everybody knew the Simmons boys were out to get Tongue-Tied Harris's goat, as they'd done before; it was a challenge that appealed to their sense of humor. The question was when. People thought that the Thanksgiving dance might see the explosion, when Phil Simmons accidentally or otherwise spilled a cup of coffee all over Harris's new suit. There were bets that something would happen before the new year. But Tongue-Tied Harris held himself, while Gary Simmons continued to escort Penny to the valley shindigs, and, with his brother to prod Harris with the sly anticipat of kids poking sticks through the slats a stall to goad a stallion into kicking the wall out of the stable.



"I just swam the length of the bathtub."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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She would really be a doozie this time, people said, when she came.

Harris was alone in the store on a morning of early spring, when Col. Bulldog Wingate came in. "Rod, I've got good news. Starting next month you'll be my manager—handle everything for me."

"Thank you, colonel." Tongue-Tied Harris sighed with relief; now he wouldn't be a sitting duck for the Simmons boys.

"Had this in mind all along, Rod; just put you in the store as a little test. You've done fine; I can pick men. And now," the colonel said, "about this Easter shindig—the big spring celebration, I understand, and I'm in charge of the program."

"Yes, sir; last chance for a good time before the spring work starts. Generally dance all night—supper at midnight—and break up next morning in time for church."

"So I understand; and we want a nice program after the dinner. We're going to have a fashion show—my wife and Penny will take charge of that. But for entertainment —— I haven't been here a year yet and I'm personally sick of Lizzie Knowles and her screeching soprano, and George Chapman doing his imitation of a train, and if I never again hear Wanda Prince and her zither it will be soon enough."

"But that," Harris pointed out, "is all the talent we've got in the valley."

"We'll give them something good this time—classical music on the violin for the high-brows, ballads with guitar accompaniment for the rabble and poetry for the ladies."

"But where ——" Harris's voice trailed

The colonel beamed, "You'll be great, Rod!"

"M-me?" Harris took four long breaths. "In public?"

"Modest!" The colonel chuckled indulgently. "We hear you almost every night from the bunkhouse—fine music. And everybody looks for your poems first thing in the paper every week. Didn't know what I was going to do for a program until Penny suggested your talents."

"Oh," Tongue-Tied Harris said. He took several deep breaths and added, "She did!" But by that time the colonel was off about other business.

When Penny drifted into the store a few minutes later, Tongue-Tied said, "You suggested that I ——" He choked up.

"Entertain?" she said helpfully. "Oh, it wasn't really my idea. Gary and the twins were over last night when dad was talking of the program. We could hear you playing in the bunkhouse, and it really was Gary's idea."

Tongue-Tied drew a deep breath. Fortunately a customer arrived. Harris held up five fingers to Penny and turned to the customer. Smiling brightly, Penny went out.

The Easter shindig was held in the brick schoolhouse, as all such affairs were. Dancing was in the north room, all the desks being stacked in the south, where the long table was set up for the midnight dinner, where a wash boiler of coffee was heated on the stove and where babies and young kids were tucked away in a row against the wall when they fell asleep.

After the dinner, when people went back into the north room for the program, it was discovered that somebody had filled the big wood-burning stove with cedar and opened the drafts, so that the windows had to be opened to cool the place off.

"Kids," the colonel growled.

Mrs. Wingate, the colonel's wife, elegant in a formal gown such as nobody in the valley had seen before outside of a movie, announced that the first number on the program would be a violin solo by Rodney Harris, with the lovely strains of the music, she was sure, preparing everyone for the beautiful fashions to follow.

As Tongue-Tied Harris began tuning his fiddle, a strange whimper sounded from somewhere in the audience. Then he began to play, and the whimper became a wailing howl. The sound was traced to the Simmons twins, who, though pretending to be rapt with the music, had suspicious bulges under their jackets that kept moving. Pat and Phil Simmons had each smuggled in a small dog, and a dog nearly always wails in the presence of violin music from a live performance. Through the open windows came other wails of the dozen dogs outside, yowling because of the music and because when one dog begins, others take it up.

The kids were first to laugh. The adults struggled for control, but lost the fight. Harris, sweat beading his red face, sawed desperately at the fiddle, and the harder he tried, the louder the dogs wailed, while the kids rolled on the floor, the women shrieked and the men gasped in mighty guffaws.

Then suddenly a cat sprang from Gary Simmons's jacket. Two small dogs leaped in chase from the jackets of Pat and Phil Simmons. Women screamed and men cursed as the dogs darted among the crowd after the cat. Then out the window sailed the cat, the pursuit after it, and the baying of the dogs faded into the night.

People realized, as things got back to normal, that Tongue-Tied Harris was still playing. His face was purple, his lips were tight as he held himself. Kids were shushed, and everybody waited, rapt now, knowing (*Continued on Page 92*)

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(*Continued from Page 91*) what was to come. The people of the valley had waited a long time for this.

Tongue-Tied Harris finished his selection in dead silence. There was no applause. His performance hadn't really begun. He unscrewed the tension of his bow, put his fiddle in its case, and the snap of the hasp was loud in the still night.

Then it came.

"You nincompoop!" roared a voice in mighty wrath. And with that the flood burst. "You jellyfish! You spineless ——" From that point on the outburst became unprintable.

It took a while for the audience to comprehend. For a few moments the surprise was too great for the situation to be grasped. Because it wasn't Tongue-Tied Harris in full voice. Not at all. His red-faced pressure had deflated, his mouth had sagged open; he was completely taken aback.

Penny Wingate's pretty throat was the source of the tirade. Penny, in charge of the girls ready to parade their finery in the fashion show, had been pushed beyond the breaking point, and she let Tongue-Tied Harris know in words never ordinarily associated with lovely maidens, though the red hair might have been a warning.

"Oh, my," the colonel muttered. "I'd hoped ——"

Penny's scorn for Tongue-Tied Harris was infinite. He didn't have the manhood to stand up for his rights, to face petty crooks and two-bit Romeos with their misdeeds. He was a doormat, a timid creature without a mind or will of his own, a craven. Why, he didn't even have the common gumption to stop his fiddling and get things under control while those rowdies ruined the entire show.

Such was the gist of Penny's remarks, but the language was elaborate and rich with vivid simile, abounding with unforgettable metaphor, full of strange and unholy allusions. Penny, growing up at Army posts all over the world, had picked up barracks talk as other children learn slang, or, in foreign countries, new languages. She had absorbed the essence of the finest unprinted language in the world from its cradle and repository. She had heard the greatest masters of the art, the old career soldiers of the Regular Army, in an environment where such mastery is much admired. And to all this she had given a touch of her own genius.

By comparison, the outbursts of Tongue-Tied Harris were merely the crude improvisations of a sheepherder. All he'd ever had was a certain native talent, a self-taught proficiency, a rustic adeptness that was as raw and unpolished as the fiddling of a hillbilly hoedown player compared to the virtuosity of a concert violinist.

"Since she was a little child," the colonel murmured wistfully. "At first we thought it was cute, and then ——" He dashed a tear from his eye. He'd never had a son. Ah, such a gift in a boy making a career of the Army!

The pressure gone, Penny finished with a single epithet and then was silent, looking about with wide and appalled green eyes at all the valley people, men, women and children, before whom she had made a spectacle of herself. She turned and fled into the other room.

"She is entirely right," Tongue-Tied Harris said with icy calm, and he confronted the Simmons brothers. "I should have taken care of you tinhorn sports long ago."

Gary and the twins made sickly smiles. Their strength was in numbers, and now for the first time they were in the minority. In goading Tongue-Tied Harris, they had provoked an outburst from Penny. Every eye in the big school was hard, every mouth firm. "Need any help, Harris, we'll be glad to oblige," a dry farmer said. A woman clucked. "Look what they went and done!"

"We was just horsing around," Gary said with a forced grin. "Didn't mean nothing."

"The time for talk is past, Gary," Tongue-Tied Harris said. "Will you please step outside?"

Ordinarily all three of the Simmons boys would have jumped him; but in the hostile environment this was impossible; it would simply invite massacre. With a resigned shrug Gary accompanied Tongue-Tied Harris outside. The men followed to watch; the women remained inside to listen.

The fight was a memorable climax to an unforgettable night. Gary was tough and agile and he knew every dirty trick of a rough-and-tumble brawler. Harris, however, had the endurance, plus the determined satisfaction of a man who has waited a long time to collect a debt. To him every blow was a pleasure. The sheer exercise was exhilarating. He took a savage joy in savoring each moment as he methodically chopped Gary down and out.

"Next," he said.

But the twins hadn't waited. They had slipped away, preferring disgrace to a whipping.

"Those stinking bums," Gary muttered from his prone position on the school yard. "Letting me take all the medicine!"

The solidarity of the brothers was broken; the reign of the Simmons boys was over.

Funny how quickly people forget. Today they say that it's only natural that a man with the gift of gab that Tongue-Tied Harris has should have gone into politics. People have forgotten that if it weren't for Penny, his wife, he probably would still be herding sheep. She taught him the polite language and, more importantly, shamed him as such a rank amateur with the unwritten tongue that he never uttered a profane word again.

THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 87)

At eighty-two, Thomas Jefferson found himself heavily in debt because demands on his time and hospitality drained him after he retired from the Presidency. He petitioned the Virginia Legislature in 1826 to permit him to sell part of his estate by public lottery—the lottery requiring legislative approval. When word of this got around the nation, citizens raised $8500 in New York, $5000 in Philadelphia, $3000 in Baltimore and other sums elsewhere. With these contributions, Jefferson retained possession of his beloved home, Monticello, for his remaining days. He termed the public's gifts "the pure and unsolicited offering of love."

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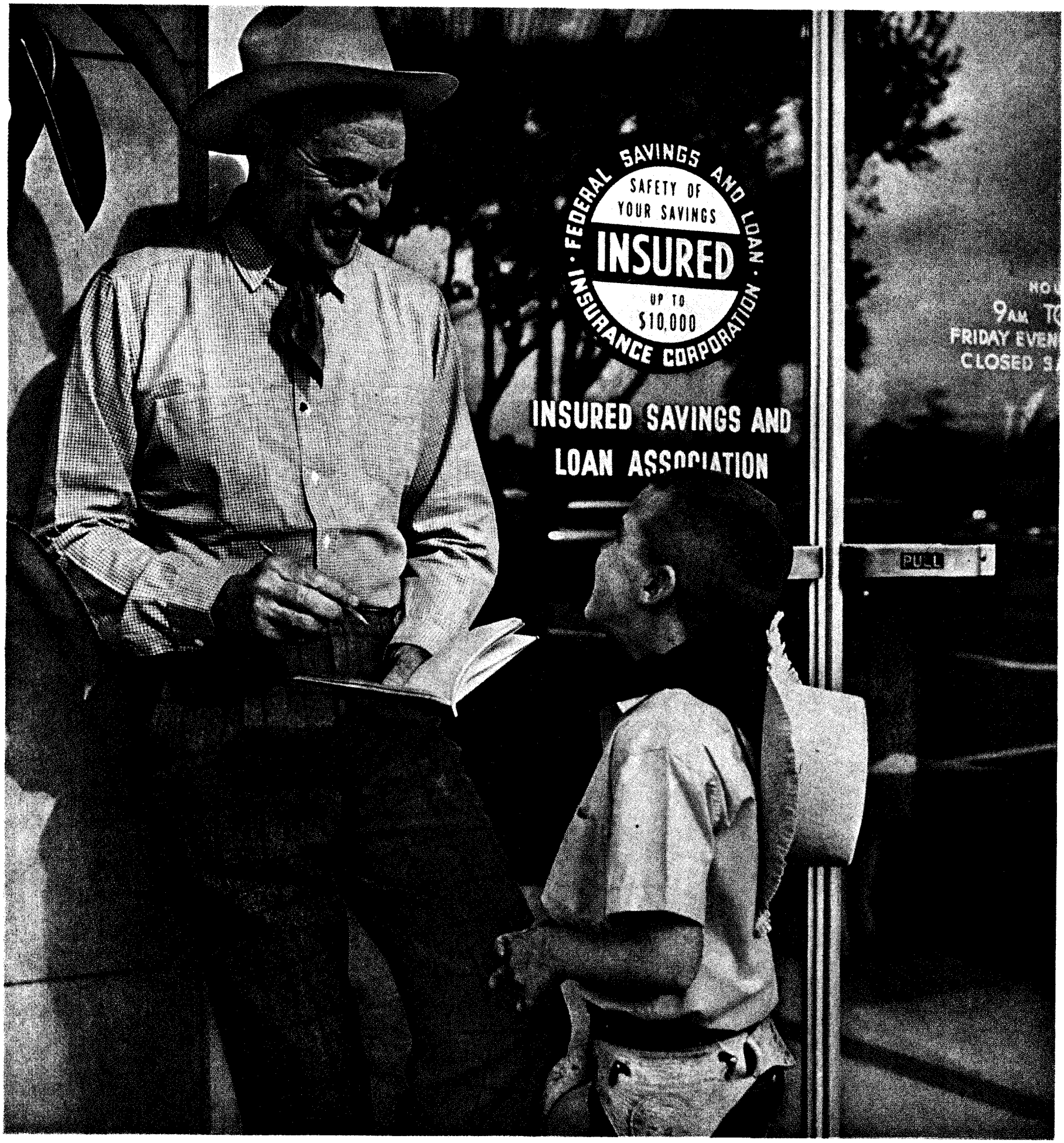

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See Gary Cooper in "The Real West" on NBC-TV, March 29th

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The Irishman Wouldn't Wear Green

(Continued from Page 37)

"Ah, it's fun for the old folks," said Mary, smiling. "And for the young too."

"Fun!" said Terence scornfully. "Poppycock, you mean."

"Don't say such a thing!" said Mary, horrified.

"Don't tell me you *like* this St. Patrick's Day business!"

"I love it!" said Mary.

"And I suppose you'll want to go to the games and all, and wave a little flag and get hoarse shouting 'Erin go bragh'?"

"Yes!" said Mary, a sad, angry lump rising in her throat, for she had been anticipating all sorts of things at the games, with Terence the star of every daydream.

"Well, forget it, my girl," said Terence. "I'm not going to them. And I'll tell you what my motto is. 'Erin go blah,' that's my motto."

"No!" cried Mary

"Go blah!" said Terence happily. "I'll pick you up about eight for the movies."

"I don't know if I want to go to the movies with a man who talks so wild," said Mary doubtfully.

"We've been going to them every Thursday for six months," said Terence. "The ticket taker will worry if we don't come."

"You're so blessed sure of yourself," said Mary. "And of me."

"A policeman has to be sure," said Terence. "It lets the poor weak unfortunates on his beat know there is a man in charge."

"You're not in charge of me yet!" said Mary, rather too loud, for she seemed to be losing control of the conversation.

"All in good time," said Terence.

That night, though, the movies left something to be desired, and so did the walk home; Mary was thoughtful and distant, and Terence did not try to tease her out of her mood. At her door she offered him a frosty cheek, and he pecked at it halfheartedly.

"Good night, Terence," said Mary.

"Good night, now," said Terence. "Take a nice bath, and two aspirins with some hot water and lemon juice. You'll be all right."

"I am all right!" said Mary indignantly.

"You're upset," said Terence. "I recognize the signs."

"I wonder if you do," said Mary. But she said it to Terence's broad, retreating back. He was already on his way home, whistling.

Terence and his family lived in a rambling old apartment off Bedford Avenue. There was his father, retired now at sixty-six; his mother, slim and straight under her iron-gray hair, with a brow as smooth as a baby's and a no-nonsense chin; his older brother Sean, a red-faced accountant of twenty-eight; and his Uncle Lennox, not quite sixty, with the veined nose and the vague, watery eyes of the conscientious drinking man.

They were a close family, the O'Donnells, and for the most part a friendly one, but every March Terence's belligerently unco-operative attitude toward the games, and toward St. Patrick's Day itself, erupted again, something like a one-year itch. Family dinners often turned into shouting rowdydows.

"To think I should be cursed with a son like this!" cried Mr. O'Donnell, screwing up his perky, billy-goat face.

"Eat your meat before it gets all cold, Timothy," said Mrs. O'Donnell. She might as well have bayed the moon.

"Slacker!" said Sean indignantly.

"All bone and muscle and not an ounce of spirit!" said Mr. O'Donnell.

"Sticks and stones may break my bones," said Terence, his huge shoulders straining at his shirt as he cut his meat, "but names can never hurt me." And after dinner he shut himself up in his room with his police books.

"I thought that little Mary Laverty might straighten him out," said his father glumly, "but he's no different now from the way he was a year ago."

"It's a crying shame and a terrible waste," said Sean. "He can play the pipes like a wild man. He can throw the caber farther than Finn McCool. He can outwrestle a lion. He could sweep through the games like a scythe!"

The games had been established about five years back, when a few of the local Irish families had decided it was a waste of time to tramp all the way over to Fifth Avenue for their fun. Instead they held their own parade, which terminated at Sheffield Park. There was singing then, and leaping and wrestling and caber throwing, with the whisky flowing like buttermilk throughout the entire proceedings.

"You cannot drug him and drag him there," said Mrs. O'Donnell mildly. "And you cannot jab him to the park with a pitchfork. Leave the boy in peace."

"It's your side of the family he gets this stubborn streak from," said Mr. O'Donnell.

"And since when is it a crime to be stubborn?" asked Mrs. O'Donnell, in a dangerously quiet voice.

"Quiet, the lot of you," said Uncle Lennox, who had never stopped eating. "You'll bring back my indigestion."

When Terence dropped in at the ice-cream parlor the next night, Mary was not alone. She was giggling at the counter with our villain, Kevin Kelly, a hairy and truculent giant well known in the neighborhood for his fighting and his singing and his enormous capacity for beer. Kevin was a truck driver who had a distaste for the police amounting almost to mania. He and Terence were scowling acquaintances.

Terence had his usual hot chocolate, staring mildly at Kelly as he sipped it. Kevin stared boldly back. Mary was all smiles and winks with Kevin—and very noticeably all business with Terence, who finally cleared his throat and rapped on the counter with his spoon. Mary looked over at him, bestowed a bewitchingly tender smile on Kevin—who lapped it up like cream—and then strolled deliberately along the counter to Terence.

"A man could die of thirst here," said Terence.

Mary drew him a glass of water and set it down with a thump.

"You're still upset, I see," said Terence. "Did you take the aspirin the way I said?"

"I did not, Doctor O'Donnell!"

"Well, we'll have a nice walk in the park tomorrow," said Terence. "The air will do you good."

"I'm tired of things that do me good!" said Mary, glaring at him.

"I guess it's my talking about the games that did this," said Terence. "You'll just have to get used to such things, my girl."

"I am not going to get used to such things," said Mary angrily. "And maybe I'm not your girl!"

"Check, please," said Terence imperturbably.

Mary scribbled out the check as fiercely as if it were a death warrant. Kevin was watching the scene with great interest.

"I'll be by tomorrow," said Terence.

"Ah!" said Mary, with mock delight. "I'll hold my breath."

Kevin guffawed. Terence stared at him. "I see they've changed the feeding time for the jackasses," he said to Mary. "It always used to be the afternoon."

Kevin's craggy face grew dark. He stood up, rumbling.

"No scenes!" cried Mary quickly.

"I couldn't be bothered," said Terence.

"Look here, O'Donnell ——" began Kevin.

"Two o'clock tomorrow," said Terence to Mary. "You're lucky I'm so patient with you."

Mary went as red as a ribbon. "Patient!" she finally spluttered, so mad she had trouble getting the word out. By the time she did get it out, Terence was through the door and out of earshot.

"Let him come at two," said Kevin. "I'll be here at one."

Mary was still glaring angrily at the door. "And so will I, Kevin Kelly," she said without turning around. "Patient, indeed!"

Terence was perplexed when he arrived at the ice-cream parlor the next afternoon and found that Mary had left a good hour earlier. "You say she went out with the Kelly fellow?" he said to the store's owner, plump old Mrs. Regan.

"In her best hat and coat," said Mrs. Regan.

"That's very queer," said Terence. "It must have slipped her mind I was coming."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Regan.

Terence strolled idly over to the park, whistling tunelessly and with a queer unrest struggling up through his massive self-confidence, like a blade of grass pushing its way through concrete to the sunlight.

In the park he saw Mary and Kevin in the distance, walking toward him. Terence arranged his features into an expression of elaborate unconcern. As the strollers drew nearer, he could see that Kevin's wiry hair had been plastered down with stickum, and that his thick-browed face was shining with a repulsive combination of soap and ardor.

Mary looked defiant, a little frightened and radiant.

Terence bowed silently as he passed them, allowing himself a slight, ironic smile. He glanced into Mary's eyes only long enough to see the defiance and not the ruefulness that immediately replaced it. Kevin had the greedy, triumphant look of a wolf loose in a sheepfold.

Terence walked on without looking back and whistled his way home, scufflin his feet.

His mother looked up at him questioningly as he came into the apartment. She was sitting by the front window in the living room, stitching a bold red O'DONNELL onto a green background, for the standard that would be borne in the parade.

"Home?" she said. "I thought you were going walking with Mary."

"I changed my mind," said Terence, yawning elaborately. "Too much walking is bad for a man."

He went into his room, slammed the door and plunged into the intricacies of a manual on the various uses of the night stick. The type kept dancing before his eyes, and faces that did not belong in a manual kept drifting across the suddenly dreary pages.

Terence scrupulously avoided the ice-cream parlor until the next Thursday night, by which time he felt that Miss Laverty had had enough of a lesson.

The poor girl is probably going out of her mind with worry, he thought with a pleasure that was infused with forgiveness. *It's time I eased her trouble.*

He arrived at the shop at eight, without having bothered to phone first, ready for reconciliation and the movies. It turned out that Mary was ready for the movies, too, but not quite in the way Terence had in mind.

"Kevin asked me, and I said yes," she said. "Did you think I was going to twiddle my thumbs and wait for the great absentee landlord?"

"I suppose you're going to the silly games with him this Saturday too," said Terence.

"I am," said Mary. "And perhaps a little touch of silliness wouldn't hurt you, my fine magistrate."

"Pish and pooh," said Terence. "Would you like me to turn a cart wheel on Flatbush Avenue?"

"Maybe," said Mary.

"Ho-ho," said Terence. "I suppose you'd like me to grab you up screaming and carry you off on a white horse, galloping over the lea."

"Yes!" said Mary. "I mean, never! I'll get on no horses with you, Terence O'Donnell!"

"Keep your fever down," said Terence. "I have no horse on order. I won't chase after any girl."

"Then I will tell you something," said Mary crisply. "You will grow into the oldest bachelor on the force, you—you—thick!"

"There's no talking to you in moods like this," said Terence. "Good night, Mary, I forgive you."

"He forgives me!" said Mary wildly, starting to look for something to throw at him.

"Temper, temper," said Terence, easing out of the shop.

On the morning of St. Patrick's Day all of the O'Donnells except Terence, even Uncle Lennox, blossomed out in green sweaters and white ducks, and green knitted caps that sat jauntily on the back of their heads. They all ate breakfast stolidly, almost grimly, with never a glance or a word for Terence, who was wearing sneakers and a T shirt and a pair of faded old dungarees.

As they filed briskly out of the apartment, Mr. O'Donnell and Sean kept their eyes straight ahead and their noses in the

To an Early Bee

By Louise D. Peck

Dear, furry-headed fool,
the warm
Stone of this chimney will
cool in an hour's time.
Already, you're dull with
cold. A hump curves
Your triform like a beggar's
hunch. The sacs
On your legs hold nothing at
all of gold. You've erred,
Small creature, sun
beguiled. Your eyes
Were host to dreams of
daffodils so lush
You laughed in the face of
your elders. You'll die
For want of flowers. Here,
drink what I bring,
This spoon of honied water.
Tell the hive
Nothing when you return
of strange
Nectars that help a bee
survive.

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Softness—more than I can speak
My kitty—snuggled to my cheek

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air. Terence got a sheepish wink from Uncle Lennox and a sad little smile from his mother, and that was all. The door slammed, and he was alone.

He coughed, and the sound was startlingly loud.

"Peace and quiet for a while," muttered Terence. "Time for a good long crack at the books."

An hour later he heard the rat-a-tat-tat of drums and the shrill scream of a fife. Terence got up to look out of the front window, being careful to stand well back so that nobody could see him. The paraders were coming fifty strong down the center of the street, three or four abreast, stretched out in a straggly formation, with their homemade family pennants whipping in the March wind—O'DONNELL, of course, and SHANAHAN and KELLY and a few others.

At the head of the column was Kevin Kelly, blowing his black heart out on the fife. The song was *Kelly, the Boy From Killann*, and it throbbed through the quiet street like a wild pulse.

All the Forth men and Bargy men
march o'er the heath,
With brave Harvey to lead in the van;
But the foremost of all in the grim
gap of death
Will be Kelly, the boy from Killann!

"Blah," said Terence softly, resenting the little hairs that lifted on his neck. "Humbug," he added, echoing an earlier cynic.

He saw that Mary Laverty was laughing and stepping right out with the rest of the marchers.

"Nonsense!" said Terence fiercely, sitting down again in his chair. The mocking fife gradually died away.

Over at Sheffield Park Mrs. O'Donnell looked at Kevin and Mary together and pursed her lips, frowning thoughtfully. She beckoned to Uncle Lennox.

"Lennox," she said quietly, "have a look at that."

"I know," said Uncle Lennox. "The lovebirds."

"Not really," said Mrs. O'Donnell. "My stubborn son is losing a fine girl to a clod, just by default. Get him over here, Lennox."

"That's wild talk," said Uncle Lennox laughing. "How am I supposed ——"

Mrs. O'Donnell tightened that no-nonsense chin of hers. "I don't care how," she said. "'How' is for a man to figure out. Get him over here, I tell you."

Uncle Lennox started to say something, looked at her and thought better of it. "Well," he said, "I'll try, anyway."

It was very close to noon when the front door of the apartment opened and Uncle Lennox walked in. Terence put down his book. "I came back to get my shoes off and have a little drink," said Uncle Lennox.

"Are the games over so soon?"

"The contests start at one," said his uncle, slipping off his shoes. "All they're doing now is singing. That terrible Kevin Kelly is playing the fife, and all the girls gawking at him and tittering, and some of them even prancing up and feeling his muscle."

"Mary Laverty too?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Lennox, matter-of-factly. "First in line."

"H'm'm," said Terence. "I believe I'll have a small drink with you. Just to keep the cold out."

Uncle Lennox padded out to the kitchen in his stocking feet, lifted his eyes to the ceiling for forgiveness and poured a triple portion of Irish whisky into Terence's glass. He then added a hint of water, returned to the living room and handed his nephew the golden dynamite.

"Hah," said Terence. "My. What is in there, uncle?"

"Nothing to hurt a fly," said Uncle Lennox, crossing his fingers behind his back. "It's all that milk has made your taste buds waxy."

"I see," said Terence. "You wouldn't be thinking of getting me tiddly, now, and luring me over to the games?"

Uncle Lennox looked outraged. "And me with my shoes off?" he said.

"Just so we're straight on that part of it," said Terence.

They were halfway through their third drink when Uncle Lennox stole a look at his watch and found the time to be a quarter to one. *Zero hour*, he thought. Terence had his feet up on a hassock, and the unaccustomed alcohol was coursing through him with delicious ferocity.

"It's just five years ago tomorrow," said Uncle Lennox with dreamy sadness, "that your Aunt Bridget passed on."

"M'm'm," said Terence.

"I remember her weeping at *Annie Laurie* on the pipes," said Uncle Lennox softly. "Te-de-dum, dum DUM-M-M are bonny. . . ."

"Pipes," said Terence. He scowled suspiciously at Uncle Lennox, who looked back at him innocent as a bishop.

"Forget my bringing them up, lad," said Uncle Lennox. "I'm sorry. Overlook an old man's foolishness."

"Well, maybe one song wouldn't hurt," said Terence. "One song for old Auntie Bridget."

He got up and went rocking unsteadily out to the hall. There was a clattering and a banging as he rooted around in the back closet. Uncle Lennox threw another appeasing glance at the ceiling. Then Terence was in the doorway, with the dusty bagpipes in his hands.

"Six years since I've even touched them, uncle," he said.

"Touch them now," said Uncle Lennox.

Terence slung the pipes, settled his arms and took a deep breath. The drone and whine and sweetly discordant chords swelled and reverberated. Uncle Lennox scratched his head happily.

"It comes back very quickly," said Terence at the end of the song. He did not move to unsling the pipes.

"Now *Men of the West*," said Uncle Lennox.

"I can't stand still in this small room," said Terence. "We'll have to go outside so I can walk up and down."

"Oh, I wouldn't ask you to do that," said Uncle Lennox. "Besides, it would involve me putting my shoes back on."

"No excuses!" roared Terence.

"Tyrant," said Uncle Lennox, reaching for his shoes.

"I always have to walk up and down with *Men of the West*."

"Imagine me forgetting that," said Uncle Lennox.

Outside in the back yard Uncle Lennox sat perched on an empty ashcan while Terence marched up and down playing *Men of the West* and *A Hundred Pipers* and even, at the timid request of one of the quickly gathered crowd of kids, *The Marine's Hymn*.

His face alight and alive, Terence strode up to Uncle Lennox.

"We'll go over to the games and see the fools, eh? We'll go pinch Kevin Kelly's muscle."

"Me walk all the way back over there?" protested Uncle Lennox. "I just walked here!"

"Be a man, uncle," said Terence. "Come on!"

"The way you get around a fellow," grumbled Uncle Lennox.

They went through the alley and turn toward Sheffield Park, a half mile awa The day was cool and fine, with a sharp breeze, and Terence was walking as a soldier walks, *tramp, tramp, tramp-tramp-tramp*. His left arm was supporting the pipes, and his uncle had to bustle along to keep up with him.

"I am reminded," said Uncle Lennox, "of an old tale."

"Yes?" said Terence.

"Long ago, deep in the mountains of the North," said Uncle Lennox, "high on a lonely hill, stood a grim Saxon prison."

"Ah," said Terence.

"In a cell of that prison, doomed to die at the rising of the sun, are the two brothers O'Donnell."

"Ah," said Terence, the hairs on his neck starting up again.

"They know their father, The O'Donnell, will be moving heaven and hell to rescue them, but will he get there in time, eh?"

Terence said nothing, but his eyes were beginning to glow.

"The older brother goes to the sma window of the cell, but there is nothing be seen, nothing but the black sky and th cold white moon. He strains his ears; there is nothing but the wind. Then, on that wind, he hears a sound. It is faint at first, faint as a whisper, but another gust brings it louder and clearer. It is The O'Donnell, tramping toward the prison through the mountain pass at the head of a cutthroat company of infantry. He has a piper beside him, and the piper is playing the old war song."

"*O'Donnell Abu!*" said Terence.

"Play it," said Uncle Lennox.

And Terence began to play.

Proudly the note of the trumpet is
sounding,
Loudly the war cries arise on the
gale. . . .

At Sheffield Park Mr. O'Donnell and Sean were glumly watching Kevin Kelly practice with the caber. He was grunting and growling, partly for Mary's benefit, and heaving the huge pole as if it were balsa.

Mr. O'Donnell sighed. Then he frowne and cocked his head.

"Sean," he said slowly, "am I going mad? Do you hear it too?"

Sean cocked his own head. From the distance, thin and strong, came the notes of the wild old melody.

Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail,
Deeply the merciless tyrant shall rue;
When on his ear shall ring
Borne on the breeze's wing,
Tyrconnell's dread war cry—
O'Donnell Abu!

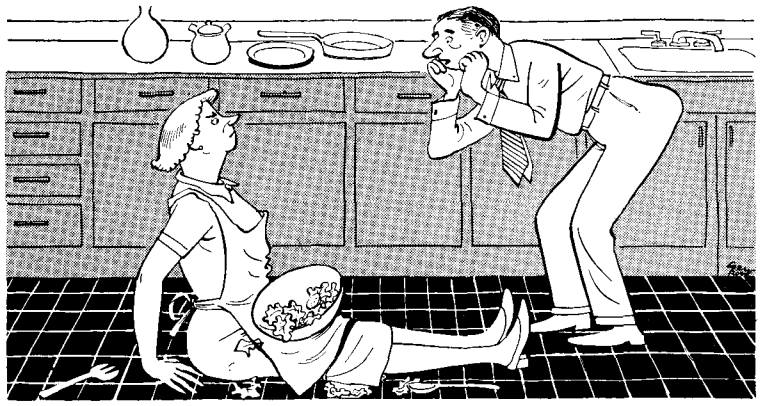
"I do believe that's the pipes," said Mrs. O'Donnell softly, and if she weren't such a lady, you'd have sworn she was grinning to herself.

Terence and Uncle Lennox appeared at the far end of the park. Everyone at the games was looking at them now. Kevin Kelly had put down his caber, and Mary Laverty was staring down the field.

"Will you look who's here," said Kevin, draping his arm around Mary's shoulders. "The po-lice band."

"I am looking," said Mary.

Terence and Uncle Lennox marche up to the waiting group of O'Donnells. Terence (*Continued on Page 98*)



You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Clarence, a great eater but no cook, summoned his mother-in-law by telephone to prepare dinner when his wife fell ill. Mamma, while tossing the salad, herself was tossed by a well-slicked kitchen floor. She later sued Clarence for negligence.

"Whoever heard of a parent demanding damages for injuries sustained while helping out at a time of domestic crisis?" asked counsel for Clarence. "This was not a business deal, but a family affair, and Clarence owes mamma nothing."

"Let's not quibble," mamma's lawyer retorted. "Clarence summoned mamma and used her services, even though she neither asked nor expected pay. At least she was entitled to a safe place to work. He didn't provide that, nor did he warn her that the floor was slippery."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to mamma?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Mamma lost. "There is a presumption," the court said, "that services between members of a family enjoying normal relationships are gratuitous." Therefore mamma was not in a class with paid help and had no claim for damages.

Based upon a 1959 State of Washington decision.

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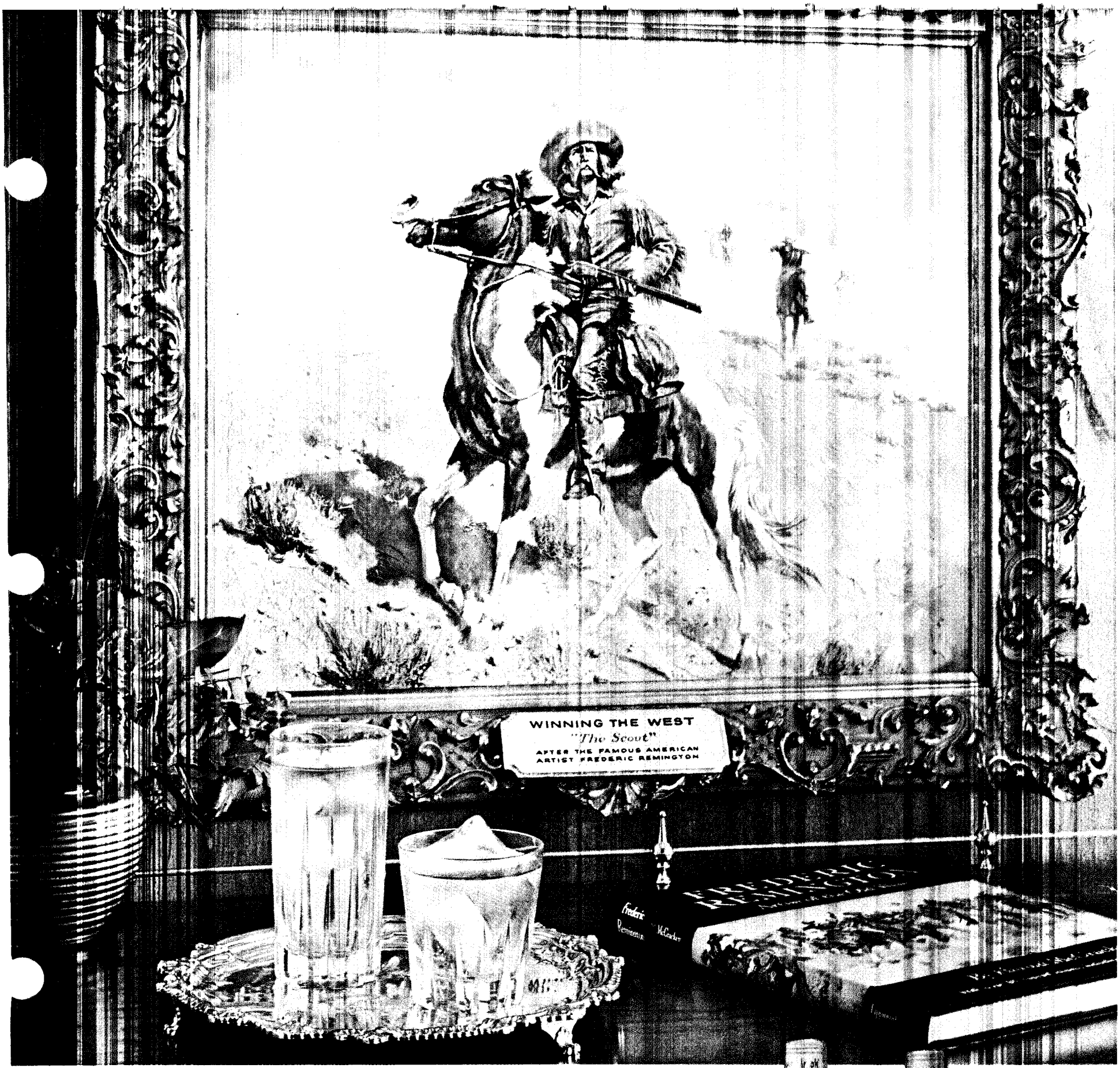

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(*Continued from Page 96*) unslung the pipes, winked at Sean, smiled at his mother and then looked his father in the eye.

"Foolishness or not," he said, "I am here, father."

"So I see," said Mr. O'Donnell.

A whistle blew shrilly.

"The leaping!" someone cried.

"And as long as I am here," said Terence, "I suppose I may as well participate."

He strode over to Kevin and Mary. "Come on, Kelly," said Terence.

"I'll leap with you, O'Donnell," sneered Kevin. "But what I'm really waiting for is the wrestling."

"So am I," said Terence. He glanced with curiosity at the sight of Kevin's arm around Mary's shoulders. Kevin smiled smugly and squeezed her all the harder. "I'll have a word for you later," said Terence to Mary. He walked off before she could do anything but gape.

They leaped, and Terence was out in front of Kevin by a full six inches, with the others far in the rear. They threw the caber, and Kevin tossed it heroically, but Terence braced his shoulders and legs and gave the pole a heave that was half a man's height farther than Kevin's effort. Finally they came panting to the wrestling mat. By this time the games had dwindled to the two of them.

A minute later Kevin lay on his back with his bulging shoulders scraping the mat, glaring up at Terence with red-rimmed, angry eyes.

"Fists now," said Kevin hoarsely.

"Know when you're whipped, man," said Terence.

"Coward," said Kevin.

"Fists it is," said Terence.

They clambered to their feet, circling each other like a pair of wary mastiffs. Kevin hit Terence with a pile-driver right, and Terence went staggering to the damp grassy ground, shaking his head.

"Up, son," said Mr. O'Donnell.

"Get off that wet grass this minute! said Mrs. O'Donnell.

Terence got up slowly, and as Kevin moved in, grinning, Terence feinted with his left and then hit him flush on the jaw with a right hand that came like a boulder from a catapult. Kevin stood stock-still, smiled a blissful smile and fell as a tree falls.

The spectators gave a mass sigh of appreciation.

Terence massaged his knuckles and limped over to his uncle. "You are a conspiring old man, Uncle Lennox," he said.

"A dirty dog," agreed Uncle Lennox, bowing his head penitently.

"Getting me to drag you over here."

"I did think that was a pretty touch," said Uncle Lennox.

"And me drinking like a fish and fighting with my fists like a twelve-year-old," said Terence, sighing. "I ought to be ashamed."

He looked over at Mary Laverty, whose new hat had come drifting down over her ear in the excitement of the fight. She looked disorganized, disheveled and absolutely wonderful.

"What's more," said Terence, "the evil is still in me."

He went over to Mary and stared down into her face and then picked her up in both his arms.

"Put me down!" yelled Mary, not too loud, as she began beating on his chest with her little fists. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Waking up, maybe," said Terence.

Mary stopped pounding his chest. "High time too," she said. "I thought you never would. For a week now I've been a finger snap away from spending the rest of my life with Kevin."

"Just the same," said Terence, "don't get any ideas. Don't start thinking I've really changed, now."

Mary's eyes widened. "Do you mean to stand here and tell me," she said indignantly, her angry face very close to his, "that I'll have to put up with this anti-Irish nonsense every St. Patrick's Day?"

"Perhaps far oftener than that, my girl," said Terence calmly. "As often as it pleases me." He kissed her on the nose and started striding across the field with her in his arms. Mary gave a small but piercing scream of frustration and began pounding on his chest again.

"Just where . . . do you think . . . you're taking me?" she panted.

"Flatbush Avenue," said Terence. "For a cart wheel." He smiled at her and winked. "I count this day already lost," he said, "so I may as well give you your money's worth, eh?"

"O-o-o-oh!" said Mary, wriggling with rage like a freshly netted salmon. The elder O'Donnells fondly watched the struggling pair move across the field.

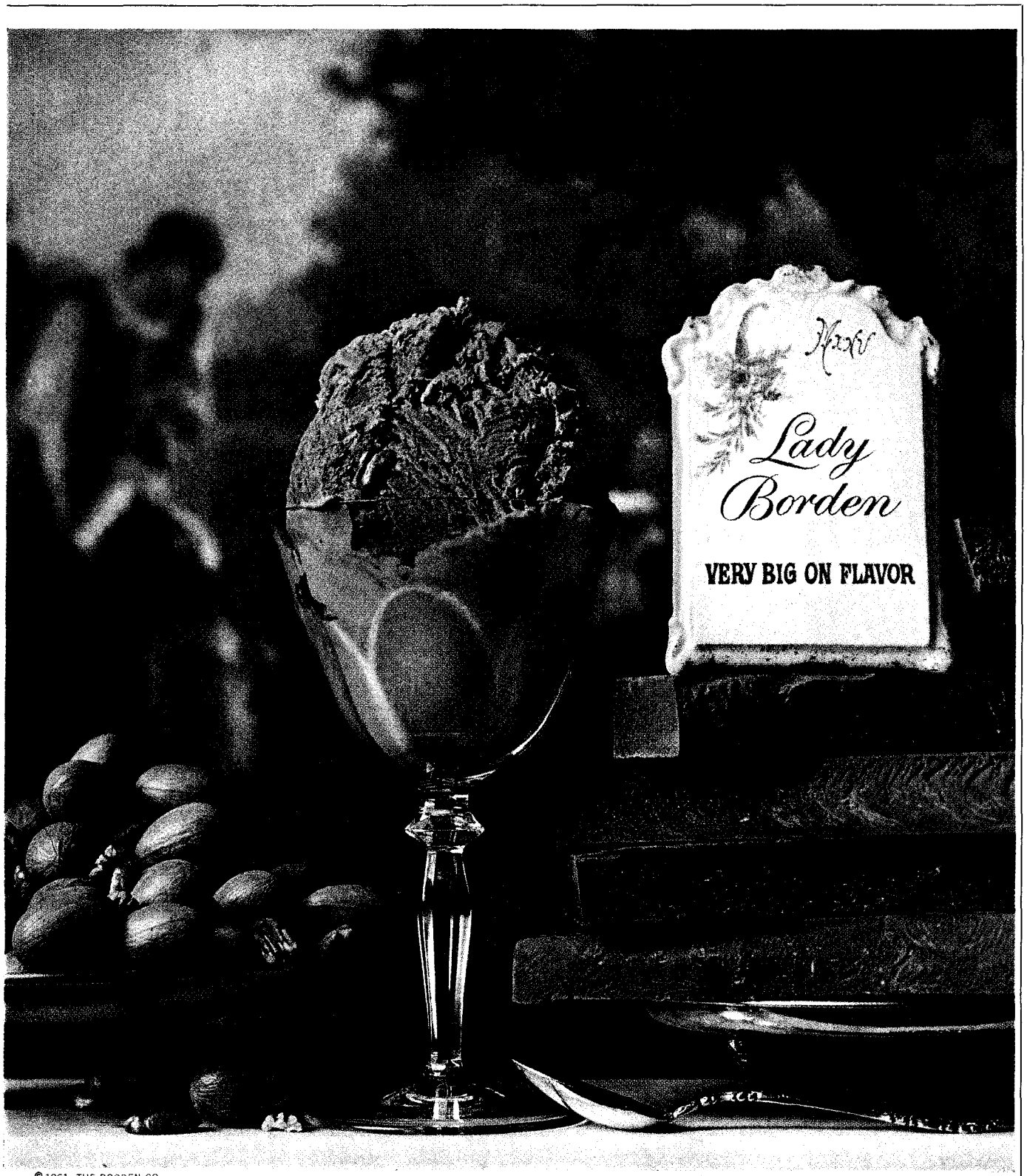
"A good fight, and a kiss to end it," said Mrs. O'Donnell with a happy sigh. "What more could a girl want?"

"I give her maybe ten more seconds with the wriggling," said Mr. O'Donnell thoughtfully. "That's about how long you used to keep it up. There, she's stopping now."

"It's time to kiss her, Terence," murmured Mrs. O'Donnell, standing on tiptoe to see a little better. "There—there. That's right."

"I'm quite sure," said Uncle Lennox, "that she'll make you both a very pretty daughter-in-law."

And she did, too. THE END



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The Five-Billion-Year Clock

(Continued from Page 27)

contained some lead when it was formed. In either case the calculation of the present ratio of truly radiogenic lead to uranium would be faulty.

Beset by such problems, early geochronologists could obtain only the most general measurements. Thirty years ago the Canadian geologist, H. V. Ellsworth, analyzed a sample of highly radioactive uraninite from a mineral claim in Manitoba and found it contained 15.5 per cent lead, 55.01 per cent uranium and 12.25 per cent thorium.

Knowing the half-life of the uranium and the thorium (in approximately five billion years half the uranium atoms will turn to lead; in approximately fourteen billion years half the thorium atoms will turn to lead), he calculated it would have taken 1722 million years—or 1722 my. as it is commonly written—to produce the lead present.

For a while that area of Manitoba was famed as "the oldest-known spot on earth." More recent measurements have corrected the age of the area to 2700 my. And we know now that there are many other areas which are, geologically, as old or older. The corrections are due to the use of the mass spectrometer, a device that measures the relative abundance of isotopes, which was first applied to this field by A.O.C. Nier, a physicist then at Harvard.

Measuring the relative abundance of isotopes cannot be done chemically because there is no chemical difference between them. The mass spectrometer makes the measurement by first separating the isotopes. This separation is possible because charged particles moving across a magnetic field follow a curved path, the amount of curvature depending on the charge and mass of the particle. The element to be measured is first vaporized and ionized—that is, electrically charged by removing one or more electrons—in the heat of an incandescent filament. The charged atoms are then electrically accelerated to a high velocity in a stream passing through a magnetic field. Because they are charged alike, the atoms will be divided into separate streams, or beams, by the magnetic field, the lighter particles being deflected more than the heavier ones.

The process can be visualized by imagining table-tennis balls and golf balls being shot together through a strong cross wind. If caught in two baskets they would be neatly separated by the different curvature in their paths.

The separate measurement of isotopes suggested another way to improve dating techniques. If the mineral being measured contained some of the product *element* when it was formed, this initial amount could be determined by measuring the amount of its *isotope* that is *not radiogenic*, and therefore has not increased with time, as opposed to the amount that *has* increased with time.

For example, one of Nier's first tests was made on a sample of samarskite, a velvety black crystalline mineral formed during the last major mountain-building phase of the Appalachian chain. By measuring the lead 204, which is unchanging, the original lead content of the samarskite could be subtracted. The radiogenic lead 206 and lead 207, together with their parent isotopes uranium 238 and uranium 235, were then measured separately. The clock based on the change from uranium 238 to lead 206 gave the age of the samarskite as 255 my. The second clock, uranium 235 to lead 207, gave it as 254 my. The ratio of the lead 207 to the lead 206 provided a third clock because, since the half-lives of their parent isotopes differ, their ratio varies with time in a calculable manner. According to this third clock, the age was 56 my.

If any uranium or lead had been lost or gained during the history of the rock, these various ages would not have tallied, for the different isotopes break down at different rates. The fact that the ages agree is therefore a built-in check.

Since World War II, dating methods have developed rapidly with the use of other pairs of radioactive and radiogenic isotopes. The breakdown of potassium 40 to argon 40, and of rubidium 87 to strontium 87, have provided additional clocks for working out the detailed history of the earth. Both pairs are relatively easy to measure, and minerals containing them abound in the earth's crust.

Radioactive dating methods have not supplanted the older ones; rather, they have been combined with them. The first efforts to arrange geological history in a sequence centered on the evolutionary changes of living organisms that are now found as fossils in sedimentary rocks. By 1840 three successive eras in plant and animal evolution had been classified—the Paleozoic, the Mesozoic and the Cenozoic. Sedimentary rocks formed before the Paleozoic era contain no fossils, for organisms had not yet evolved protective shells that would normally be preserved when their sedimentary graves hardened into rocks. Pre-Paleozoic time, the Pre-Cambrian, consequently remained undecipherable.

What geologists needed was a yardstick of years—a geological time scale—representing the natural events such as the transgressions of the sea, evolution of living forms, and mountain-building periods. Modern radioactive dating techniques provided that scale. With it we learned that the Pre-Cambrian time represents more than 85 per cent of earth time, and that the three succeeding fossiliferous eras were merely the last chapter in a long history of major geological events.

Radioactive dating has placed the fossil record against a time scale of years by finding events, interspersed in the record, in which radioactivity can be used for age measurement. For example, a volcanic outburst forming crystalline rubble in fossiliferous sediments can be dated by picking out the crystals containing a suitable radioactive parent element. Similarly, the mountain-building events that mark the main divisions in the time scale can be dated by measuring the minerals in the granites and other rocks.

Using modern methods, we have found that the usable fossil record started in the Cambrian period about 600 my. ago when the first remains of highly advanced, swimming, insectlike forms known as trilobites, and the first shells from primitive crustaceans and the spicules of sponges appear. The time at which vertebrate fishes and early land vegetation began to evolve we now reckon to have been 450 my. ago. Between 350 and 200 my. we know that the land was heavily covered with vegetation; reptile-like animals roamed the forests. During the next 100 my. conifers evolved and land animals grew more agile. Shortly after 70 my. the great age of reptiles ended. This was a period of upheavals of the earth's crust, of mountain building, vast climatic changes and the emergence of mammals.

Radioactive dating is continually extending known geologic history further into the past. The continents no longer appear to have completely independent histories. The oldest rocks show an age of 2500 my. to 3000 my., and are distributed in the Americas, Africa, India, Australia, the British Isles, the Ukraine and Finland. World-wide mountain-building periods appear to have occurred at intervals since then.

Another surprise, still unexplained, is that different ages produced different minerals. Most of the gold in the world is found in the oldest areas. The gold belts of Ontario and Western Australia, the famous Witwatersrand of South Africa, the Kolar fields of India are all older than 2000 my. The base metals, copper, zinc,

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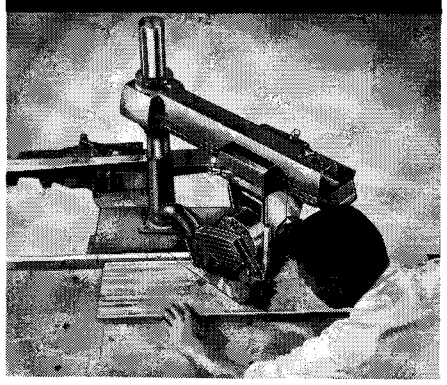

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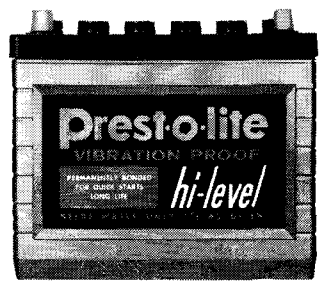

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lead and nickel and the major accumulations of iron, occur commonly in somewhat younger parts of the continents, dated between 1000 and 2000 my.—though a major development of copper occurred after 100 my. The mineral fuels, petroleum, gas and coal, came into existence after 400 my., since the animals and plants which produced them did not evolve until that time.

The methods described cannot date the brief reign of man's existence on earth because the long-lived isotopes break down too slowly to yield measurable radiogenic products for that period.

We do, however, have a technique for measuring the more recent past. It was developed about twelve years ago by the chemist Willard F. Libby and his coworkers at the University of Chicago in their studies of short-lived radioactive isotopes produced by cosmic-ray interactions with the gases of the upper atmosphere. Such interactions, they found, produce a radioactive isotope, carbon 14. The carbon unites with the oxygen of the atmosphere to form carbon dioxide gas, and the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere becomes uniformly contaminated with carbon 14. Thus any living organism or any material that absorbs the carbon dioxide in the air incorporates carbon 14.

The radioactivity of living carbon containing this carbon 14 (about sixteen disintegrations per gram per minute) can be measured by a specially constructed Geiger counter. If, say, a tree ceases to derive new carbon from the atmosphere (that is, it dies) and is buried and preserved, the radioactive carbon will decay at a rate in which half of it will have disappeared within 5760 years. In 11,500 years a fourth of the carbon 14 will remain and in 17,280 years only an eighth.

The accuracy of the carbon-14 method was checked by applying it to materials from the earliest dated historical sites—the tombs of Egypt's Pharaohs. The results revolutionized archaeology. For example, a deckboard from the funeral boat of Sesostris III, which written records date as 3792 years old, showed a carbon-14 age of the same value within the expected errors of measurement. Wood from the tombs of Sneferu of Meydum and Zoser of Sakkara also showed ages, agreeing with recorded history, of 4700 years. Since then more than 3000 measurements have been made, illuminating pre-history as far back as 70,000 years ago—the present limit of the method.

Not only can we now date the carbon-bearing materials from archaeological sites, we also can establish a time scale relating to primitive man's climate, his use of fire, his hunting habits and his migrations. Shells, charred wood and other substances all are revealing.

One exciting example of the use of carbon 14 was the dating of Neanderthal man buried in the accumulation of debris in the recently discovered Shanidar Cave in Northern Iraq. Excavations of the forty-five-foot layer of material on the floor of the cave uncovered a succession of human remains at least 100,000 years old. The top three layers show both remains and tools of the Stone Ages. In the bottom layer, from sixteen to forty-five feet in depth, were found crude tools, evidences of fires and three Neanderthal skeletons. Radiocarbon dates have since yielded information on the entire range of Paleolithic culture found in the cave, as well as an age range from 40,000 to 70,000 years for the Neanderthal remains.

At present the weakest link of the radioactive dating scale lies between 70,000 years, beyond which the carbon-14 method cannot be applied, and 1,000,000 years, when the other methods become operative. This period covers the great Ice Ages, or Pleistocene epoch. Four major ice advances occurred in North America during that period, with ice sheets several thousand feet thick burying northern regions of the continent. Between the advances the ice receded to such an extent that warm temperatures and subtropical vegetation extended into the arctic. It was in this climate that man began developing a higher intelligence.

We may soon be able to close this gap in our geological calendar. The thin beds of sediments below the deep oceans provide an unbroken record of major changes in water temperatures because they contain the remains of warm- or cold-water species of organisms. Samples from the upper few feet of these sediments cover Pleistocene time and reflect the changes caused by the ice advances. If the sediments could be dated, so could the temperature changes.

A promising method lies at hand. One of the intermediate steps in the breakdown of uranium to lead is the formation of a short-lived radioactive isotope called ionium. If ionium is separated from uranium, radioactivity will decrease the ionium by half in 80,000 years, to one-quarter of the original quantity in 160,000 years, and so on. Fortunately, ionium formed from the uranium in sea water does not remain in solution, but sinks separately to the bottom. Because new sediments continuously accumulate, the quantity of ionium progressively decreases in the older, or deeper, sediment. Knowing the rate of decrease, we can calculate the rate of sedimentation from a vertical sampling of the ocean floor and so date the temperature variations indicated by the fossils.

At the other end of the time scale we face the problem of measuring the age of the earth itself, and of dating the formation of the oceans and atmosphere. The oldest rocks at the earth's surface are about 3000 my. old. Because they bear traces of sedimentary deposits, we know they formed after the first atmosphere and oceans. To probe further demands different radioactive-dating techniques.

We now believe that our planet developed as a relatively cool body because it incorporated several volatile compounds that would have dissociated had the planet begun as a hot mass. Later, however, the planet must have been heated by its radioactive elements. This heating developed shells of different chemical composition, resulting from the different melting points of various compounds and the outward migration of the lighter fractions. The atmosphere and oceans also resulted from the same separation process.

This chemical separation into various shells has been dated by using meteorite material as a comparison when measuring the isotopic composition of lead ores in the earth's crust. Remember that lead 204 is a stable isotope and does not increase with time, while lead 206 and 207 do increase, being formed at different rates from the continuous breakdown of uranium. Some iron meteorites which have fallen to earth were found to contain small amounts of lead but almost no uranium. From this we infer a ratio of lead 206 to 204 and 207 to 204 unchanged since the meteorite formed. As the meteorite probably formed early in planetary history, this ratio of lead isotopes must be the same as the ratio of these isotopes in the earth at its beginning.

By subtracting these primordial ratios from the ratios in present-day lead we conclude that the age of the earth's interior, where these ores were produced, is 4500 my. This is, presumably, the age of the great geochemical separation of the earth into shells—and it probably approximates the total age of the earth.

Other findings support the calculation of 4500 my. Direct rubidium-strontium age measurements of stony meteorites give an age also of about 4500 my., and the potassium-argon method confirms this. The upper age limit of any of these meteorites is fixed by the fact that the radiogenic lead 207, which decreases going backward in time, would be reduced to zero at about 5400 my.; we know there must have been at least some of it present at the time of synthesis of the elements.

The appearance of the first oceans and the atmosphere probably heralded organic chemical evolution and the advent of life. The turning point in biological evolution would have occurred when the earth's early atmosphere, rich in carbon dioxide, became sufficiently rich in oxygen to support organisms living on energy derived from oxidation—the process of combining substances with oxygen. Current estimates date this development as at least 2500 my. ago. The earliest identifiable remains of cellular organisms have been found encased in silica nodules in the Lake Superior district, and their age exceeds 1600 my. Thus it is clear that even under highly ideal environmental conditions, the earth's present-day living organisms took about 4000 my. to evolve.

The radioactive dating of the continental land masses now extends back to about 3000 my., revealing a progression of great mountain systems, volcanic belts and of seas filling with sediments. These events clearly indicate that the earth has had a lively history of growing land masses. It is the radiogenic isotopes which also show that additions are still being made to the continents, by materials rich in silica, alumina and alkalies arising from below the earth's crust. The relative abundance of radiogenic strontium 87, in the granitic core of a recently formed land mass such as Nova Scotia, is such that it could not have been derived from more ancient crustal materials.

We now are in a position to make a still further leap into the past. The isotopes involved in radioactive transformations are themselves synthesized in the interior of stars, and their relationships with one another permit the possibility of extrapolating the time scale of the earth to one for the universe. The introduction of measured time, however great, into the histories of the stars and the galaxies adds a reality to cosmic events which was lacking when they were considered to have happened vague "eons ago."

Thus we see that the thread of all history—past, present and even future—is metered by the ceaseless ticking of an infinitude of radioactive clocks. Now that we have learned to read a few of them, we sense what a rich store of information the others may divulge.

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Hurley, Patrick M.
How Old Is the Earth?
Anchor
$.95

Dunbar, C. O.
Historical Geology
Wiley
& others
$7.25

Jacobs, Russell, and Wilson
Physics and Geology
McGraw Hill
$9.75

Editors of *Scientific American*
The Planet Earth
Simon and Schuster
$1.45

10,000,000,000

Fossil of worm burrows, about one billion years old, found in Montana.

1,000,000,000

Giant trilobite from the Cambrian-era seas of 500,000,000 years ago.

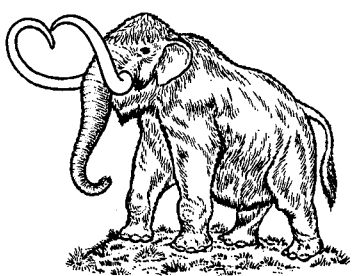
100,000,000

The long-tailed pterosaur of the Jurassic period, 170,000,000 years.

10,000,000

Shown with this logarithmic scale of geological time are the varying forms that living organisms have taken since the origin of the earth four and a half billion years ago.

1,000,000



The woolly mammoth ranged across North America 100,000 years ago.

100,000

Neanderthal man (50,000 years) is thought to have looked like this.

10,000 yrs.

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The Hounds of Youth

(Continued from Page 24)

My eyes were red and bloodshot. I had lost weight and was as thin as a bean pole. Mamma checked me over. She looked at my tongue and turned one of my eyelids. Papa came in ng this inspection. Mamma told him she was worried about my health.

"Aw," he said, "there's nothing wrong with him. It's just because he's been cooped up all winter. A boy needs sunshine and exercise. He's almost eleven now, and I'm going to let him help me in the fields this summer. That will put the muscles back on him."

I thought this was wonderful. I'd finally grown up to be a man. I was going to help papa with the farm.

However, the dog-wanting disease never did leave me altogether. With the new work I was doing, helping papa, it just kind of burned itself down and left a big sore on my heart. Every time I'd see a coon track down in our fields or along the riverbanks, the old sore would get all festered up and start hurting again.

Just when I had given up all hope of ever owning a good hound, something wonderful happened. I found greatest of treasures, a sports- 's magazine, discarded by some ermen who had camped on the river.

I sat down on an old sycamore log and started thumbing through the leaves. On the back pages of the magazine, I came to the For Sale section—DOGS FOR SALE—every kind of dog. I read on and on. Far down in the right-hand corner I found an ad that took my breath away. In small letters, it read, "registered redbone coon-hound pups—twenty-five dollars each."

The advertisement was from a kennel in Kentucky. I read it over and over. By the time I had memorized the ad, I was seeing dogs, hearing dogs and even feeling them. The magazine was forgotten. I was lost in thought. The brain of an eleven-year-old boy can dream some fantastic dreams.

When I left the campground of the fishermen, it was late. As I walked long, I took the magazine from my et, and again I read the ad. ly a plan began to form; I'd save the money. I could sell stuff to the fishermen—crawfish, minnows and fresh vegetables. In berry season I could sell at my grandfather's store all the berries I could pick. I could trap in the winter. The more I planned, the more real it became. There was the way to get those pups; save my money. I had twenty-three cents—a dime I had earned running errands for my grandpa, and thirteen cents a fisherman had given me for a can of worms.

The next morning I went to the trash pile behind the barn. I was looking for a can—my bank. I found one, long and slender, with a good tight lid. I dropped the twenty-three cents in the can. The coins looked so small lying there on the bottom, but to me it was a good start.

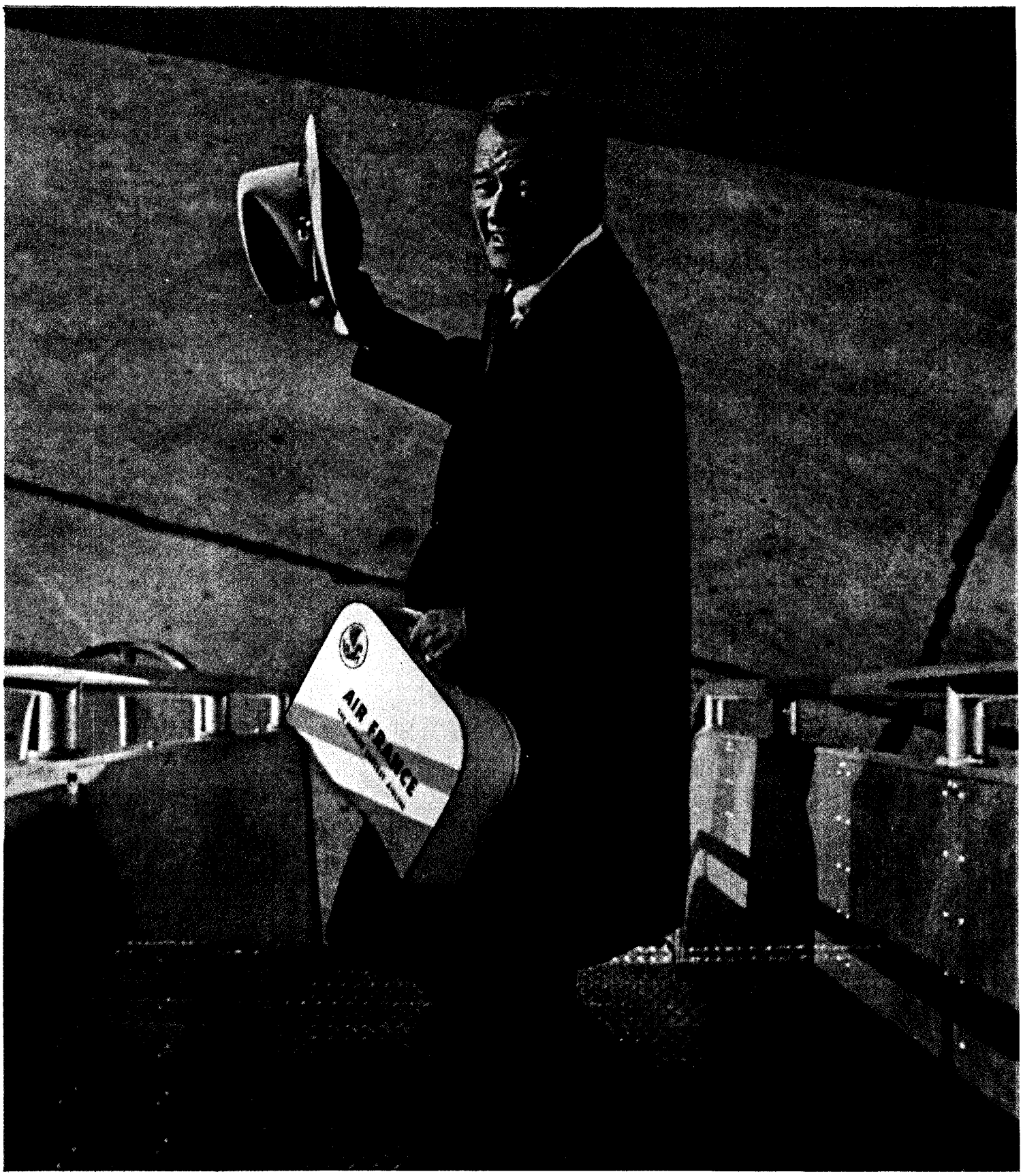
All through that summer I worked like a beaver. In the small creek that wormed its way down through our fields I caught crawfish with my bare s. I trapped minnows with an old n-wire trap I made myself, baited with yellow corn bread from my mother's kitchen. These were sold to the fishermen, along with fresh vegetables and roasting ears. I tore my way through the blackberry patches until my hands and feet were scratched raw and red from the thorns. I tramped the hills, seeking out the huckleberry bushes. My grandfather, a farmer, also was the village storekeeper, and he paid me ten cents a bucket for my berries.

Once grandpa asked me what I did with the money I earned. I told him I was saving it to buy some dogs. I asked him if he would order them for me when I had saved enough. He said he would. I asked him not to say anything to my father. He promised me he wouldn't. I'm sure grandpa paid little attention to my plans.

That winter I trapped harder than ever with three little traps I owned. Grandpa sold my hides to fur buyers who came to his store all through the fur season. Prices were low—fifteen cents for a large possum hide, twenty-five for a good skunk hide. Little by little the nickels and dimes added up. The old can grew heavy. The next summer I followed the same routine.

A year had passed. I was twelve. I was over the halfway mark. I had $27.46. My spirits soared. I worked harder.

Another year crawled slowly by, and then the great day came. The long hard



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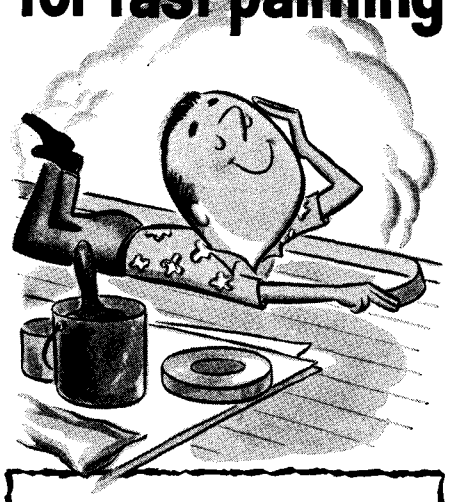

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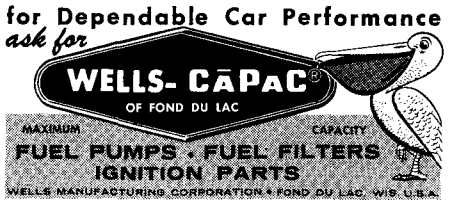


WATCH BANDS
KEY HOLDERS

At drug, sundry and general merchandise stores everywhere.

grind was over. I had it—my fifty dollars! I cried as I counted it over and over. Early the next morning, with the can jammed deep in a pocket of my overalls, I flew to the store. As I trotted along, I whistled and sang. I felt as big as the tallest mountain in the Ozarks.

Arriving at my destination, I saw my grandfather behind the counter. Tugging and pulling, I worked the can out of my pocket and dumped it in front of him.

Grandpa was dumfounded. In a voice much louder than he ordinarily used, he asked, "Where did you get all this?"

"I told you, grandpa," I said, "I was saving my money so I could buy two hound pups. You said you would order them for me. I've got the money, and now I want you to order them."

Grandpa stared at me over his glasses. "How long have you been saving this?" he asked.

I told him, "Two years."

His mouth flew open, and in a loud voice he said, "Two years!"

I nodded my head.

The way my grandfather stared at me made me uneasy. I was on needles and pins. Taking his eyes from me, he glanced back at the money. He saw the faded yellow piece of paper sticking out from the coins. He worked it out, asking as he did, "What's this?"

I told him it was the ad, telling from where to order my dogs.

He glanced down at my bare feet and asked, "How come your feet are cut and scratched like that?"

I told him it was pretty tough, picking blackberries barefoot. He nodded his head.

It was too much for my grandfather. He turned and walked away. He stood for several seconds with his back toward me. When he turned around, I noticed his eyes were moist.

In a quavering voice he said, "Well, son, it's your money. You worked for it, and you worked hard. You got it honestly, and you want some dogs. We're going to get those dogs. Be damned! Be damned!"

That was as near as I ever heard my grandfather curse, if you can call it cursing.

He walked over and picked up the ad again. "Now you go on home," he said. "I'll write to these kennels, and I'll let you know when I get an answer. If we can't get the dogs there, we can get them someplace else. And I don't think, if I were you, I'd let my pa know anything about this right now. I happen to know he wants to buy another red mule from Old Man Potter."

I told him I wouldn't and turned to leave the store.

As I reached the door, my grandfather said in a loud voice, "Say, it's been a long time since you've had any candy, hasn't it?"

I nodded my head.

"Well," he said, "we'll have to do something about that."

Walking over behind the counter, he reached and got a sack. I noticed it wasn't one of the nickel sacks. It was one of the quarter kind. My eyes never left my grandfather's hand. Time after time it dipped in and out of the candy counter; peppermint sticks, jawbreakers, horehounds and gumdrops. The sack bulged. So did my eyes.

I told him I would.

On my way home, with a jawbreaker in one side of my mouth and a piece of horehound in the other, I skipped and hopped; I had the finest grandpa in the world, and I was the happiest boy in the world. I wanted to share my happiness with my sisters but decided not to say anything about ordering the pups.

Arriving home, I dumped the sack of candy out on the bed. Six little hands helped themselves. I was well repaid by the love and adoration I saw in the wide blue eyes of my three little sisters.

Day after day I flew to the store. Grandpa would shake his head. Then on a Monday, as I entered the store, grandpa told me the letter had come. The kennels were still there, and they had dogs for sale. He said he had made the mail buggy wait while he made out the order. And, another thing, the dog market had gone downhill. The price of dogs had dropped five dollars. He handed me a ten-dollar bill.

"Now, there's still one stump in the way," he said. "The mail buggy can't carry things like dogs, so they'll come as far as the depot at Tahlequah, but you'll get the notice here in a couple of weeks."

I thanked my grandfather with all my heart and asked him how I was going to get my dogs out from Tahlequah.

"Well, there's always someone going in," he said, "and you could ride in with them."

The days dragged by. A week passed and still no word about my dogs. Terrible thoughts ran through my mind. *Maybe my dogs were lost; the train had a wreck; someone stole my money; or, perhaps the mailman lost my order.* Then at the end of the second week the notice came.

My grandfather told me that he had talked to Jim Hodges that day. He was going into town in about a week, and I could ride in with him to pick up my dogs. Again I thanked my grandfather.

I started for home. Walking along in deep thought, I decided it was time to tell my father the whole story. I fully intended to tell him that evening. I tried several times, but somehow I couldn't. I wasn't scared of him, for he never whipped me. He was always kind and gentle, but for some reason—I don't know why— I just couldn't tell him.

That night, snuggled deep in the soft folds of a feather bed, I lay thinking. I had waited so long for my dogs, and I so desperately wanted to see them and hold them. I didn't want to wait a whole week.

In a flash I made up my mind. Very quietly I got up and put on my clothes and put my money in a pocket. I sneaked into the kitchen and got one of mamma's precious flour sacks. In it I put six eggs, some leftover corn bread, a little salt and a few matches. Next I went to the smokehouse and cut off a piece of salt pork. I stopped at the barn and picked up a gunny sack. I put the flour sack inside the gunny sack. This I rolled up and crammed in the bib of my overalls. Then I was on my way. I was going after my dogs.

Tahlequah was a small country town with a population of about eight hundred. By the road it was thirty-two miles away, but as the crow flies, it was only twenty miles. I went as the crow flies, straight through the hills.

On and on, mile after mile, I moved along. I saw faint gray streaks appear in the East. I knew daylight was close. I stopped beside a mountain stream, soak my feet in the cool water, rested for a spell and built a small fire. Cutting off a nice thick slab of salt pork with my pocketknife, I roasted it and with a piece of cold corn bread made a sandwich. Putting out my fire, I was on my way again. I ate as I trotted along. I felt much better.

I came into Tahlequah from the northeast. At the outskirts of town I hid my flour sack and provisions, keeping the gunny sack. I walked into town. I was scared of Tahlequah and the people. I had never seen such a big town and so many people. There was store after store, some of them two stories high.

Passing a large store window, I stopped and stared. There in the window was the most wonderful sight I had ever seen; everything under the sun; overalls, jackets, bolts of beautiful cloth, new harnesses, collars and bridles; and then my eyes did pop. There were several guns, and one of them had two barrels. I couldn't believe it—two barrels. I had seen many guns, but never one with two barrels.

As I turned to leave, my eyes again on the overalls and the bolts of cloth. I thought of my mother, father and sisters. Here was an opportunity to make amends for leaving home without telling anyone. I entered the store. I bought a pair of overalls for papa. After telling the storekeeper how big my mother and sisters were, I bought several yards of cloth. I also bought a large sack of candy.

Glancing down to my bare feet, the storekeeper said, "I have some good shoes."

I told him I didn't need any shoes. He asked if that would be all. I nodded.

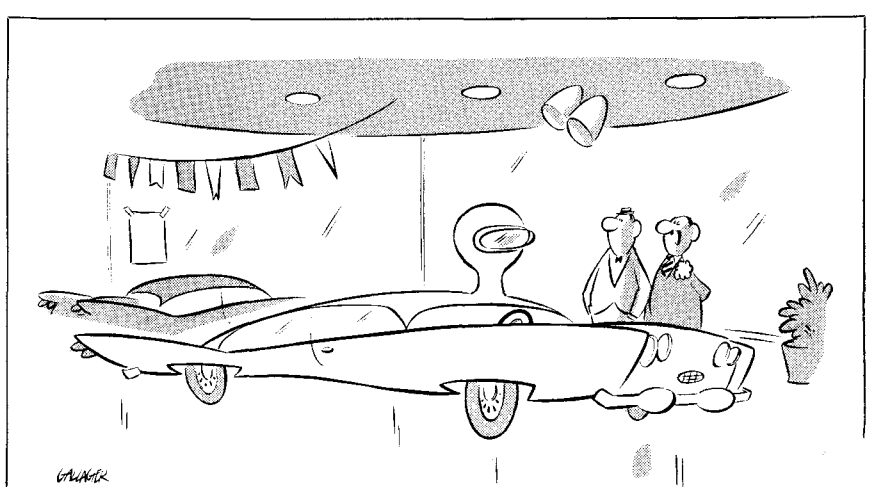
He added up the bill. I handed him my ten dollars. He gave me my change. After wrapping up the bundles, he helped me put them in my sack. Lifting it to my shoulder, I turned and left the store.

Out on the street I picked out a friendly-looking old man and asked him where the depot was. He told me to go down to the last street and turn right, go as far as I could, and I couldn't miss it. I thanked him and started on my way.

On arriving at the depot, I peeked in a window. I saw the stationmaster looking at me and smiling. He opened the door and came out on the platform. He asked me where I lived.

I told him, "Up the river a ways."

"You know," he said, "I have some puppies in there for a boy that lives up the river. His name is Billy Colman. I know his dad, but never have seen the



"Note the added headroom!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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boy. I figured he would be in after them today."

On hearing this remark, my heart jumped clear up in my throat. I looked up and tried to tell him who I was, but something went wrong. When the words finally came out, they sounded like the squeaky old pulley on our well when mamma drew up a bucket of water.

I could see a twinkle in his eyes. In a friendly voice he said, "So you're Billy Colman. How is your dad?"

I told him papa was fine and handed him the notice my grandpa had given me.

"They sure are fine-looking pups," he said. "Do you want box and all?"

I told him I didn't want the box. All I wanted was the dogs.

"How are you going to carry them?" he asked. "I think they are a little too young to follow."

I held out my gunny sack. He looked at me and looked at the sack. Chuckling, he said, "Well, I guess dogs can be carried that way same as anything else, but we'll have to cut a couple of holes to stick their heads through so that they won't smother."

Getting a claw hammer, he tore off the top of the box. He reached in, lifted the pups out and set them down on the floor.

"Well, there they are," he said. "What do you think of them?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't. All I could do was stare at them.

They seemed to be blinded by the light and kept blinking their eyes. One sat down on his little rear and started crying. The other one was waddling around and whimpering. One pup started my way. I held my breath. On he came until I felt a scratchy little foot on mine. The other pup followed. A warm puppy tongue caressed my sore foot.

I heard the stationmaster say, "They already know you."

I knelt down and gathered them in my arms. I buried my face between their wiggling bodies and cried. The stationmaster, sensing something more than just two dogs and a boy, waited in silence. Rising with the two pups held close to my chest, I asked if I owed anything.

He said, "There is a small feed bill, but I'll take care of it. It's not much anyway."

Taking his knife, he cut two slits in the sack. He put the pups in it and worked their heads through the holes. As he handed the sack to me, he said, "Well, there you are. Good-by and good hunting!"

On the outskirts of town I stopped and picked up a can, in which to boil my eggs, and my provisions. I hadn't gone far before I realized that I had undertaken a tough job. The sack became heavier and heavier. Deep in the heart of the Sparrow Hawk Mountains night overtook me. There, in a cave with a stream close by, I put up for the night. Taking my pups and bundles from the gunny sack, I used it to gather leaves to make us a bed. My pups followed me on every trip, whimpering and crying, tumbling and falling over sticks and rocks.

After the bed was made I built a fire. In a can of water from the mountain stream, I boiled three eggs. Next I boiled half of the remaining salt pork. Cutting the meat up in small pieces, I fed it to my pups. Each of us had a piece of candy for dessert. My pups enjoyed the candy. With their needle-sharp teeth they gnawed and worried with it until it was melted away.

While they were busy playing, I dragged up several large timbers and built a fire which would last for hours. In a short time the cave grew warm and comfortable from the heat. The leaves were soft and felt good to my tired body and sore feet. As I lay stretched out, my pups crawled all over me. I played with them. They would waddle up to the front of the cave, look at the fire and come scampering back to roll and play in the soft leaves.

I noticed the boy dog was much larger than the girl dog. He was a deeper red in color. His chest was broad and solid. His puppy muscles knotted and rippled under the velvety skin. He was different in every way. He would go closer to the fire. I saw right away that he was bold and aggressive.

Once he went around the fire and ventured out into the darkness. I waited to see if he would come back. He came wobbling to the mouth of the cave, but hesitated there. He made several attempts to come back, but the flames were leaping higher by the minute. The space between the fire and the wall of the cave was much hotter than when he had ventured out. Whimpering and crying, he kept trying to get around the fire. I said not a word; just watched.

Puppy though he was, he did something which brought a smile to my face. Getting as close as he could to the side of the cave, he turned his rear to the fire. Hopping sideways and yipping at every jump, he made it through the heat and sailed into the pile of leaves. He had had enough. Curling up in a ball close to me, he went to sleep.

The girl pup was small and timid. Her legs and body were short. Her head was small and delicate. She must have been a runt in the litter. I didn't have to look twice to see that what she lacked in power she made up in brains. She was much smarter than the boy dog, more sure of herself, more cautious. I knew that when the trail became tough, she would be the one to unravel it. I knew I had a wonderful combination. In my dogs I had not only the power but also the brains along with it.

I was a tired boy. My legs were stiff and my feet sore and throbbing. My shoulders were red and raw from the weight of the sack. I covered my pups up in the leaves and moved my body as close to them as I could. I knew as night wore on and the fire died down the chill would come. Tired but happy, I fell asleep.

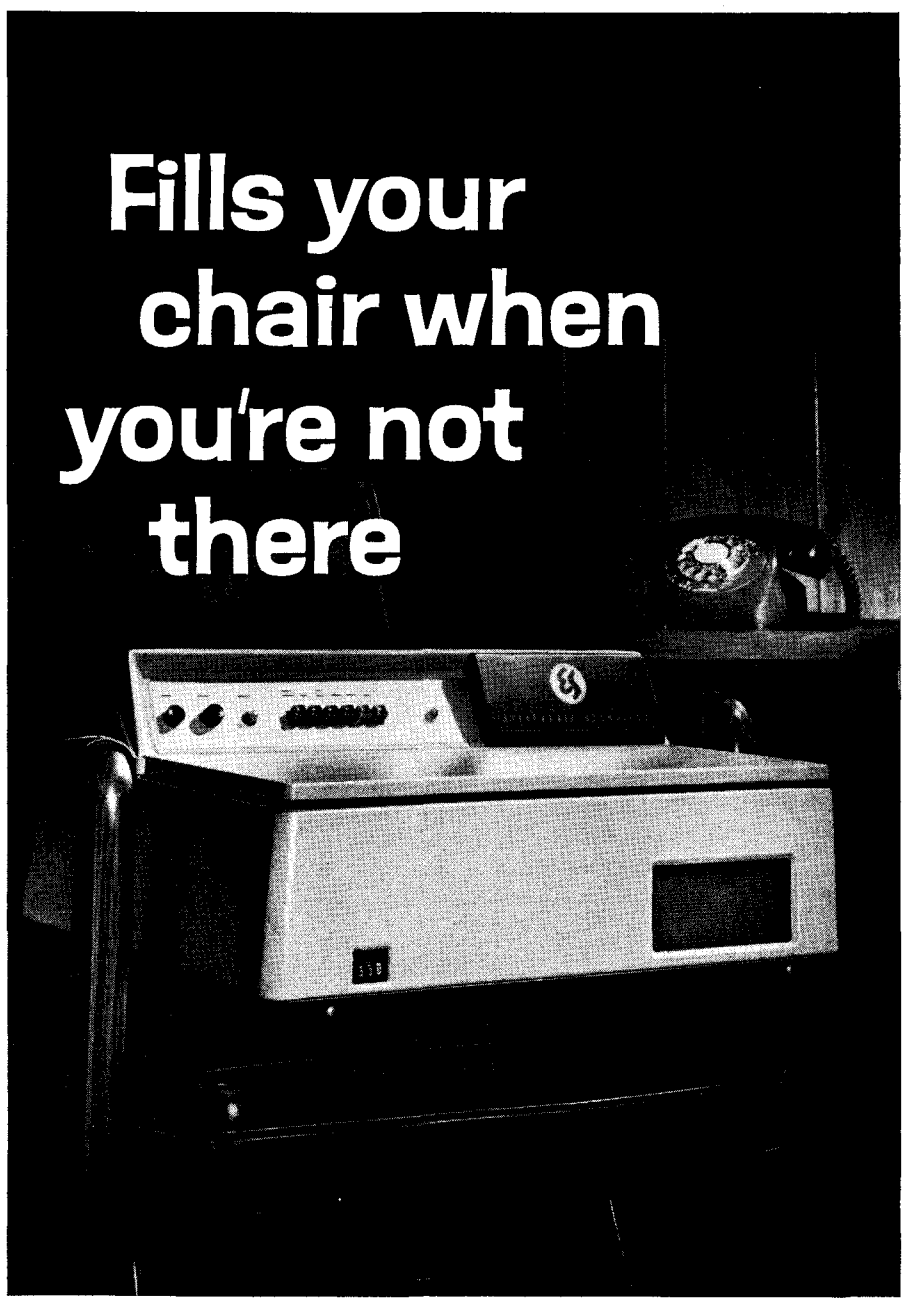
The bright morning sun was a welcome sight. I fixed breakfast, and soon we were on our way. About midday I entered country I knew. I wasn't far from home. I started to think what I was going to tell my mother and father. I could think of nothing. Finally I decided I would just tell them the truth, and with the help of the new overalls, cloth and candy, I would weather the storm.

As I went on, the thought came, "I haven't named them."

Mumbling names over and over, I glanced up. There, carved in the whitish bark of a sycamore tree, was a large heart. In the center of the heart were two names, DAN and ANN. The name "Dan" was a little larger than "Ann." It was wide and bold. The scar stood out more. The name "Ann" was small, neat and even. I stared, unbelieving, for there were my names. They were perfect.

I walked over and picked up my pups. Looking at him, I said, "Your name is Dan. I'll call you Old Dan." Looking at her, I said, "Your name, little girl, is Ann. I'll call you Little Ann."

Reaching our house, my bare feet made no noise as I crossed the porch. With my free hand I reached and pulled the leather that worked the latch. Slowly the door swung inward. My mother was directly in front of the door, sitting in her old cane-bottom rocker, knitting. She looked up. I saw all the worry and grief leave her eyes. Her head bowed down. The knitting in



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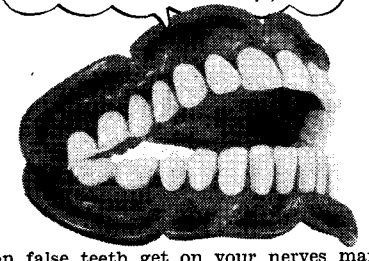

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her hands came up to cover her face. I stepped inside the room.

The booming voice of my father startled me. He said, "Well, what have you got there?"

Laughing, he got up from his chair and came over to me. He reached and took the sack from my shoulder.

"When we started looking for you," he said, "I went to the store, and your grandpa told me all about it. It wasn't too hard to figure out what you had done, but you should have told us."

I ran to my mother and, dropping to my knees, I buried my face in her lap. Between sobs, I heard the squeals of delight from my sisters as they fondled my pups.

I heard my father say, "What's this other stuff you've got?"

Without raising my head from my mother's lap, in a choking voice I said, "One is for you, one is for mamma, and the other is for the girls."

I heard the snapping of string and the rattle of paper. The oh's and ah's from my sisters were wonderful to hear. Papa came over to mamma. Laying the cloth on the arm of her chair, he said, "Well, you've been wanting a new dress. Here is enough cloth to make a half dozen dresses."

Realizing that everything was forgiven, I stood up and dried my eyes. Papa was pleased with his new overalls. My sisters forgot the pups for the candy. The light that was shining from my mother's eyes as she fingered the cheap cotton cloth was something I will never forget.

The next morning papa asked me when I was going to start training my dogs.

"I don't know," I said. "Do you think they're too young?"

"No, I don't think so," he said. "I've heard that the younger they are, the better it is."

"Well, in that case," I said, "I'll start tomorrow."

With the help of my oldest sister, I started giving my pups their first lessons. She would hold their collars while I made trails with an old coonskin for them to follow.

I'd climb trees that leaned out over the river, jump out into the water, swim to the other side and make trails up and down the bank. With a long pole and wire I'd drag the hide on top of rail fences, swing it through the air and let it touch the ground twenty or thirty feet away. I did everything with that hide a coon would do, and probably a lot of things a coon couldn't do.

It was a beautiful sight to see my pups work those trails. At first they were awkward and didn't know what to do, but they would never quit trying.

Old Dan would get so eager and excited that he would overrun a trail. Where it twisted or turned, he would run straight on, bawling up a storm. It didn't take him long to realize that a smart old coon didn't always run in a straight line.

Little Ann never overran a trail. She would wiggle and twist, cry and whine, and pretty soon she would figure it out.

At first they were afraid of water. They would follow the trail to the stream and stop. Sitting down on their rears, they would cry and beg for help. With a pup under each arm I'd wade out into the stream and set them down in the cool water. Nine times out of ten, one pup would swim one way, and the other one would go just the opposite way. I had a time with this part of their training, but my persistence had no bounds.

It wasn't long until they loved the water. Old Dan would jump as far out as he could and practically knock the river dry. Little Ann would ease herself in and swim like a muskrat for the opposite shore.

I taught my dogs every trick I knew and any new ones I heard about. I taught them how to split up on a riverbank to search for the hidden trail, because it was impossible to tell where a coon would come out of the water. Sometimes he might swim downstream, and other time he might swim upstream. Maybe would come back to the bank he had ju left, or he would cross to the other side. Perhaps he would stop in the middle of the stream on an old drift.

Sometimes he would come out of the water, and never touch the bank, by catching dangling limbs of a leaning birch and climbing up. Or he could come out on the same trail he used to go in, and backtrack. He would sometimes crawl up under an undermined bank or into an old muskrat den.

One of the favorite tricks of a smart old ringtail is the tree-barking trick. This he accomplished by running far up on the side of a tree and, using his stout legs for leverage, springing twenty or thirty feet away before touching the ground. Dumb hounds trail up to the tree and start bawling "treed." I taught my dogs to circle for a good hundred yards to be sure he was still in the tree before bawling.

In order to learn more about coon hunting, I'd hang around my grandfather's store and listen to the stories told by the coon hunters. Some of the tales heard were long and tall, but I believed them all.

He who laughs last wasn't warmed up before the show started.
CHESTER L. MARKS

I could always tell by the twinkle in his eyes when grandpa was kidding me. He told me how a coon could climb right up the fog and disappear in the stars, and how he could leap on a horse's back and run him over your dogs. I didn't care for I loved to hear the tall tales. Anything that had a coon hair in it I believed completely.

All through that summer and into the late fall the training went on. Although I was worn down to a frazzle, I was a happy boy. I figured I was ready for the ringtails.

Late one evening, tired and exhauste I sat down by a big sycamore and calle my dogs to me. "It's all over," I said. "There'll be no more lessons. I've worked hard, and I've done my best. From now on it's all up to you. Hunting season is just a few days away, and I'm going to let you rest, for I want you to be in good shape the night it opens."

It was wonderful indeed how I could have heart-to-heart talks with my dogs, and they always seemed to understand. Each question I asked was answered in their own way. Sometimes I would see the answer in their eyes, and again it would be in the friendly wagging of their tails. Other times I could hear the answer in a low whine or feel it in the soft caress of a warm flicking tongue. In some way they would always answer.

The day hunting season opened I was as nervous as Sammy, our house cat. Part of that seemingly endless day was spent getting things ready for the coming night. I cleaned my lantern and filled it with oil. With hog lard I greased my boots until they were as soft as a hur mingbird's nest. I was grinding my when papa came around.

He smiled as he said, "This is the big night, isn't it?" (*Continued on Page 106*)

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DON'T LOOK IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF COURAGE

Therapy can hurt, but she's game. Determined not to stay a cripple. Therapy also costs—more than any child can pay. But people have got to help people, and she's got the guts if you've got the cash. Put your money where your heart is. Fight with her—against crippling. Give to Easter Seals.

Easter Seals are easy to get and fun for your children to use at Eastertime. We have your name; we'll send your seals early in March. You can return your contribution in the self-addressed envelope that accompanies them. (If we should miss you in our Easter Seal appeal, please call us. We're listed under "Easter Seal Society" in most metropolitan phone books. Otherwise, write to "Crippled Children", care of your local post office.)

The Easter Seals you use enable the Easter Seal Society, through its many clinics and centers, to help people fight against these disorders —crippling accidents, poliomyelitis, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects and many others.

"Fight with them—against crippling"

THE EASTER SEAL FUND APPEAL

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(*Continued from Page 104*) "It sure is, papa," I said, "and I've waited a long time for it."

"Yes, I know," he said. "I've been thinking—there's not too much to do around here during the hunting season. I'm pretty sure I can take care of things, so you just go ahead and hunt all you want to."

"Thanks, papa," I said. "I guess I'll be out pretty late at night, and I'll probably have to do a lot of sleeping in the daytime."

Papa started frowning. "You know," he said, "although you are almost fourteen, your mother doesn't like this hunting of yours very much. She's worried about you being out all by yourself. Now, just to be on the safe side, I think it would be a good idea for you to tell us where you'll be hunting. Then if anything happens, we'll know where to look."

I told him I would, but I didn't think anything was going to happen.

After papa had left, I started thinking, *He doesn't even talk to me like I was a boy any more. He talks to me like I was a man.* These wonderful thoughts made me feel just about as big as our old red mule.

I had a good talk with my dogs. "I've waited almost three years for this night," I said, "and it hasn't been easy. I've taught you everything I know, and I want you to do your best."

Little Ann acted like she understood. She whined and saved me a wash job on my face. Old Dan may have, but he didn't act like it. He just lay there in the sunshine, all stretched out and limber as a rag.

During supper mamma asked me where I was going to hunt.

"I'm not going far," I said; "just down on the river."

I could tell mamma was worried, and it didn't make me feel too good.

"Billy," she said, "I don't approve of this hunting, but it looks like I can't say no; not after all you've been through, getting your dogs and all that training. But I can't help worrying."

"There won't be anything happen," I said. "I promise I'll be careful."

While mamma was bundling me up, papa lighted my lantern. He handed it to me, saying, "I'd like to see a big coonskin on the smokehouse wall in the morning."

The whole family followed me out on the porch. There we all got a surprise. My dogs were sitting on the steps, waiting for me.

I heard papa laugh. "Why, they know you're going hunting," he said, "know it as well as anything."

"Well, I never," said mamma. "Do you really think they do? It does look like they do. Why, just look at them."

Little Ann started wiggling and twisting. Old Dan trotted out to the gate, stopped, turned around and looked at me.

"Sure, they know Billy's going hunting," piped the little one, "and I know why."

"How do you know so much, silly?" asked my oldest sister.

"Because I told Little Ann, that's why," she said, "and she told Old Dan. That's how they know."

We all had to laugh at her.

It was a beautiful night, still and frosty. A big, grinning Ozark moon had the countryside bathed in a soft, yellow glow. The starlit heaven reminded me of a large, blue umbrella, outspread and with the handle broken off.

Just before I reached the timber, I called my dogs to me. "Now the trail will be a little different tonight," I whispered. "It won't be a hide dragged on the ground. It'll be the real thing, so remember everything I taught you, and I'm depending on you. Just put one up a tree, and I'll do the rest."

I turned them loose, saying, "Go get 'em." They streaked for the timber.

By the time I had reached the river, every nerve in my body was drawn up as tight as a fiddle string. Big-eyed and with ears open I walked on, stopping now and then to listen. I had never seen a night so peaceful and still. All around me tall sycamores gleamed like white streamers in the moonlight. A prowling skunk came wobbling up the riverbank. It stopped when it saw me. I smiled at the fox-fire glow of its small, beady red eyes. The skunk turned and disappeared in the underbrush.

Although my eyes were seeing the wonders of the night, my ears were ever alert, listening for the sound of my hounds telling me they had found a trail. I was expecting one of them to bawl, but when it came it startled me. The deep tones of Old Dan's voice jarred the silence around me. I dropped my ax and almost dropped my lantern. A strange feeling came over me. I took a deep breath and threw back my head to give the call of the hunter, but something went wrong. My throat felt like it had been tied in a knot. I swallowed a couple of times, and the knot disappeared.

As loud as I could, I whooped, "Who-e-e-e. Get him, Dan. Get him."

Little Ann came in. The bell-like tones of her voice made shivers run up and down my spine. I whooped to her. "Who-e-e-e. Tell it to him, little girl. Tell it to him."

This is what I had prayed, worked and sweated for—my own little hounds bawling on the trail of a river coon. I don't know why I cried, but I did. While the tears rolled, I whooped again and again. They straightened the trail out and headed downriver. I took off after them as fast as I could run.

A mile downstream the coon pulled his first trick. I could tell by my dogs' voices that they had lost the trail. When I came to them, they were out on an old drift, sniffing around. The coon had pulled a simple trick. He had run out on the drift, leaped into the water and crossed the river. To an experienced coon hound the crude trick would have been nothing at all, but my dogs were just big, awkward pups, trailing their first live coon.

I stood and watched, wondering if they would remember the training I had given them.

Now and then I would whoop, urging them on. Old Dan was having a fit. He whined and he bawled. He whimpered and cried. He came to me and reared up, begging for help.

"I'm not going to help you," I scolded, "and you're not going to find him on that drift. If you would just remember some of the training I gave you, you'd find the trail. Now go find that coon."

He ran back out on the drift and started searching.

Little Ann came to me. I could see the pleading in her warm gray eyes. "I'm ashamed of you, little girl," I said. "I thought you had more sense than this. If you let him fool you this easily, you'll never be a coon dog."

She whined, turned and trotted downstream to search again for the lost trail.

I couldn't understand. Had all the training I had given them been useless? I knew if I waded the river they would follow me. Once on the other side, it would be easy for them to find the trail. I didn't want it that way. I wanted them to figure it out themselves. The more I thought about it, the more disgusted I became. I sat down and buried my face in my arms.

Out on the drift Old Dan started whining. It made me angry, and I got up to scold him again. I couldn't understand his actions. He was running along the edge of the drift, whimpering and staring downriver. I looked that way. I could see something swimming for the opposite shore. At first I thought it was a muskrat. In the middle of the stream, where the moonlight was the brightest, I got a good look. It was Little Ann. With a loud whoop, I told her how proud I was. My little girl had remembered her training.

She came out on a gravel bar, shook the water from her body and disappeared in the thick timber. Minutes later she let me know she had found the trail. Before the tones of her voice had died away, Old Dan plowed into the water. He was so eager to join her I could hear him whining as he swam.

As soon as his feet touched bottom in the shallows, he started bawling and lunging. White sheets of water, knocked high in the moonlight by his churning feet, gleamed like thousands of tiny white stars. He came out of the river onto a sand bar. In his eagerness his feet slipped in the loose sand, and down he went. He came out of his roll, running and bawling. Ahead of him was a log jam. He sailed over it and disappeared down the riverbank. Seconds later I heard his deep voice blend with the sharp cries of Little Ann. At that moment no boy in the world could have been prouder of his dogs than I was. Never again would I doubt them.

I was hurrying along, looking for a shallow riffle so I could wade across, when the voices of my dogs stopped. I waited and listened. They opened up again on my side of the stream. The coon had crossed back over. I couldn't help smiling. I knew that never again would a ringtail fool them by swimming the river.

The next trick the old fellow pulled was a dandy. He climbed a large water oak standing about ten feet from the river and simply disappeared. I got the in time to see my dogs swimming for opposite shore. For a half hour th worked that bank. Not finding the trail, they swam back. I stood and watched them. They practically tore the riverbank to pieces looking for the trail.

Old Dan knew the coon had climbed the water oak. He went back, reared up on it and bawled a few times.

"There's no use in doing that, boy," I said. "I know he climbed it, but he's not there now. Maybe it's like grandpa said, he just climbed right on out through the top and disappeared in the stars."

My dogs didn't know it, but I was pretty well convinced that that was what the coon had done. They wouldn't give up. Once again they crossed over to the other shore. It was no use. The coon hadn't touched that bank. They came back. Old Dan went up the river, and Little Ann worked downstream.

An hour and a half later they gave up and came to me begging for help. I knelt down between their wet bodies. While I scratched and petted them, I let the know that I still loved them.

"I'm not mad," I said. "I know yo did your best. If that coon can fool all of us, then we're just beat. We'll go someplace else to hunt. He's not the only coon in these bottoms."

Just as I picked up my ax and lantern, Little Ann let out a bawl and tore out down the riverbank. Old Dan, with a bewildered look on his face, stood for a moment looking after her. Then, raising his head high in the air, he made my eardrums ring with his deep voice. I could hear the underbrush popping as he ran to join her.

I couldn't figure out what had taken place. Surely Little Ann had heard or seen something. I could tell by their voices that whatever it was they were after, they were close enough to see it and were probably running by sight. The animal left the bottoms and headed for the mountains. Whatever it was, it must have realized my dogs were crowding it too closely. At the edge of the foothills it turned and came back toward the river.

I was still trying to figure out what wa going on when I realized that, on strikir the river, the animal had again turne and was coming straight toward me. I set my lantern down and tightened my grip on the ax.

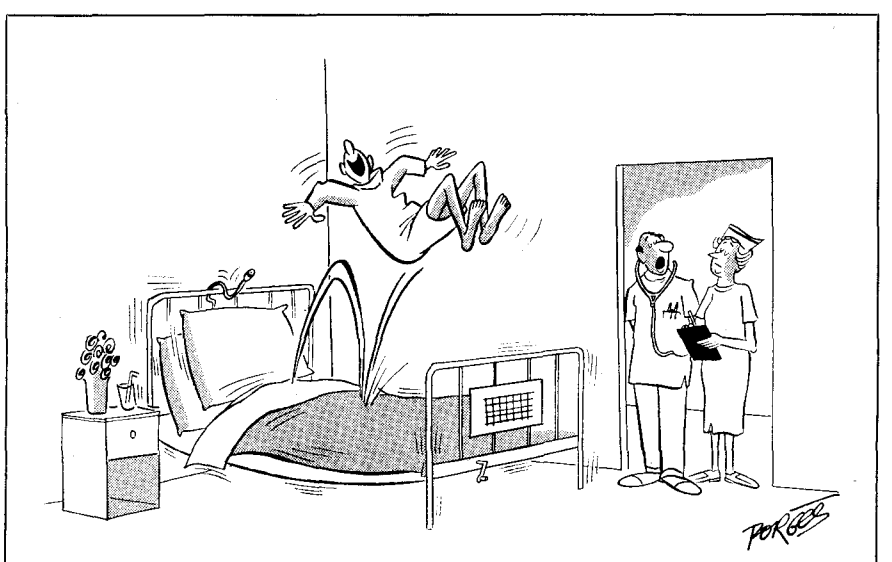
I was standing my ground quite well when visions of bears, lions and all other kinds of animals started flashing across my mind. I jumped behind a big sycamore and was trying hard to press my body into the tree when a big coon came tearing by. Twenty-five yards behind him came my dogs, running side by side. I saw them clearly when they passed me, bawling every time their feet touched the ground.

After seeing that there was nothing to be scared of, once again I was the fearless hunter, screaming and yelling as loud as I could, "Get him, boy, get him."

I tore out after them. The trails I knew so well were forgotten. I took off straight through the brush. I was tearing my way through some elders when the voices of my dogs stopped.

Holding my breath, I stood still and waited. Then it came, the long-drawn-out bawl of the tree bark. My little houn had done it. They had treed their fi coon.

TO BE CONTINUED



"Take him off the critical list."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Girls in Candy Stripes

(Continued from Page 35)

tray. "But where is my little Candystriper tonight?" he asked in disappointment.

Neither the candy-stripe uniform nor ... Candystriper name has been officially ...sed by the American Hospital Asso...n, but most hospitals use both. Some, however, dress their girls in other costumes or use such names as Peppermint Kids, Cheery Aides, Volunteens, JUG's (Just Us Girls) or simply Junior Volunteers. In Hartford (Connecticut) Hospital, which also organized a teen-age program in 1942, disbanded it and then reactivated it ten years ago, the girls clad in blue smocks are called Bluebirds. At Baylor University Medical Center in Dallas, the girls are named Checkerettes for their aqua-and-white-checked dresses.

Despite the Candystripers' immediate success in Evanston, other hospitals were slow to undertake similar programs. But about four years ago the idea took hold. Today the A.H.A. estimates that 2000 of the country's 6800 hospitals have a total of 150,000 teen-age volunteers. Both figures are expected to increase substantially.

For one thing, hospitals are still short of workers. Yet the demands of medical care are increasing. Therefore, the extra hands and the tireless extra legs of the Candystripers are sorely needed.

"The kids are great step-savers," says ...verworked Long Island nurse. "We have an awful lot of paper work," complains a Connecticut hospital nursing director. "When the Candystripers are trained to help with that, the nurses can spend more time with the patients."

If the hospitals' present workload is difficult, the situation in the future may be worse. A major worry is how to attract and hold the employees needed to care for an expanding, well-insured population. A special concern is the nursing profession, now 80,000 women shy of minimum requirements.

The Candystriper programs may hold the answer because they expose so many girls to hospital careers. To be sure, no one I talked with expects the majority of Candystripers to become anything more than adult volunteers and effective public-relations emissaries. But twenty-one of the seventy-three first- and second-year students now in Greenwich (Connecticut) Hospital Nursing School once wore red and white stripes.

Many girls, like sixteen-year-old Marjorie Sanders of Bellevue, Iowa, think they'd like to go into medicine, but want first to sample the life. For Marjorie, this meant traveling more than eighty miles to Cedar Rapids, moving into a rented room and spending a month as a volunteer in St. Luke's Methodist Hospital. The experience took; and the blond, sparkling farm girl will enter nursing school this year.

Winsome little Harriet Kessler of New York City, on the other hand, became a Candystriper at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in June, 1959, simply because she wanted something to do. Sixteen-year-old Harriet was aiming to become a costume designer. But three months in candy stripes revealed that she really wanted to be a nurse. And by the end of October, 1960, after putting in the extraordinary total of 1263 volunteer hours, there was no question about it.

Even as a nurse, however, Harriet will have many visual reminders that designing was her original goal. Some time after becoming a Candystriper she suggested to one of the large uniform makers that his pinafores should be changed. Instead of having a long row of hard-to-get-at buttons in back, they ought to button on the hip and shoulder. That's the way this manufacturer's pinafores are now made.

Because the Candystripers benefit them so much, it is not surprising that hospital administrators, like William J. Donnelly of Greenwich, say, "We'd hate to be without them. Not that we couldn't continue to help the sick get well. But the patients would miss the extra attention the girls give them, and the whole staff would feel a slight letdown. We'd miss the girls especially in summer. Of the one hundred seventy-five we had last year, about two thirds worked only during school vacation. We needed them to substitute for staff members who were on vacation and adult volunteers who were home with their children."

One other point which hospital administrators admit—but with reluctance—is that they would have to add paid workers if they didn't have Candystripers. That, in turn, would raise hospital rates.

Fortunately for the hospitals, there is little chance that they must ever be without Candystripers. More than enough girls from all economic groups are eager to sign up. At Hillcrest Medical Center in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the story is told of a girl who asked to be put on the waiting list. The volunteer director replied that the girl would be welcomed when she turned fourteen three months hence; in the meantime, she should start saving for her uniform. "Oh, but I have my money

Return to Wilderness

By Margaret Grahame Collins

Hear the little foxes bark
On moonless hillsides,
strange and dark,
Up where old lost orchards
stand,
Long abandoned, and the
land,
Once cultivated, now
returns
To wilderness, oak brush
and ferns.
Where cellar holes are
veiled in vines
And chimney mounds
sprout seedling pines
And toyons furnish a
roofless room—
Small gray shapes flit
through the gloom.
They frisk beneath the
fruit trees there,
Nibble a shriveled apple or
pear,
Leap the ruts an old road
weaves,
Scuffle in manzanita leaves.
In empty dooryards,
shadow laced,
Where once frolicking farm
dogs raced,
The feral foxes scamper
and spin,
Bringing a final wildness in.

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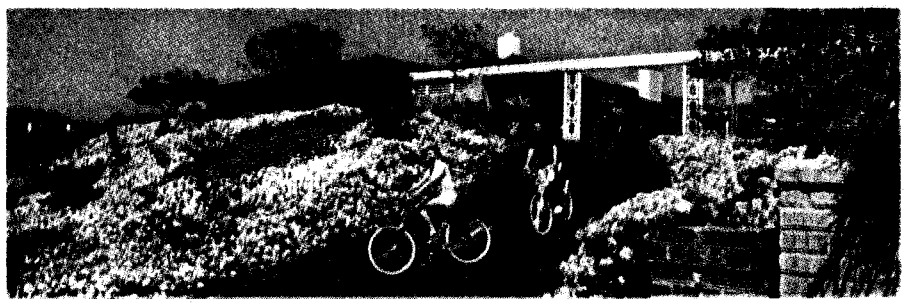
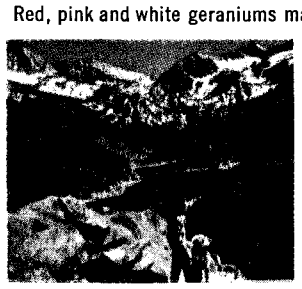


Red, pink and white geraniums make colorful lawns for Beverly Hills homes. They grow practically wild.



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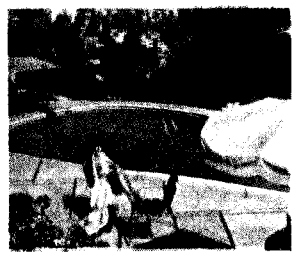
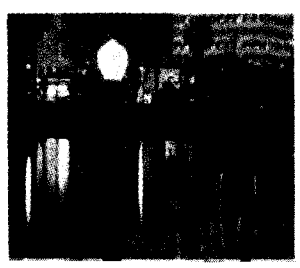


A typical Hollywood patio pool.



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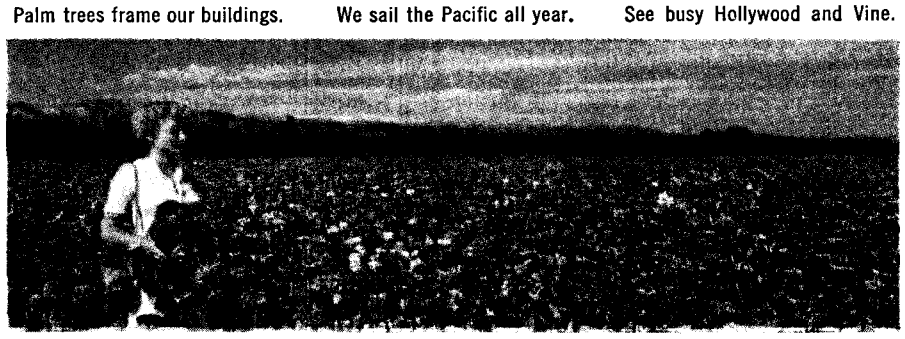

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now," said the youngster. "You told me that when I was going on eleven, twelve and thirteen."

Most hospitals have similar requirements, though all do not accept the same age groups. Greenwich Hospital's Candystriper program, considered one of the best, is typical. Any thirteen- through seventeen-year-old Greenwich girl who wants to wear candy stripes must obtain her parents' written consent. Then she meets with Mrs. Guy Griffin, the hospital's director of volunteer services. She must arrange for this interview herself; her mother can't do it for her. This is the first test of her sincerity. The second is when she is asked to pledge at least thirty hours of work during the summer or school year.

Once accepted—in the six-year history of the Greenwich program, all applicants but one have been accepted; more than 95 per cent have fulfilled their pledges—the girl purchases her pinafore and plastic name tag, is given a thorough look at the hospital, taught her duties and called upon to repeat the Volunteer Code: "I will be punctual . . . conscientious . . . accept supervision . . . not seek information regarding a patient . . . make my work professional . . . uphold the standards of this hospital and interpret them to the community." Most important: "I will consider as confidential all information which I may hear. . . ." Hospital opinion is that the girls take this last vow even more seriously than the adults.

Assignments are given the Candystripers on the basis of age. Those thirteen and fourteen can work only in the Central Sterile Supply Room. The older girls have a choice, subject to Mrs. Griffin's approval.

Central Supply is one of the main bulwarks against the spread of infection in the hospital. It furnishes all the sterile linens, gowns, gloves, swabs, bandages, syringes, hypodermics and the like. The girls recognize the significance of the work. But despite this and the camaraderie in the department's five rooms, they find their main occupation—folding linens—tedious and somewhat confusing. Each of the hundreds of pieces that arrive daily from the laundry must be checked for holes, missing tie strings, even missing sleeves. Then each must be folded in a prescribed way. "Every week we have to show them what to do all over again," grumbles the oldest paid aide. But her eyes twinkle. All the aides like the girls' gaiety, appreciate their faithfulness in reporting regularly once a week for three- or four-hour duty.

Elsewhere in the hospital the Candystripers type and file, deliver flowers and mail, relay messages, take the gift cart to patients' rooms, mount X-ray negatives—run, run, run from one end of the 245-bed building to the other. (Mount Auburn Hospital in Cambridge, Massachusetts, put pedometers on its girls—figured that the sixty-two of them walked a total of 1017 miles in a week.)

A favorite place to work is the public coffee shop and gift shop, a volunteer project which annually raises thousands of dollars for the hospital. Here the Candystripers eventually meet a substantial percentage of Greenwich's 54,000 residents.

Last summer the hospital experimented with two small groups of girls in the emergency room and clean-up area of the operating room. Some people might question whether the hospital was endangering its patients and exposing the teenagers to upsetting sights. Actually the girls' work did not involve risk. The worst they saw—and that infrequently—was human fear and anguish. For these they showed only normal sympathy. "They're pretty mature kids," says an emergency-room nurse. "We'd like them back."

Mrs. Griffin, an erstwhile nurse with great respect for discipline and training, does not extend the Greenwich Candystripers' sphere of activity until she is sure they are qualified, needed and can be properly trained and supervised. It was not until last year that she assigned some of the older girls to patient floors.

I followed one of these Candystripers as she went about her work on fourth floor east. Her name was Karen Ling, a blond, lovely, responsible seventeen-year-old. She is in the upper quarter of the senior class at Greenwich High and intends to be a nurse.

She arrived after school and reported to Joan Higgons, the floor nurse. The long corridor and semiprivate rooms were quiet. There was nothing for Karen to do immediately, and she was disappointed. We whiled away the time in chitchat.

A nurse scuttled out of one of the rooms, thrust a bunched-up towel into Karen's hands and gave directions. Karen went to the small corridor kitchen, filled the icebag in the towel and took it to Room 449. She slipped in and out of the door in seconds.

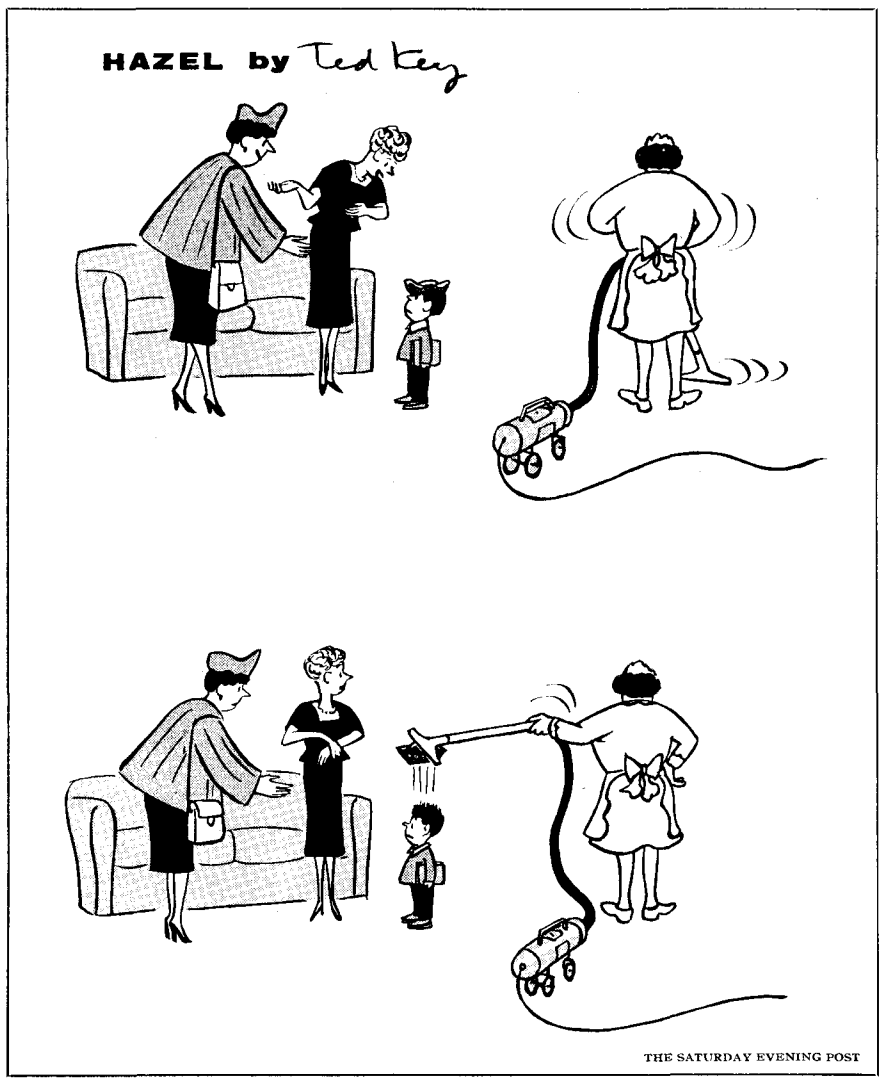
Miss Higgons came by the nursing station and asked if Karen could do temperature charts. Karen said no; this part of her training was yet to come. When she knew the procedure, there would be no more idle time for her.

Miss Higgons again appeared from nowhere. She told Karen to take a filled carafe and a paper cup to 445. I watched through the door as Karen filled the cup, dropped in a bent straw and held it for a postoperative patient barely able to raise her head.

Karen and I talked for the next forty-five minutes. She spoke animatedly about her duty in Pediatrics the previous week. "I carried a four-month-old boy down to X-ray. When they took the pictures, I held him on the table so he wouldn't kick. He was so very good. He smiled at me all the time. I didn't want to go home."

At five o'clock the multitiered carts arrived from the kitchen. Karen walked down the corridor, looking into the rooms and darting into several to roll up the beds. Then Miss Higgons asked if she would feed the patient in 451. Karen raced off. She cranked up the table on which a diet aide had set the supper tray, then rolled it next to the bed. The patient was a sixty-five-year-old woman who had had a spinal tap that morning. She couldn't sit up and didn't open her eyes. Karen fed her slowly.

I didn't want to intrude and went back to the nursing station. I asked Miss Higgons what she thought of the Candystripers. "They're fun," she said. "Of course, it's quiet today. It often is in the afternoon until suppertime. But they help a lot."



Twenty-five minutes went by. Suddenly Karen emerged from 451. She walked with the long, flat, fast stride characteristic of Candystripers. "She wants a bedpan," she told a student nurse. Bedpans are out of bounds for Candystripers.

Later Karen and I left for home. Had she talked with the woman in 451? "Just a little. She asked for tea. I think she was English. She was so sweet." There was a gentle, faraway look in Karen's eyes.

If the Candystripers in Greenwich and other hospitals have angels' wings, however, these do not show. The girls have their problems and create more. They dislike keeping their shoes clean and being barked at by an irritable nurse. Sometimes lazy paid aides and patients take advantage of them—one girl had to spend a good part of an afternoon selecting and modeling bed jackets for a wealthy patient. Very rarely they are given jobs they are not supposed to do, but which they dare not decline. Worst of all is knowing that someone they have served is dead or dying.

Hospital authorities, on the other hand, are alarmed by the scatterbrains who leave the sides of a baby's crib down. They find it difficult to provide the close supervision which they feel the girls require. But mainly they dread entanglements between the girls and the young orderlies, boy volunteers and patients. Woe betide the volunteer director doesn't counter these with swift disc nary action!

Less serious are the cases of girls smitten by unmarried interns. At Tulsa's Hillcrest Medical Center some time ago the volunteer director noticed that an unusual number of Candystripers were requiring immediate treatment for minor ailments. Her investigation disclosed that the girls had found a handsome young doctor in the emergency room. A few warning words ended the rush.

Even without male companionship, however, the Candystripers would have a joyous time. They live in a state of delicious embarrassment. If they are not putting salt on the cinnamon toast of a coffee-shop patron, they are breaking a flower vase or packaging doctors' gloves backside to. My middle daughter blushes when she recalls how she delivered flowers to the wrong room, went out and rechecked the card and returned to protest that the patient didn't know her own name. Another youngster died a th sand deaths when she bought a n paper for a ward patient, found he di have the money at his bedside, and—to the guffaws of the entire ward—was forced to fish through the pockets of all the trousers in the closet. And horror of horrors, the children in Pediatrics insist on showing their operations to the girls.

Most of the Candystripers are supreme extroverts, but a few are shy and insecure. One such was a Southern girl who had been so whipsawed by a group of contemporaries that she came to believe nobody liked her. She was persuaded to become a Candystriper in a local hospital's service shop. After a summer serving hundreds of hungry visitors, she regained her confidence.

During the following Christmas season she took a temporary job in a small camera shop. Early one morning, when she was alone in the store, a man stalked in, poked a gun at her and demanded the cash in the till. Imbued with her new assurance, the girl began to chatter. The man became distracted and started pocketing the light meters on display. At the girl yelled, and the man fled. I blocks down the street he was captured. Far from fainting away on the spot, the girl, who had chased after him, calmly told her story to the police and reporters who soon assembled.

"Volunteer work is great therapy for some girls," says a Midwestern hospital administrator. "But to us it seems that the work's greatest value is in teaching the girls to give of themselves. Many of them have very self-centered lives. But in the hospital they learn to assume a community responsibility and to care for the welfare of their fellow man."

This is not wishful thinking. Last year in a brief speech before all the volunteers of Kansas City's Menorah Medical Center, seventeen-year-old Pamela Tennyson said, "I don't mean to sound self-sacrificing and benevolent. My days at Menorah serve a purpose in my life. I feel like an adult in my fresh uniform; needed and appreciated. . . . I know that nothing we can do will relieve pain or discomfort. But we may be able to get a mind off of physical trouble or mental problem I could make someone smile—just minute once a week—I'd feel satisfi

THE END

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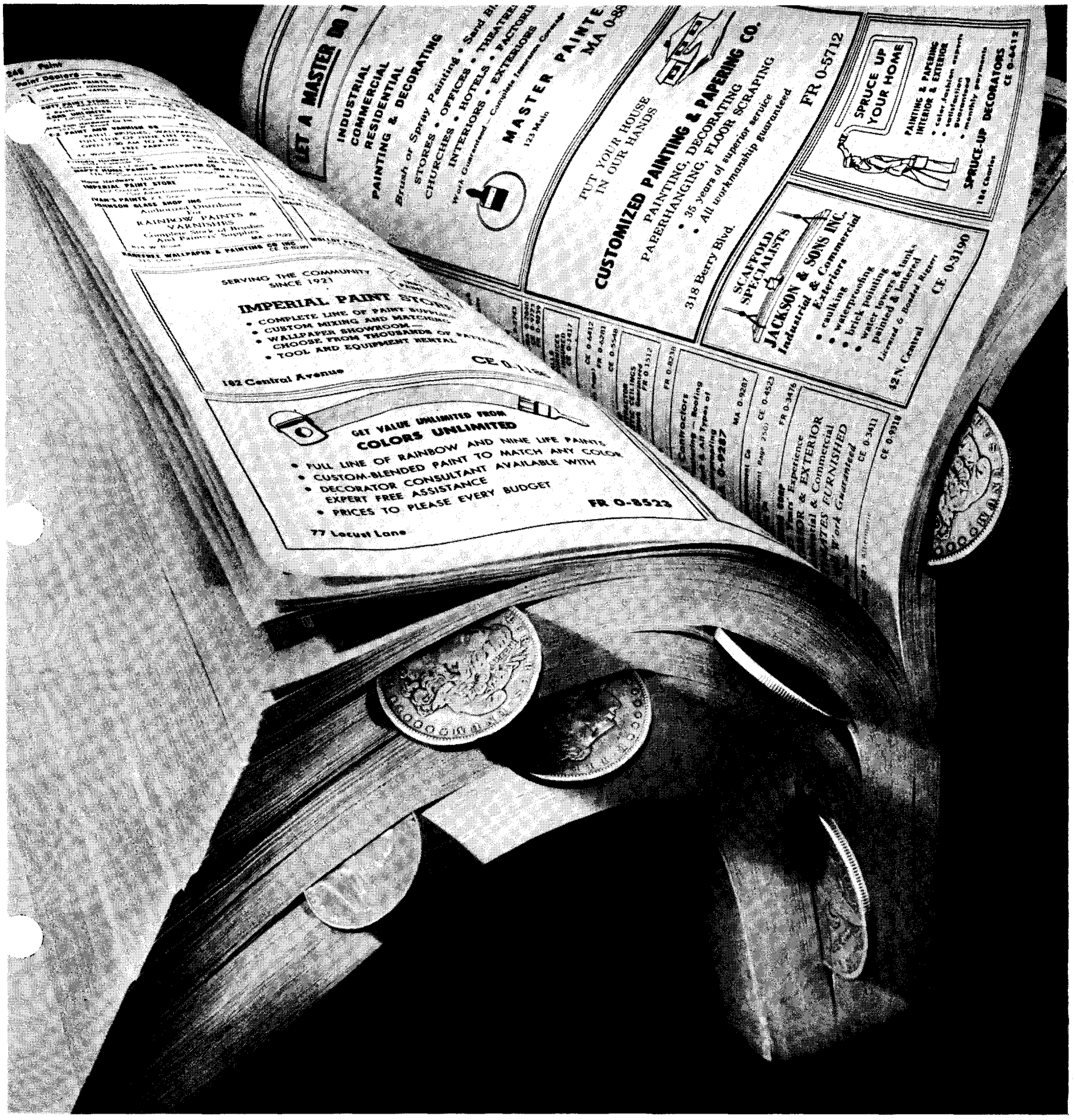

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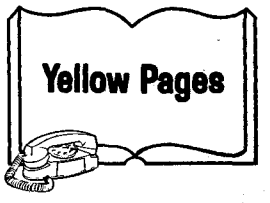

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Keeping Posted

Our Man in India

Calcutta-born novelist **John Masters** is a graduate of Sandhurst (1934) and a veteran of the 4th Prince of Wales's Own Gurkha Rifles. He also commanded a brigade of Chindits behind Japanese lines in Burma during World War II. Now a citizen of Rockland County, New York, he returned to India on assignment for *The Post* late last year to report on some of the changes that have taken place in recent years in that vast and complex land. His first report, WHAT FREEDOM HAS DONE TO INDIA, is on page 33.

Between early November and late January, Masters visited England, Spain, India, Pakistan, Singapore, Thailand, Cambodia and Japan, traversing some 26,000 miles. He spent Thanksgiving with tribesmen along Pakistan's Northwest Frontier, Christmas with a Gurkha battalion in Johore, Malaya, and New Year's Eve at a Royal Air Force mess in Singapore. He will spend the coming months polishing some forthcoming *Post* articles and getting a new novel under way. In September Harper's will publish his latest book, *The Road Past Mandalay*, an autobiographical sequel to his 1956 best seller, *Bugles and a Tiger*.

Philadelphia: John Masters (left) with *Post* editors Sommers and Rose.

Jandola, Pakistan: Masters with tribal headmen and Pakistani officials.

It Pays to Persevere

Last July we noted on this page that **Gene Coghlan,** a Wasilla, Alaska, tractor driver, had sold us his first story at age fifty. Whereupon we were informed by **Gene Coughlin,** then a Walla Walla, Washington, taxi driver, aged fifty-nine, that he had been trying to make *The Post* since 1926 and that his creditors, believing he finally had made the grade, were breathing down his neck. We promised to set the record straight. Six months passed. Coughlin, weary of explaining that he wasn't a *Post* author, submitted another article, which we bought. See ME AND OLD GEORGE, page 47. There's a lesson here, somewhere, for all who aspire to make *The Post*.

Coughlin drove a hack last year only, to get away from it all. Since his boyhood in Illinois and Indiana, he has worked as a newspaperman in Joliet, Chicago, Los Angeles and New York. He also has been a Hollywood press agent, and in 1940 he was campaign manager for Gracie Allen when she ran for President on the Surprise Party ticket. Some reminiscences of his newspapering days were published this week by A. S. Barnes. Title: *How To Be One Yourself*.

Behind the By-Lines

Reporter Monty Waite in California Highway Patrol car.

Randy Schuler on duty at Greenwich Hospital.

While researching THEY CHASE THE SPEEDERS (page 38), San Francisco newspaperman **Elmont Waite** took a turn at the wheel of a patrol car on the racecourse of the California Highway Patrol Academy near Sacramento. Aside from the fact that his car threw a solid sheet of water at photographer **Jack Fields** while maneuvering the skid pan, Waite had no mishaps. "I skid good," he says.

On page 28 we present the latest of Botts—ALEXANDER BOTTS: EASY MARK. Next week David McKay will publish *The Best of Botts*, a collection of **William Hazlett Upson**'s most delightful stories. Through thirty-four years and 103 stories, the talkative sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company has been fast-talking his way out of the jaws of defeat on the pages of *The Post*. Long may he rave.

Stanley Schuler, ex-newspaperman, ex-magazine editor and ex-advertising writer, debuts as a *Post* free lancer with THE GIRLS IN CANDY STRIPES, page 34. Schuler lives on Cat Rock Road, Cos Cob, Connecticut, and is the father of three daughters, one of whom is a Candy-striper. He requests that we publish her photo rather than his because "She looks reasonably like me, and is much prettier."

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